

THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

WITH SOME

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME V.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

1811

Erklärung

der

Verordnung

des Königs von Preussen

über die

Verordnung

über die

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über die

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über die

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über die

Verordnung

Baron Hailes Town
THE SCOTS
Musical Museum
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs
with proper Basses for the

PIANO FORTE &c.
Humbly Dedicated
To the Society

— O F —
Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

In this publication the original simplicity of our
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume V. Pt. 7

Butterworth

Script.

Printed & Sold by JAMES JOHNSON Music Seller EDINBURGH to be had at
T. PRESTON N^o 97 Strand LONDON, M^cFADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the prin.
Music Sellers.

III P R E F A C E.

AT the time the Editor published the 4th Volume of this Work, he had every reason to believe that five Volumes would be sufficient to contain all those Scots Songs the merit of which called for publication; But, owing to the exertions of the late celebrated Scottish Bard, the Work has been enlarged far beyond what was originally expected. To attempt to describe the taste and abilities of Mr. Burns in his Native Poetry, would be absurd. The Public are in possession of his productions which loudly proclaim his merit. — To him is the present Collection indebted for almost all of these excellent pieces which it contains. He has not only enriched it with a variety of beautiful and original Songs composed by himself, but his zeal for the success of the Scots Musical Museum prompted him to collect and write out accurate Copies of many others in their genuine simplicity — Prior to his decease, he furnished the Editor with a number, in addition to those already published, greater than can be included in one Volume — To withhold these from the public eye, would be most improper. And the Editor therefore at the solicitation of many of the Subscribers, has agreed to publish them in a Sixth Volume, which most certainly will conclude the present work. As these however will not fill up a Volume, the Editor means to insert a number of tunes adapted to the Flute, which he is confident many of the Subscribers will approve of. Those Ladies who Sing and perform upon the Piano Forte, shall be furnished with the Songs and Music for their use, at a reduced price, upon application to the Editor.

To shew the Public with what extreme anxiety Mr. Burns wished for the success of this Work, the Editor cannot refrain from inserting an Extract of a letter which he received from that admirable Poet a few weeks before his death — In this letter tho' written under the pressure of affliction, are alone seen the fervent sentiment and poetical language of Burns. The original the Editor will cheerfully shew to his subscribers

"How are you, my Dear Friend? and how comes on your Fifth Volume?"
 "You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you & your work; but, alas, the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care has these many months lain heavy on me! Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia. — In the mean time, let us finish what we have so well begun. — The gentleman, Mr. L. — s, a particular friend of mine, will bring out any proofs (if they are ready) or any message you may have."
 "Farewel!"

"R. BURNS."

"You should have had this when Mr. L. — s called on you, but his saddle-bags miscarried. — I am extremely anxious for your work, as indeed I am for every thing concerning you and your welfare,"

"Many a merry meeting this Publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though alas! I fear it — This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my fun before he has well reached his middle career, and will

"turn

"turn over the Poet to far other and more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of Wit, or the pathos of Sentiment. — However, Hope is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can — Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. — Your work is a great one; and though, now that it is near finished, I see if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended, yet I will venture to prophesy that to future ages your Publication will be the text book and standard of Scottish Song and Music.
 " — — — — — "Yours ever — — — — — R. BURNS:"

Note. The Songs in the four preceding Volumes marked B. R. X. and Z. and the Authors' names, cannot be inserted in this Index, as the Editor does not know the names of those Gentlemen who have favoured the Public and him with their Productions. There are a number marked B. and R. which the Editor is certain are Burns's composition.

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The Lovely Lafs of Inverness.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

N^o

401

* The love-ly lafs o' In-ver-ness, Nae joy nor pleasure,

Slow

can she fee; For e'en and morn she cries, A-las! And

ay the faul tear blins her ee. Drum-of-sie moor, Drum-

-of-sie day, A waefu' day it was to me; For there I lost my

father dear, My fa-ther dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bludy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee!
 Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
 A bludy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou has made fair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

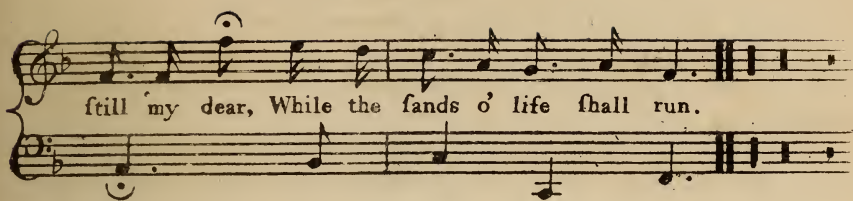
A red red Rose.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

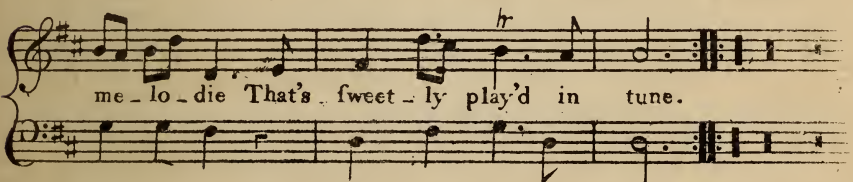
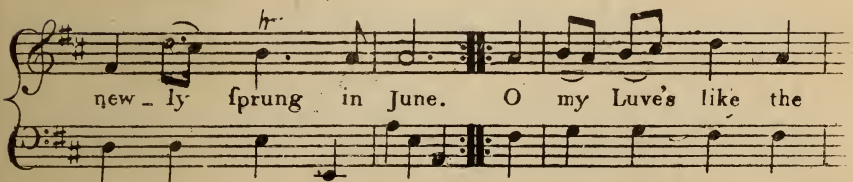
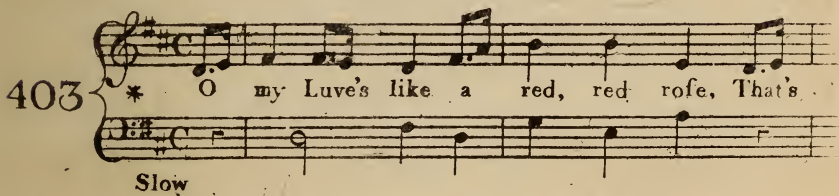
402

* O my Luv's like a red, red rose, That's
 Slow
 new - ly sprung in June; O My Luv's like the
 me - lo - die That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As
 fair art thou, my bon - ie lass, So deep in love am
 I; And I will love thee still, my dear, Till
 a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my
 Dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun: O I will love thee

Continued



Old Set, _Red red Rose.



As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
 So deep in luv am I;
 And I will love thee still, my Dear,
 Tili a' the seas gang dry.

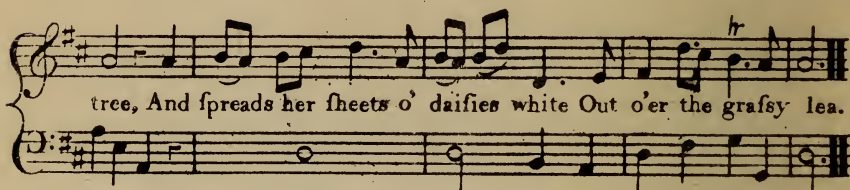
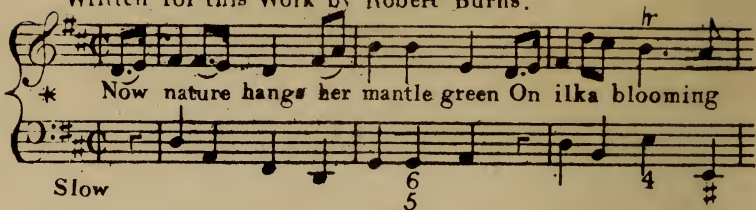
Tili a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
 I will love thee still, my Dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run:

And fare thee weel, my only Luv!
 And fare thee weel, a while!
 And I will come again, my Luv,
 Tho' it ware ten thousand mile!

Mary Queen of Scots Lament.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

404



Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams, Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And glads the azure skies; And never ending care.

But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sifter and my fae,

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;

Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:

The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of
Frae woman's pitying e'e. (woe

The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine:
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

Now blooms the lily by the bank;
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the flae:

God keep thee frae thy mother's face,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds,
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rafe I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

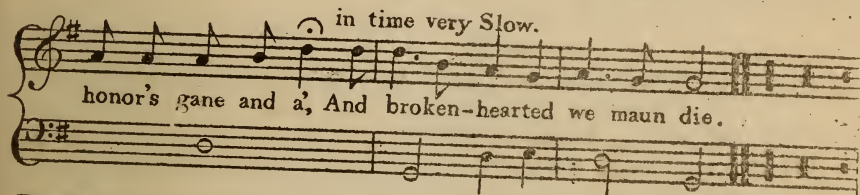
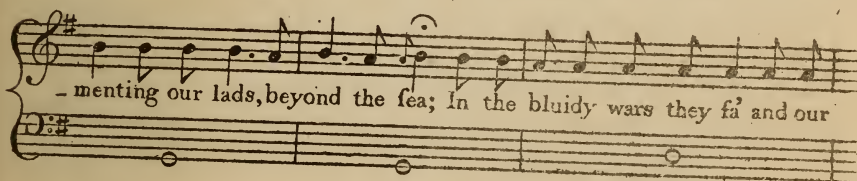
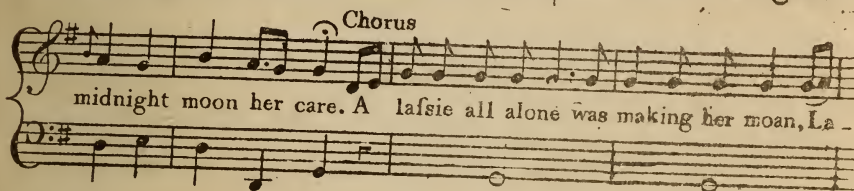
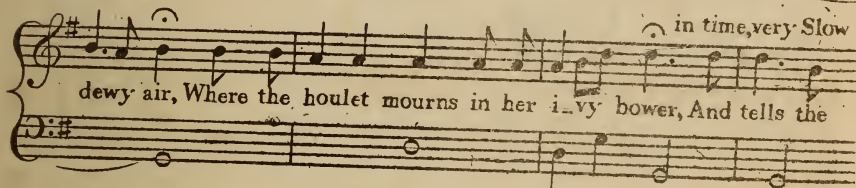
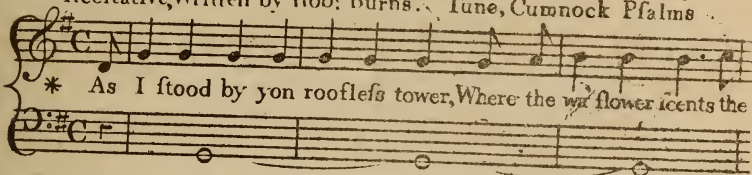
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;

A Laisie all alone.

418

Recitative, Written by Robt Burns. Tune, Cumnock Psalms.

405



The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.
A laisie, &c.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
When, lo, in form of Minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
A laisie, &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith
Whale roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.
A laisie, &c.

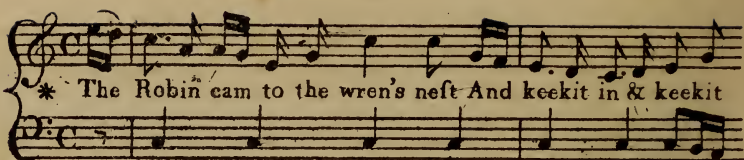
And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to
But oh, it was a tale of woe, (hear;
As ever met a Briton's ear.
A laisie, &c.

The cauld blae north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
'Ahort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.
A laisie, &c.

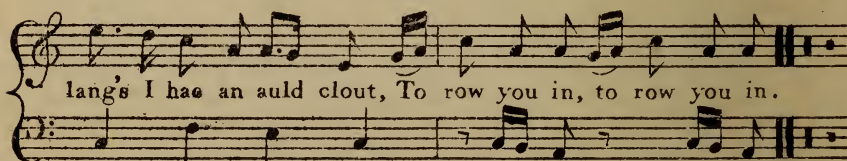
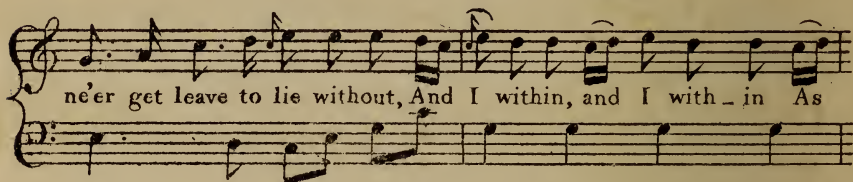
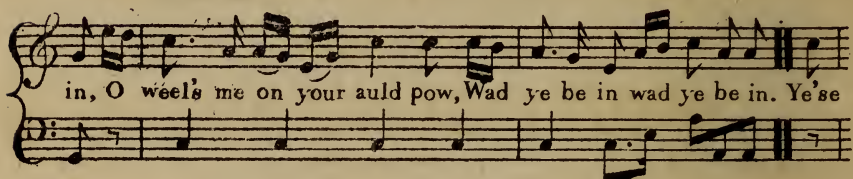
He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes
A laisie, &c.

The Wren's Nest.

406



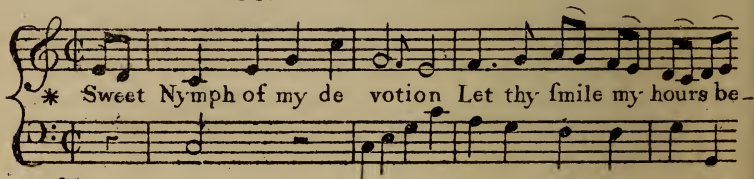
Slowish



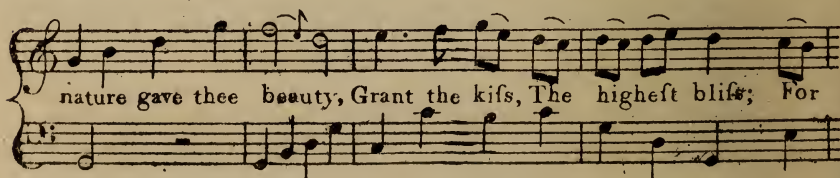
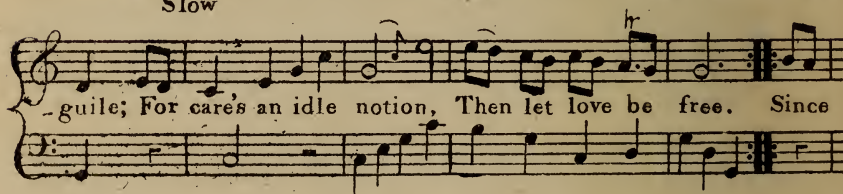
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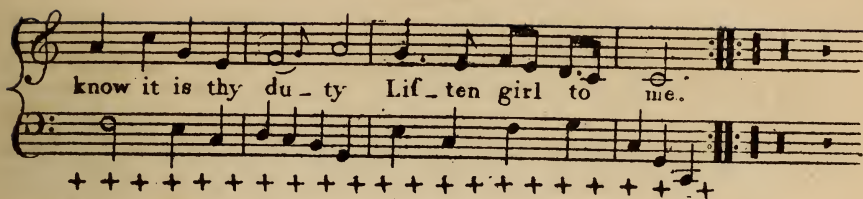
Peggy in Devotion.

407



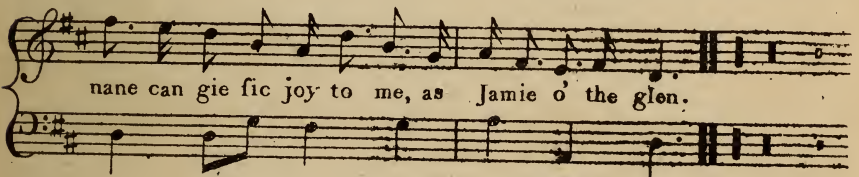
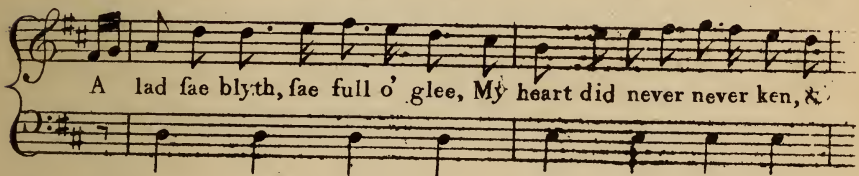
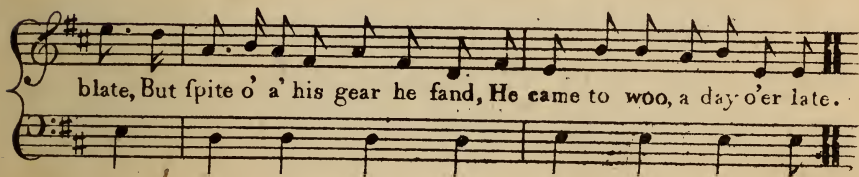
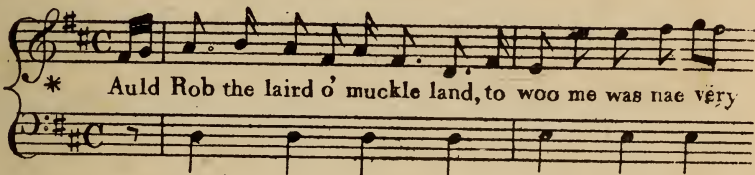
Slow





Jamie o' the glen.

408



My minny grat like daft and rar'd,
To gar me wi' her will comply.
But still I wadna hae the laird
Wi' a' his ousen, sheep, and kye
A lad fae blyth, &c.

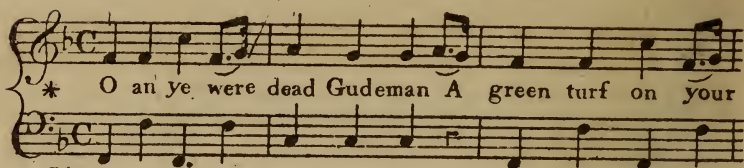
I cou'd na bide the silly clash
Cam hourly frae the gawky laird.
And fae to stop his gab and fash
Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
A lad fae blyth, &c.

Ah what are filks and fattins bra
What's a' his warldly gear to me.
They're daft that cast themselves awa
Where nae content or luv can be.
A lad fae blyth, &c.

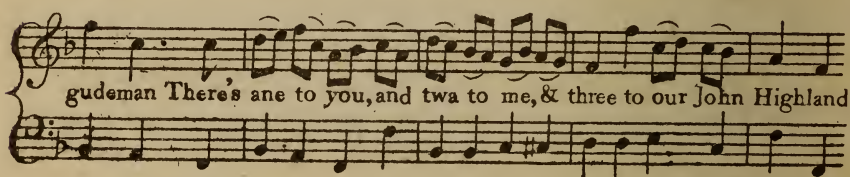
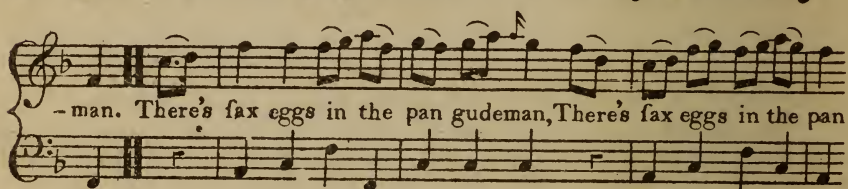
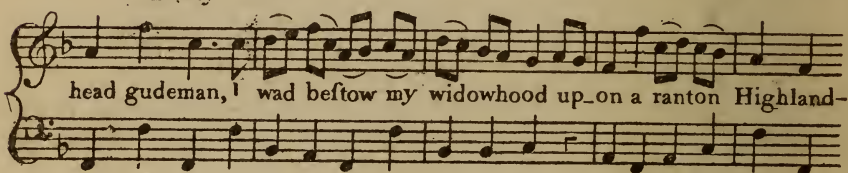
Now ilka simmer's day fae lang,
And winter's clad wi' frost and snaw
A tunefu' lilt and bonny sang
Ay keep dull care and strife awa.
A lad fae blyth, &c.

O gin ye were dead Gudeman.

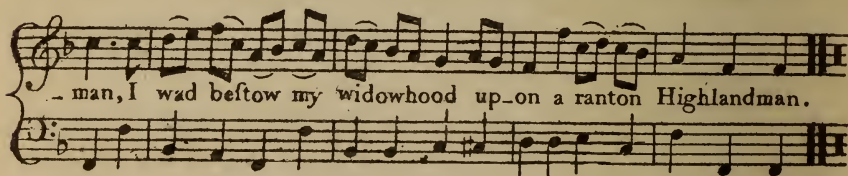
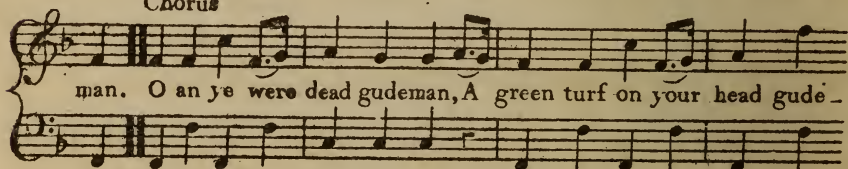
409



Lively



Chorus



A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman,
 A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman;
 The flesh to him the broo to me,
 An the horns become your brow, gudeman.

Cho.⁹ Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
 An round about the fire wi' a rung she ran:
 Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
 And I shall bang your hide, gudeman.

My Wife has taen the gee.

410

A musical score for a song. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system starts with a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The second system has a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The third system has a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The fourth system has a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The fifth system has a treble clef and a key signature change to one flat. The lyrics are: * A friend o' mine came here yef-treen, And he wad hae me down, To drink a pot of ale wi' him, In the nieft borrows town; But oh, alake! it was the waur, And fair the waur for me; For lang or e'er, that I cam' hame, My wife had taen the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or ever midnight came,
We were a' roaring-fou.

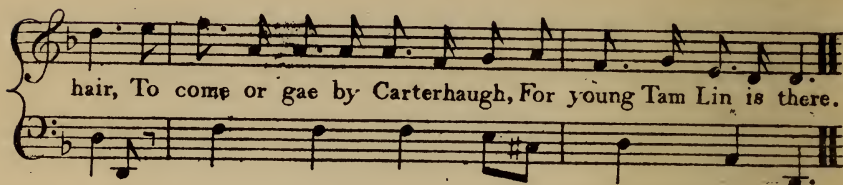
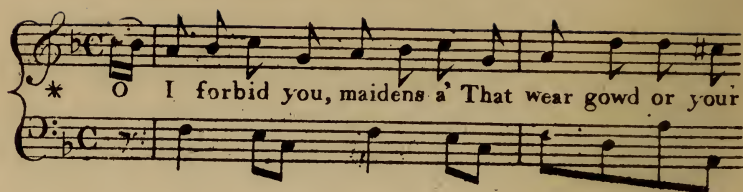
My wife sits at the fire-side;
And the tear blinds ay her ee,
The ne'er a bed will she gae to;
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And ay her head she'd shake.

My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae four on me?
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
Her arms about my neck
And twenty kisses in a crack,
And, poor wee thing, she grat.
And, poor wee thing, she grat.
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life life be the wife
That's never tak the gee.

411



There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh Four and twenty ladies fair,
 But they leave him a wad; Were playing at the ba,
 Either their rings, or green mantles, And out then cam the fair Janet,
 Or else their maidenhead. Ance the flower among them a',

Janet has belted her green kirtle, Four and twenty ladies fair,
 A little aboon her knee, Were playing at the chess,
 And she has broded her yellow hair And out then cam the fair Janet,
 A little aboon her bree; As green as onie glass.

And she's awa to Carterhaugh Out then spak an auld grey knight,
 As fast as she can hie, Lay o'er the castle wa,
 When she came to Carterhaugh And says, Alas, fair Janet for thee,
 Tom-Lin was at the well, But we'll be blamed a'.

And there she fand his steed standing Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd knight
 But away was himsel. Some ill death may ye die,
 She had na pu'd a double rose Father my bairn on whom I will,
 A rose but only twa, I'll father nane on thee.

Till up then started young Tam-Lin, Out then spak her father dear,
 Says, Lady, thou's pu' nae mae. And he spak meek and mild,
 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet, And ever alas, sweet Janet, he says,
 And why breaks thou the wand! I think thou gaes wi' child.

Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh If that I gae wi' child, father,
 Withoutten my command? Mysel maun bear the blame;
 Carterhaugh it is my ain, There's neer a laird about your ha,
 My daddie gave it me; Shall get the bairn's name.

I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh If my Love were an earthly knight,
 And ask nae leave at thee. As he's an elfin grey;
 Janet has kilted her green kirtle, I wad na gie my ain true-love
 A little aboon her knee, For nae lord that ye hae.

And she has snooded her yellow hair, The steed that my true-love rides on,
 A little aboon her bree, 'Is lighter than the wind;
 And she is to her father's ha, Wi' filler he is shod before,
 As fast as she can hie. Wi' burning gowd behind.

Continued.

Jenet has kilted her-green kirtle
 A little aboon her knee;
 And she has snooded her yellow hair
 A little aboon her brie;

And she's awa to Carterhaugh
 As fast as she can hie
 When she cam to Carterhaugh,
 Tam-Lin was at the well;

And there she fand his steed standing,
 But away was himsel.
 She had na pu'd a double rose,
 A rose but only twa,

Till up then started young Tam-Lin,
 Says, Lady thou pu's nae mae.
 Why pu's thou the rose Janet,
 Among the groves fae green,

And a' to kill the bonie babe
 That we gat us between.
 O tell me, tell me, Tam-Lin she says,
 For's sake that died on tree,

If e'er ye was in holy chapel,
 Or Christendom did see.
 Roxburgh he was my grandfather,
 Took me with him to bide

And ance it fell upon a day
 That wae did me betide.
 And ance it fell upon a day,
 A cauld day and a snell.

When we were frae the hunting come
 That frae my horse I fell.
 The queen o' Fairies she caught me,
 In yon green hill to dwell,

And pleasant is the fairy-land;
 But, an eerie tale to tell!
 Ay at the end of seven years
 We pay a tiend to hell.

I am fae fair and fu' o' flesh
 I'm fear'd it be mysel.
 But the night is Halloween, lady,
 The morn is Hallowday;

Then win me, win me, an ye will,
 For weel I wat ye may.
 lust at the mirk and midnight hour
 The fairy folk will ride;

And they that wad their truelove win,
 At Milescrofs they maun bide.
 But how shall I thee, ken Tam-Lin,
 Or how my true love know.

Among fae mony unco knights,
 The like I never saw.
 O first let pass the black lady,
 And syne let pass the brown;

But quickly run to the milk white-
 Pu ye his rider down. (steed,
 For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,
 And ay nearest the town.

Because I was an earthly knight
 They gie me that renown.
 My right hand will be glovd lady,
 My left hand will be bare

Cockt up shall my bonnet be,
 And kaim'd down shall my hair,
 And thae's the takens I gie thee,
 Nae doubt I will be there.

They'll turn me in your arms lady,
 Into an esk and adder,
 But hald me fast and fear me not,
 I am your bairn's father.

They'll turn me to a bear fae grim,
 And then a lion bold,
 But hold me fast and fear me not,
 As ye shall love your child.

Again they'll turn me in your arms,
 To a red het gaud of airn.
 But hold me fast and fear me not,
 I'll do to you nae harm.

And last they'll turn me in your arms,
 Into the burning lead;
 Then throw me into well water,
 O throw me in wi' speed.

And then I'll be your ain true love,
 I'll turn a naked knight.
 Then cover me wi' your green mantle,
 And cover me out o' sight.

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
 And eerie was the way,
 As fair Jenny in her green mantle
 To Milescrofs she did gae.

About

About the middle o' the night,
She heard the bridles ring;
This lady was as glad at that
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And syne she let the brown;
But quickly she ran to the milk white-
And pu'd the rider down. (steed,

Sae weel she minded what he did say
And young Tam Lin did win;
Syne cover'd him wi' her green mantle
As blythe's a bird in spring.

Out then spak the queen o' fairies,

Out of a bush o broom;
Them that has gotten young Tam Lin,
Has gotten a stately groom.

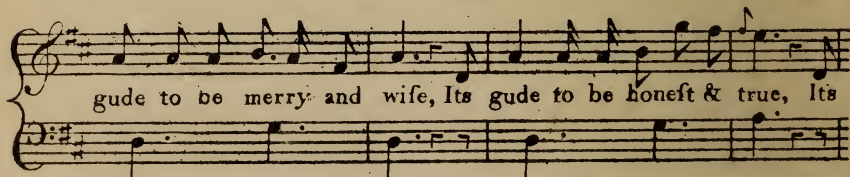
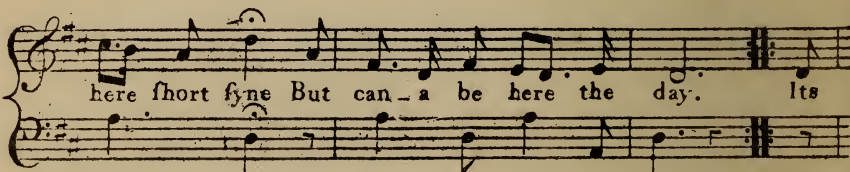
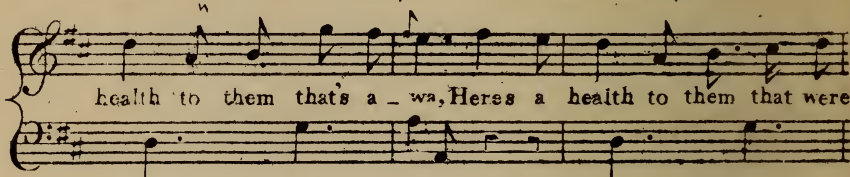
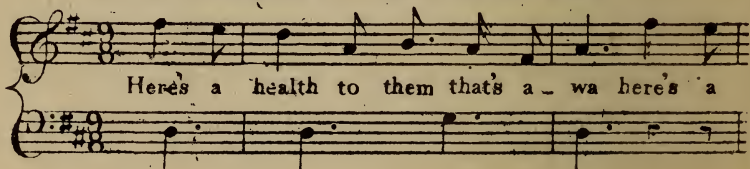
Out then spak the queen o' fairies,
And an angry queen was she;
Shame betide her ill-fard face,
And an ill death may she die,

For she's ta'en awa the boniest knight
In a' my companie,
But had I kend Tam Lin, she says,
What now this night I see.

I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,
And put in twa een o' tree.

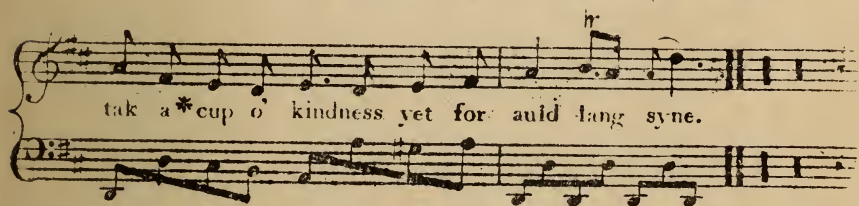
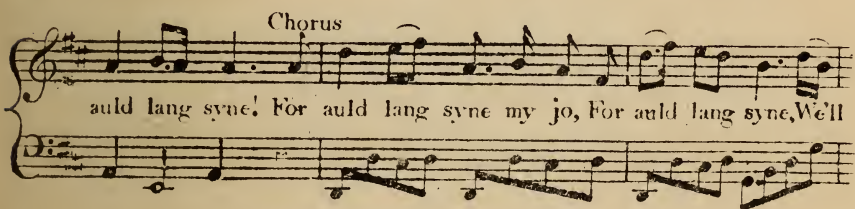
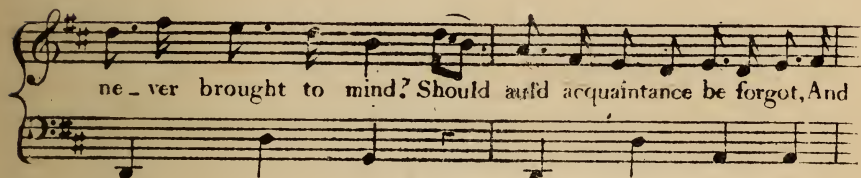
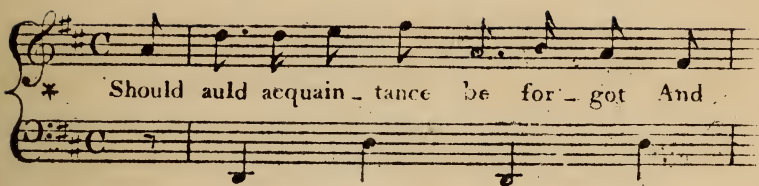
Heres a Health to them that's awa.

412



Auld lang syne.

413



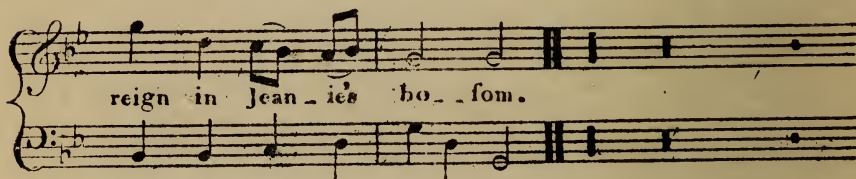
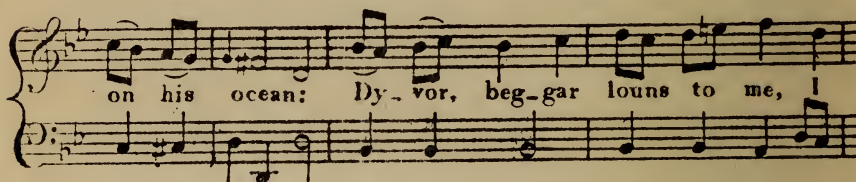
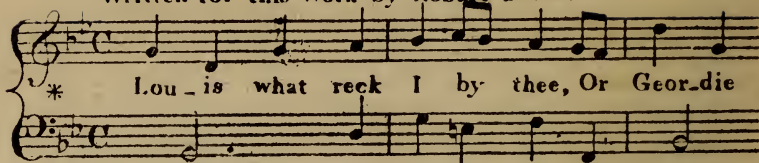
And surely ye'll be your pint stowp! We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
 And surely I'll be mine! Frae morning sun-till dine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, But seas between us braid hae roard.
 For auld lang syne. Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c. For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes, And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
 And pou'd the gowans fine; And gie's a hand o' thine!
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt, And we'll tak a right gude-willie-
 Sin auld lang syne. For auld lang syne. (waught,
 For auld, &c. For auld, &c.)

* Some Sing, Kifs, in place of Cup.

Louis what reck I by thee.
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

414

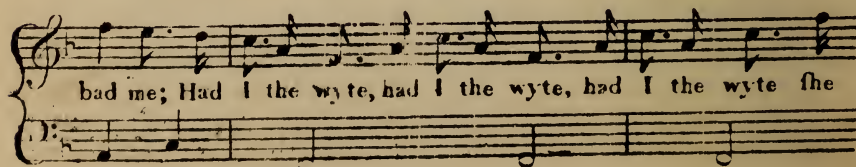
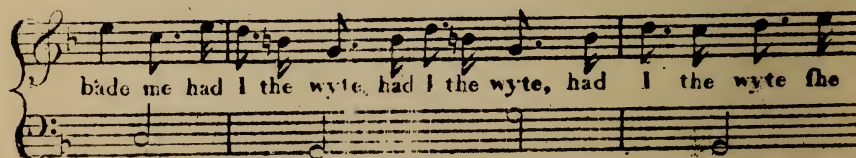
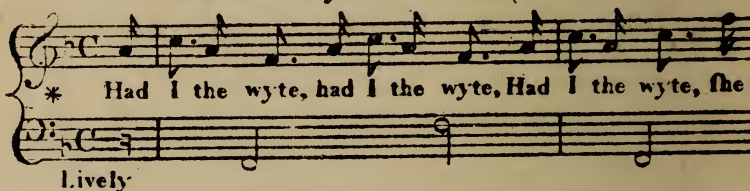


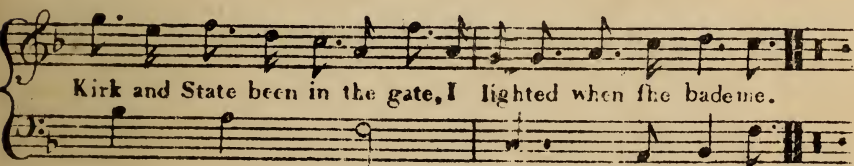
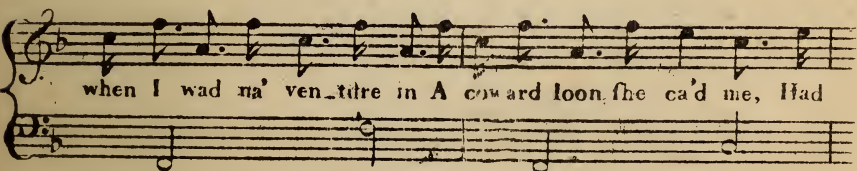
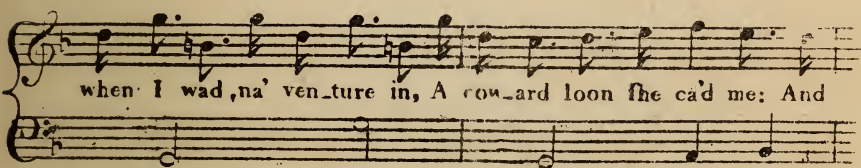
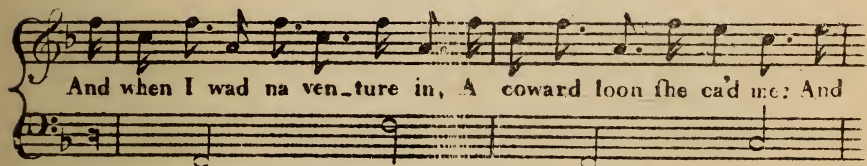
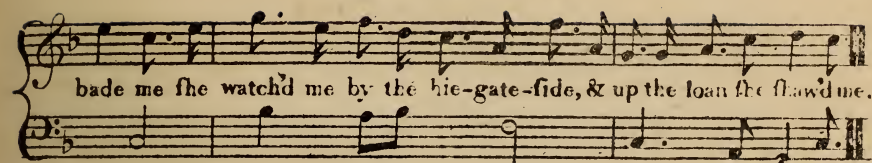
Let her crown my love her law, And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, swith awa! Reif randies I difown ye! + + +

R

Had I the wyte the bad me.

415





Sae craftilie she took me hen,
 And bade me mak nae clatter;
 "For our ramgunshoch, glum goodman
 "Is o'er ayont the water:"
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
 When I did kifs and dawte her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne, say, I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refus'd her,
 And wad na Manhood been to blame,
 Had I unkindly us'd her:

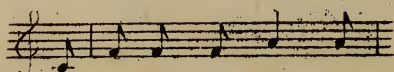
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And biae and bluidy bruis'd her;
 When sic a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but wad excus'd her!

I lighted ay her een fae blue,
 And bannd the cruel randy,
 And weel I wat her willin mou
 Was e'en like succareandie.
 At glomin'-shote it was, I wat,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I am thro' the Tifeday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

The Auld man, &c.

416

The auld man he came o-ver the lea, Ha, ha,
 ha, but I'll no hae him; He cam on purpose
 for to court me wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.



My mither she bad me gie him a stool,
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him;
 I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,
 Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.

My mither she bade me gie him some pye,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 I gae him some pye, and he laid the crust by,
 Wi' his, &c.

My mither she bade me gie him a dram,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang.
 Wi' his, &c.

My mither she bade me put him to bed,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed,
 Wi' his, &c.

Comin thro' the rye. 1st Sett.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

417

* Comin thro' the rye, poor body, Comin thro' the rye She

Very Slow

The last
draigl't a' her pet-ti-coatie Comin thro' the rye. Oh

part repeated in Chorus

Jenny's a' weel poor body, Jenny's ael dom dry She

draigl't a' her pet-ti-coatie Comin thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body

Comin thro' the rye,

Gin a body kifs a body

Need a body cry

Cho.^s Oh Jenny's a' weel, &c.

Gin a body meet a body

Comin thro' the glen;

Gin a body kifs a body

Need the world ken!

Cho.^s Oh Jenny's a' weel, &c.

Comin thro' the rye. 2^d Sett.

418

Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy, Com-in thro' the rye.

Very Slow

Gin a bo-dy kifs a bo-dy need a bo-dy cry;

Il-ka bo-dy has a bo-dy, ne'er a ane hae I; But

a' the lads they loe me And what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body tell;
 Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town
 Gin a body kifs a body, need a body gloom;
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I.

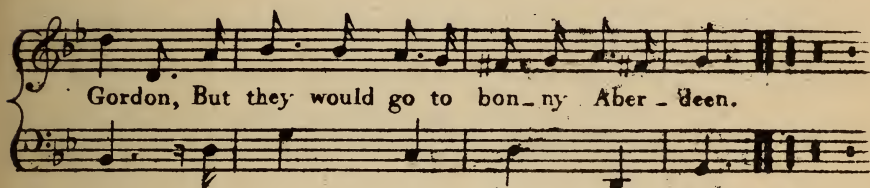
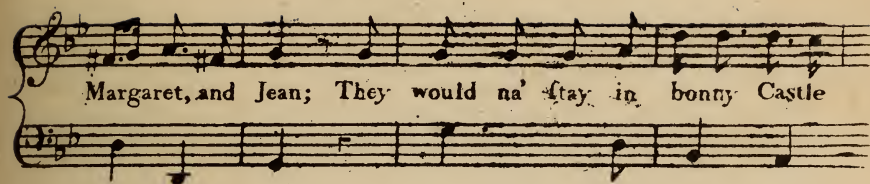
The Duke of Gordon has three daughters.

419

* The Duke of Gordon has three daughters E-li-zabeth,

Slow

Continued.



They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till lady Jean fell in love with cap^t. Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

"O wo to you, captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die;
For taking to my daughter,
Hanged, thou shalt be."

Word came to the duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with cap^t. Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

"Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey;
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day."

"I will not hang captain Ogilvie,
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace & fear
And put on the single livery." (-let,

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only three,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was lady Jean.

Word came to captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet;
And put on the single livery.

"Where is your sifter, maidens?
Where is your sifter, now?
Where is your sifter, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?"

"If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon;
This pennance I'll take wi';
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
All this I will dree."

"O pardon us, honoured father,
O pardon us, they did say;
Lady Jean is with captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae."

Lady Jean had not been married,
Not a year but three,
Till she had a babe in every arm,
Another upon her knee.

And when he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see captain Ogilvie,
Training up his men,

"O but I'm weary of wandering!
O but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad. &c. &c. &c."

Young Jamie pride of a' the plain.

Tune The carlin of the glen.

420

* Young Jamie pride, of a' the plain, sae galant and sae

Slowish

gay a swain, Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, And reign'd re-

sistless king of love. But now wi' sighs and starting tears He

strays a-mang the woods and briers Or in the glens and

rocky caves, His sad complain'g dowie raves.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And chang'd with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near
 Repentance I should buy sae dear:
 The slighted maids my torments see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
 While she, my 'cruel, scornfu' Fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair,

Out over the Forth, &c.

431

421

* Out o-ver the Forth, I look to the North, But

Slow

what is the North and its High-lands to me; The

South nor the East, gie ease to my breast, The far foreign

land, or the wide rolling sea: But I look to the West when I

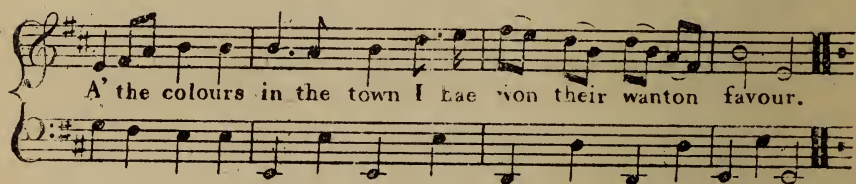
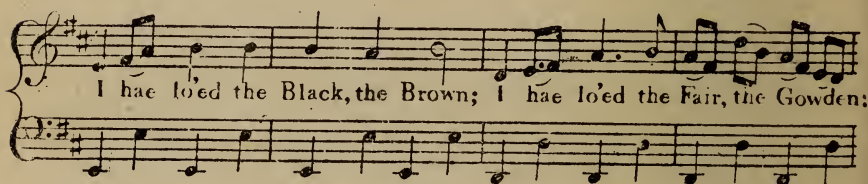
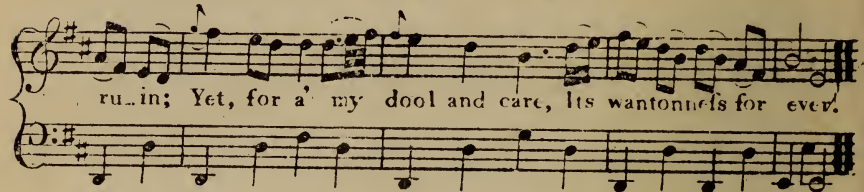
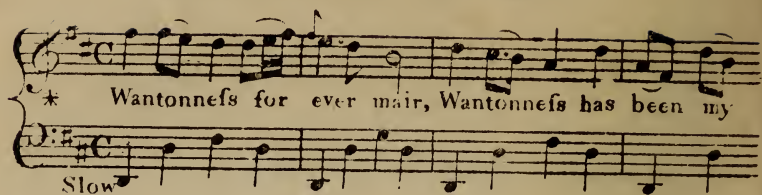
gae to rest, That hap-py my dreams and my slumbers may

be; For far in the West lives he I lo'e best, The

man that is dear to my ba-bie and me.

Wantonness for ever mair.

422



+ + + + +

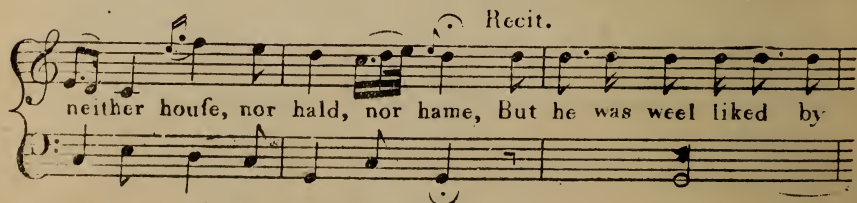
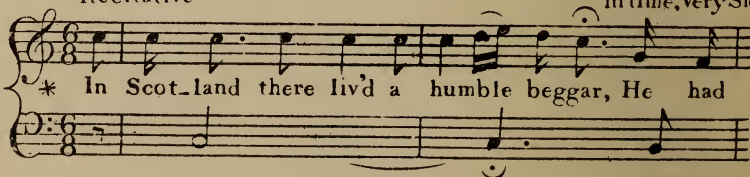
* * * * *

The Humble Beggar.

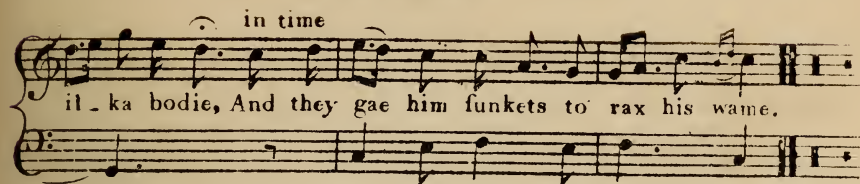
Recitative

in time, Very-Slow

423



Continued



A nivefow of meal, and handfow of groats,
 A daad of a bannock or herring brie,
 Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates,
 Wad mak him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
 The feint a bit of pride had he,
 He wad a ta'en his a'ims in a bikker
 Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
 In as good order as wallets could be;
 A lang kail-gooley hang down by his side,
 And a meikle nowt horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe,
 It happen'd fae that he did die;
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wak
 But lads and lasses of a high degree?

Some were blyth, and some were sad,
 And some they play'd at blind Harrie;
 But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
 I redd you, good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
 Vow kimmer and how do ye?
 Up he gat and ca'd her limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en fair fa' the companie;
 But when they were gaun to lay him i' th' yird,
 The feint a dead, nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flie;
 And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cald, I'm unco cald,
 Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

The rowin't in her apron.

424

* Our young lady's a huntin gane, Sheets nor blankets

Slow

has she taen, But shes born her auld son or she cam

hame, And she's rowd him in her apion.

Her apron was o' the hollan fine,
Laid about wi' laces nine;
She thought it a pity her babie should tyne,
And she's row'd him in her apron.

Her apron was o' the hollan sma,
Laid about wi' laces a',
She thought it a pity her babe to let fa,
And she row'd him in her apron.
+ + + + +
Her father says within the ha',
Among the knights and nobles a',
I think I hear a babie ca,
In the chamber among our young ladies.

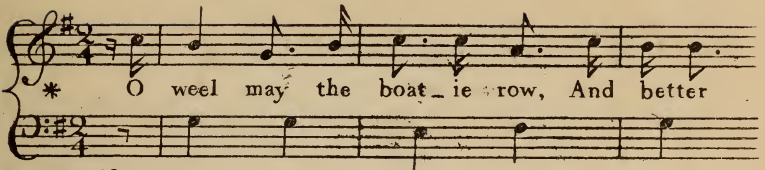
O father dear it is a bairn,
I hope it will do you nae harm,
For the daddie I lo'ed, and he'll lo'e me again,
For the rowint in my apron.

O is he a gentleman, or is he a clown,
That has brought thy fair body down,
I would not for a' this town
The rowint in thy apron.

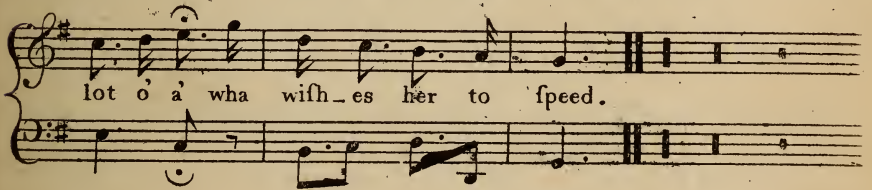
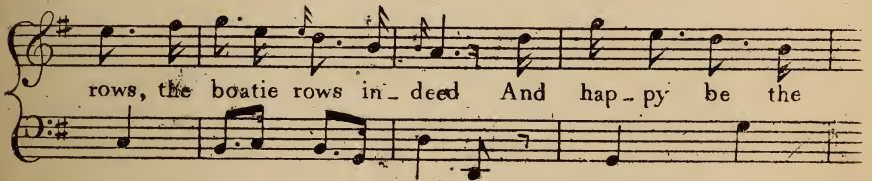
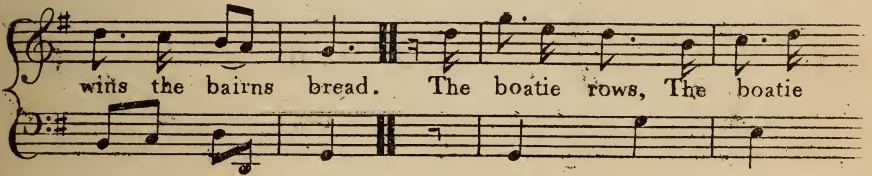
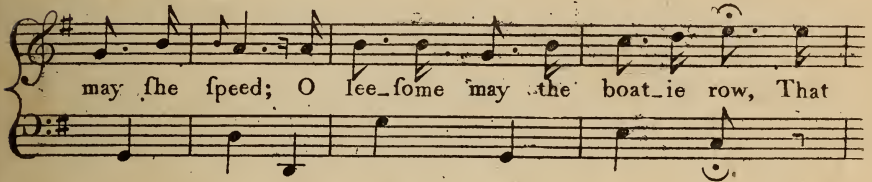
Young Terreagles he's nae clown,
He is the tofs o' Edinbrow town,
And he'll buy me a braw new gown
For the rowint in my apron
+ + + + + + + + + +
Its I hae castles, I hae towers,
I hae barns, and I hae bowers,
A' that is mine it shall be thine,
For the rowint in thy apron.

The Boatie rows, First Sett.

425

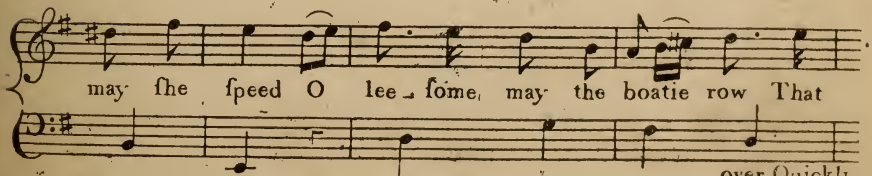
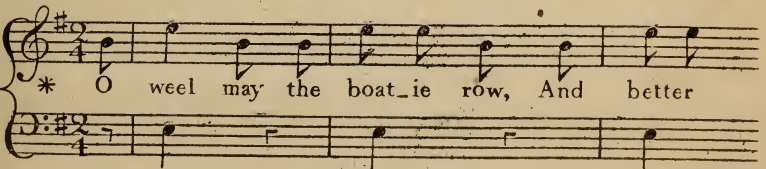


Slowish



The Boatie rows. Second Sett.

426



over Quickly

Continued.

wins the bairns bread. The boat-ie rows, the boat-ie
rows, the boat-ie rows in deed, And hap-py be the
lot o' a' wha wish-es her to speed.

The Boatie rows. Third Sett.

427 * O weel may the boatie row, And better may she

Very Slow

speed; And leesome may the boatie row, that wins the bairns

bread; The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows in-

deed; And weel may the boatie row, that win my bairns

Continued.

Chorus

bread. O weel may the boatie row, and better may the speed; And

leefome may the boatie row, that wins my bairns bread..

I cuf't my line in Largo bay,

And fishes I catch'd nine,

There was three to boil, & three to fry, I true my heart was douf an' wae,

And three to bait the line.

S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows indeed,

And happy be the lot o' a',

Who wishes her to speed. **S:**

O weel may the boatie row,

That fills a heavy creel,

And cleads us a' frae head to feet,

And buys our pottage meal;

S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows indeed,

And happy be the lot of a',

That wish the boatie speed. **S:**

When Jamie vow'd he wou'd be mine,

And wan frae me my heart,

O muckle lighter grew my creel,

He swore we'd never part:

S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel,

And muckle lighter is the load,

When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,

And dres'd mysel' fu' braw,

I true my heart was douf an' wae,

When Jamie gaed awa';

S: But weel may the boatie row,

And lucky be her part;

And lightfome be the lassie's care,

That yields an' honest heart. **S:**

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,

Are up and gotten leary;

They'll help to gar the boatie row,

And lighten a' our care.

S: The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel,

And lightfome be her heart that bears

The Murlain, and the creel. **S:**

And when wi' age we're worn down,

And hirpling round the door,

They'll row to keep us dry and warm

As we did them before;

S: Then weel may the boatie row,

She wins the bairn's bread;

And happy be the lot o' a',

That wish the boat to speed. **S:**

Charlie he's my darling.

428 * 'Twas on a monday morning, Right early in the

Lively

year, That Charlie came to our town, The young Che-va-

-lier. An' Charlie he's my darling, my dar-ling, my dar-ling,

Charlie he's my dar-ling the young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,
 O there he spied a bonie lass
 The window looking thro' — An' Charlie &c.

Sae light's he jimped up the stair,
 And tirtled at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as herself,
 To let the laddie in. — An' Charlie &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland drefs;
 For brawlie weel he ken'd the way
 To please a bonie lass. — An' Charlie &c.

It's up yon hethery mountain,
 And down yon seroggy glen,
 We daur na gang a milking,
 For Charlie and his men. — An' Charlie &c.

429

* As Sylvia in a forest lay, To vent her woe —
— lone; Her swain Sylvander came that way, And
heard her dying moan. Ah! is my love, she said, to
you so worthless and so vain? Why is your wonted
fondness now converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn, For you delighted, I should die;
E'er you'd exchange your love; But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
In shades may now creation mourn, To think that credulous constant I
Since you unfaithful prove. Should by yourself be kill'd.

Was it for this I credit gave
To every oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.

This said — all breathless, sick & pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

Sylvander then began to melt;
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

The Lafe of Ecclefechan.

430 * Gat 'ye me, O' gat ye me, O gat ye me wi' naething,

Lively

Rock and reel and spinnin wheel A mickle quarter bafon.

Bye attour, my Gutchter has a hich house and a laigh ane

a' for. bye, my bonnie fel, The tofs of Eccle-fech-an.

O had your tongue now Luckie Laing, I tint my whistle and my fang,

O had your tongue and jauner; I tint my peace and pleasure;

I held the gate till you I met, But your green graff, now Luckie Lain

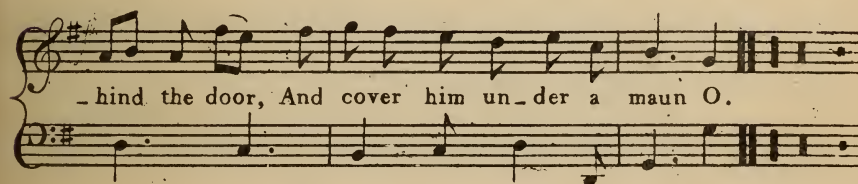
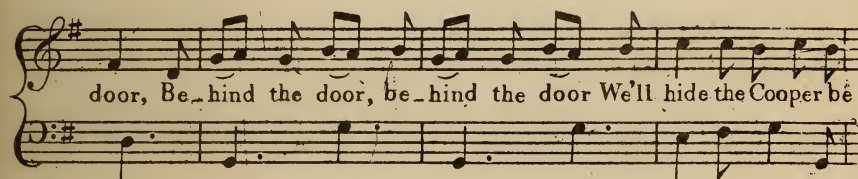
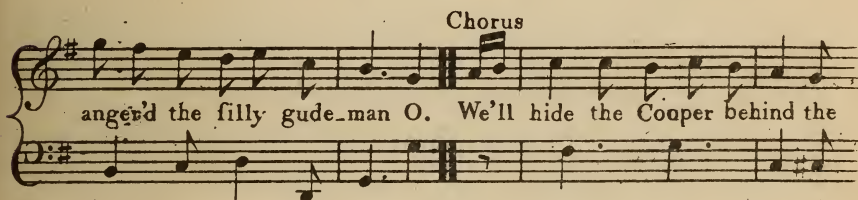
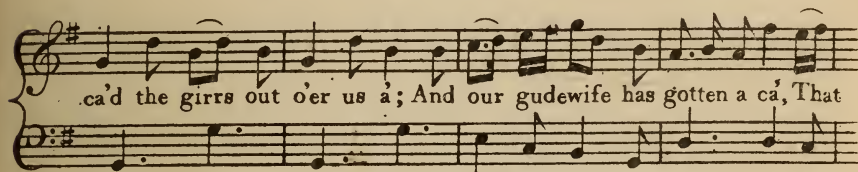
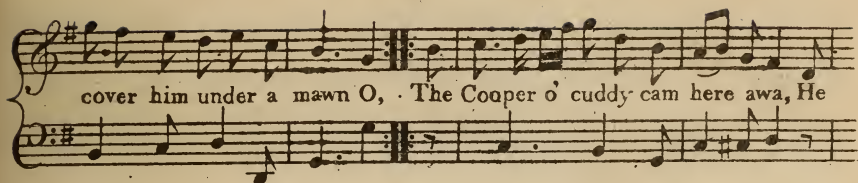
Syne I began to wander: Wad airt me to my treasure.

The Cooper o' Cuddy.

431 * We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, Be hind the

Lively

door, be hind the door, We'll hidethe Cooper behind the door &



He fought them out, he fought them in,
 Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him!
 But the body he was fae doited and blin,
 He wist na whare he was gaun O.
 We'll hide, &c.

They couper'd at e'en, they couper'd at morn,
 Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
 And swears that there they shall stan' O.
 We'll hide, &c.

Widow, are ye waking?

432

* What is that at my chamber door? "Fair wi-dow
Slowly
are ye wa-king?" Auld carl, your fuit give o'er, Your
love lies a' in tawking. Gi'e me a lad that's young and
tight, Sweet like an A-pril meadow; 'Tis sick as he can
blefs the fight, And bo-fom of a wi-dow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in?

"I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty,

"And come of a right gentle kin;

"I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle-born ye be,—but youth,

In love ye're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,

"That powerfully plead clinkan;

"And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

"And nae mair love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they mak you young, Sir,

And ten times better can express

Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

433 * The malt-man comes on Munanday, He craves wonderous

fair, Cries dame, come gie me my fil-ler, Or

malt ye'll néer get mair. I took him in to the pantry, And

gave him some good cock-broo, Syne paid him upon a

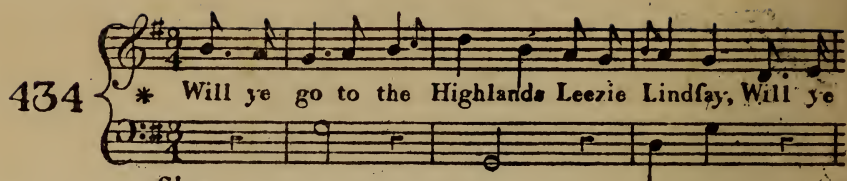
gan-tree As host-ler wives should do.

When maltmen come for filler,
And gaugers wi' wands o'er foon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learnd frae an auld aunty,
The snackest of a' my kin.

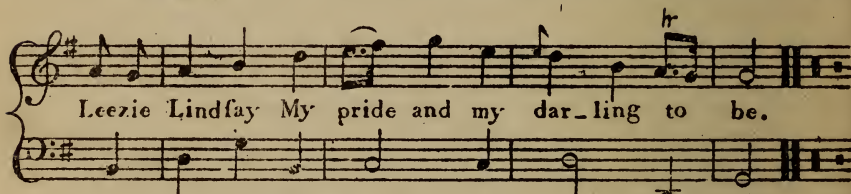
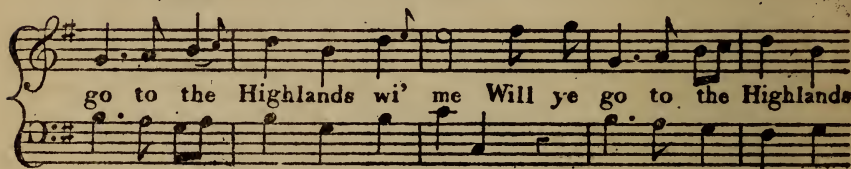
The maltman is right cunning,
But I can be as flee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears scores with me:
For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll answer a bill for me.

Leezie Lindsay

434



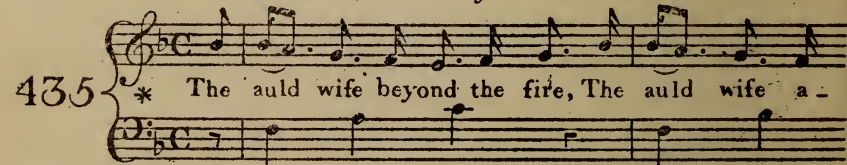
Slow



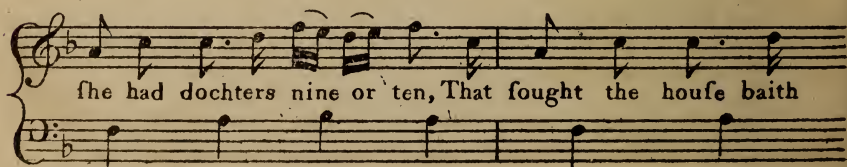
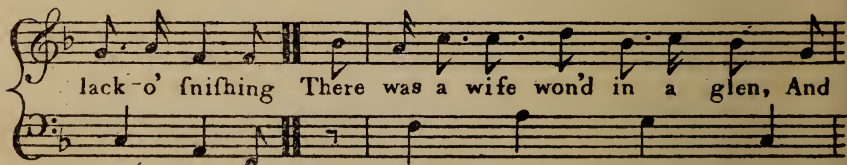
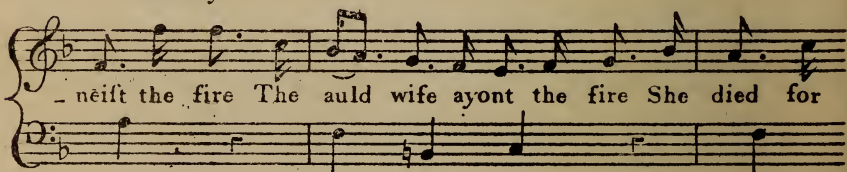
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The Auld Wife ayont the Fire.

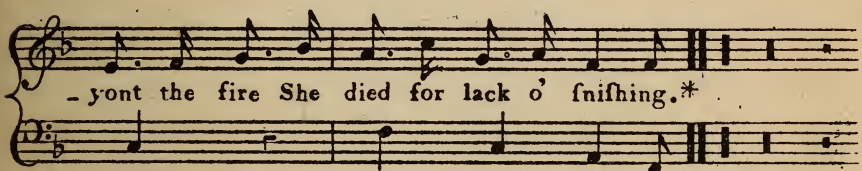
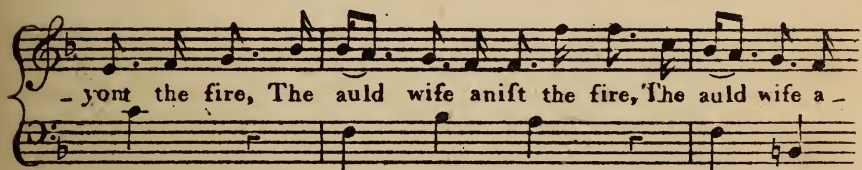
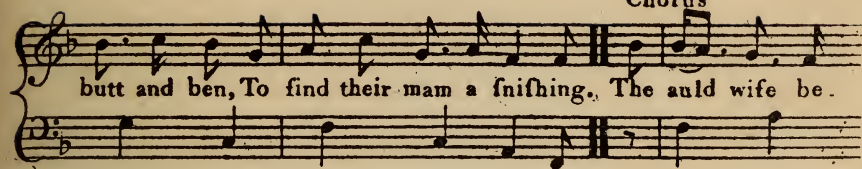
435



Lively



Chorus



Her mill into some hole had fawn, And they a pistol-bullet gat;
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn, She powerfully began to crack,
 For I maun hae a young goodman To win herself a snifhing.
 Shall furnish me with snifhing. The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld, And braw sport it was to see her chowit,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld, And 'tween her gums sae squeeze & rowt,
 And if ye with a younker wald, While frae her jaws the slaver flowt,
 He'll waste away your snifhing. And ay the curs'd poor stumpy.
 The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter gae a shout, At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out, Which brak the auld tooth by the neez,
 Besides ha'f blind, you hae the gout, And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 Your mill can had nae snifhing. But she tint hopes of snifhing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cried auld mump, She of the task began to tire,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump, And frae her dochters did retire,
 And will nae langer live in dump, Syne leand her down ayont the fire,
 By wanting o' my snifhing. And died for lack of snifhing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut, Ye auld wives, notice weel this truth,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut, Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
 Then we will a' consent to it, Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 That you shall have a snifhing. And leave aff thoughts of snifhing:
 The auld wife, &c. Else like this wife beyont the fire,
 Your bairns against you will conspire
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
 A young man with your snifhing.

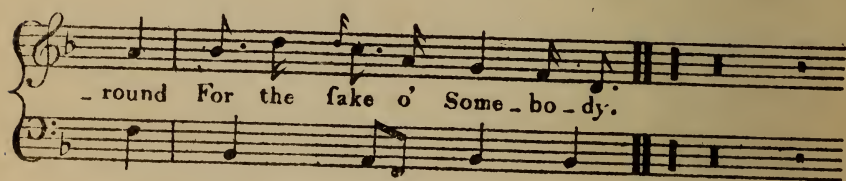
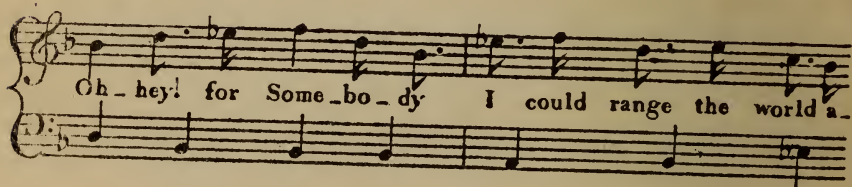
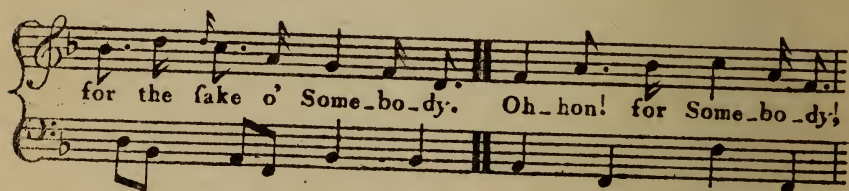
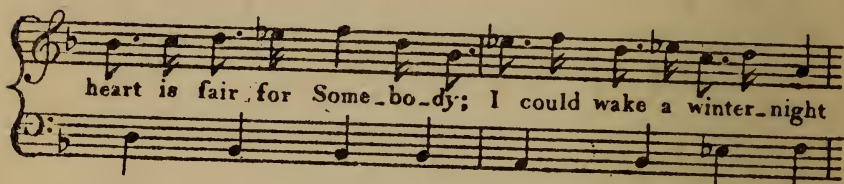
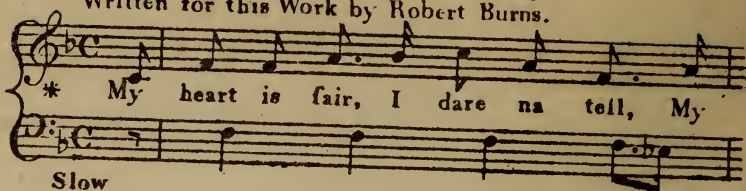
The auld ane did agree to that,

* Snifhing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money. &c.

For the fake o' Somebody.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

436

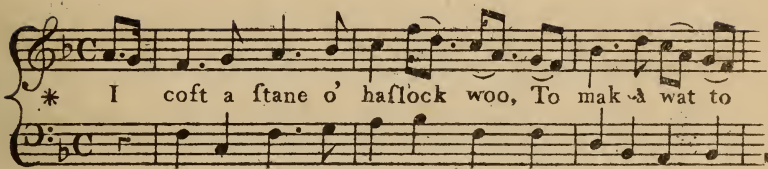


Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my Somebody.
 Oh-hon! for Somebody!
 Oh-hey! for Somebody!
 I wad do ——— what wad I not —
 For the fake o' Somebody!

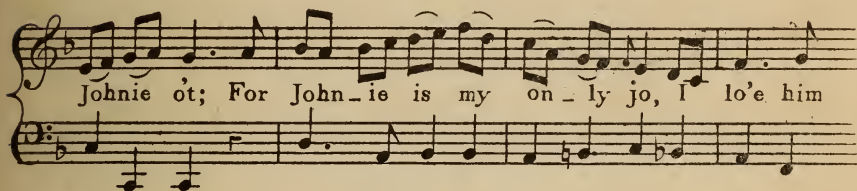
The Cardin o't, &c.

449

437



* I coft a ftane o' haflock woo, To mak-a wat to

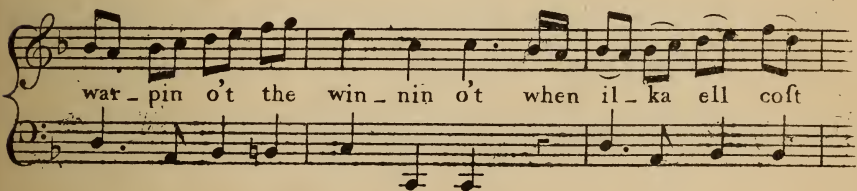


Johnie o't; For John-ie is my on-ly jo, I lo'e him

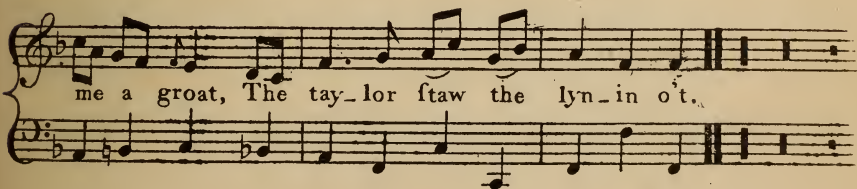


Chorus

best of onie yet. The cardin o't the spin-nin o't, The



war-pin o't the win-nin o't when il-ka ell coft



me a goat, The tay-lor ftaw the lyn-in o't.

For-though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I hae feen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin, &c.

Tibbie Fowler.

440 * Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er mony woo-in

Slow

at her, Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, there's o'er mony woo-in at her.

Chorus.

Woo-in at her, pu'in at her, courtin at her, can-na get her;

Filthy elf, its' for her pelf, that a' the lads are woo-in at her.

Ten cam east, and ten came west, ten came rowin o'er the water;
Twa came down the lang dyke side, there's twa and thirty woo-in at her.
Woo-in at her, &c.

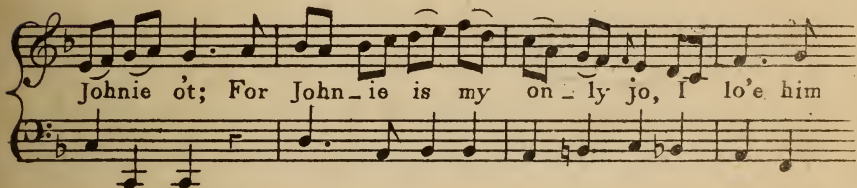
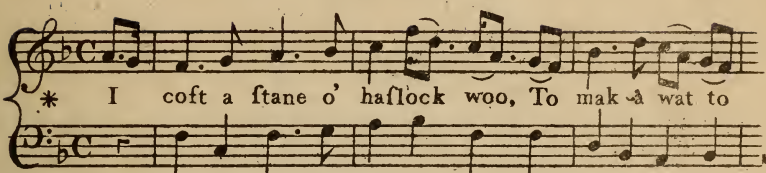
There's seven but, and seven ben, seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door, There's ane and forty woo-in at her.
Woo-in at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs, Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High-heeld shoon and filler tags, And a' the lads are woo-in at her.
Woo-in at her, &c.

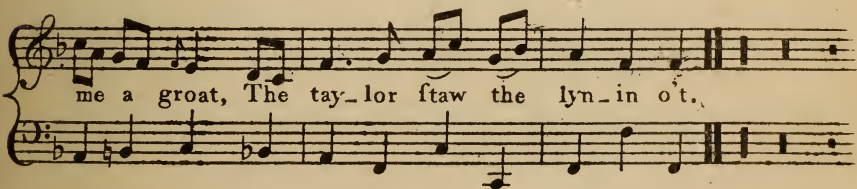
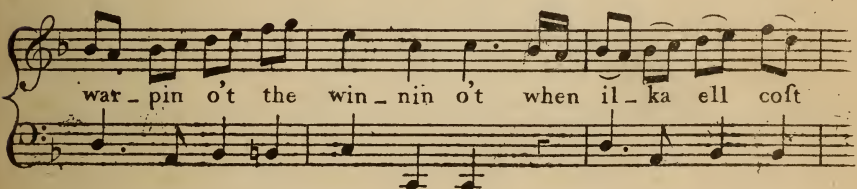
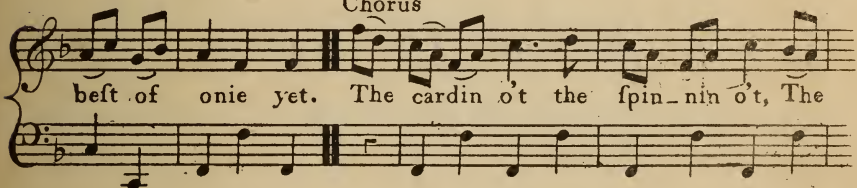
Be a lalsie e'er fae black, An she hae the name o' filler,
Set her upo' Tiptock-tap, The wind will blaw a man till her.
Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lalsie e'er fae fair, An she want the pennie filler;
A flie may fell her in the air, Before a man be even till her.
Woo-in at her, &c.

437



Chorus



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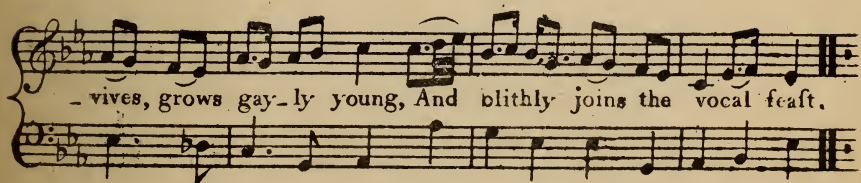
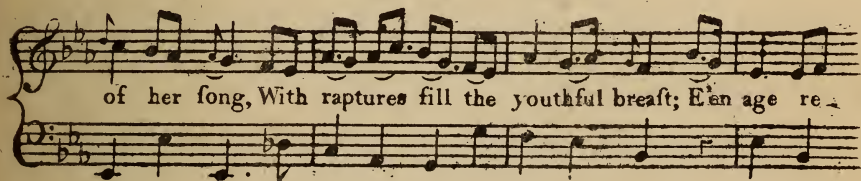
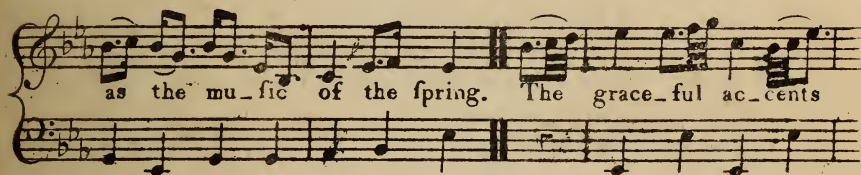
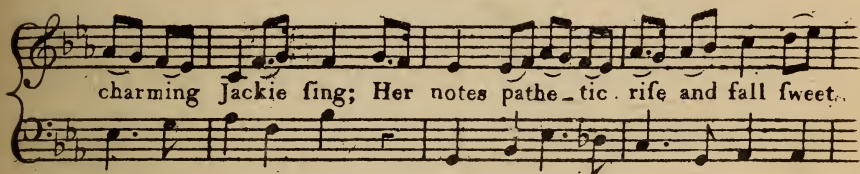
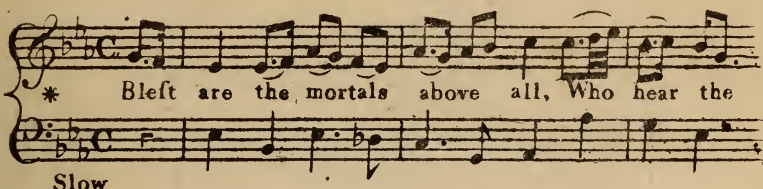
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Be a lalsie e'er sae fair, An she want the pennie filler;
A flie may fell her in the air, Before a man be even till her.
Woo-in at her, &c.

441



Go, on sweet maid, improve the lay
 Attund to strains of plaintive woe;
 They always bear resistless sway
 When sung by charming Jackie O.
 Long may she bless her parents ear,
 And always prove their mutual joy,
 May no beguilers artful snare,
 The peace of innocence annoy.

There's three gude fellow ayont yon glen

442

* There's three true gude fellows, There's three true gude
Lively

Solo
fellows, There's three true gude fellows down ayont yon glen. Its

now the day is dawin, But or night to fain, Whafe cock's best at crawith,

Chorus
Willie thou fall ken. There's three true gude fellows, There's three tru

gude fellows, There's three true gude fellows down ayont yon glen.

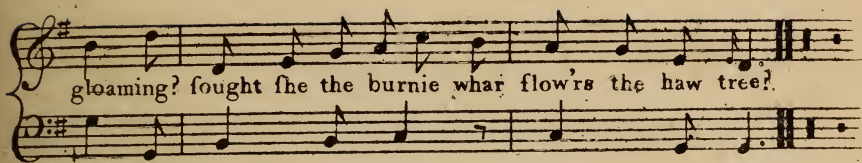
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The wee thing; or Mary of Castle Cary.

443

Saw ye my wee thing; Saw ye mine ain thing? Saw ye my

true love down on yon lea? Cros'd she the meadow, yestreen at the



"Her hair it is lint white! her skin it is milk white!
 "Dark is the blue o' her fast rolling ee!
 "Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses. —
 "Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

'I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 'Nor /saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 'But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 'Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

'Her hair it was lint white, her skin it was milk white,
 'Dark was the blue o' her fast rolling ee!
 'Red war her ripe lipe, and sweeter than roses!
 'Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!

"It was na my wee thing! It was na my ain thing!
 "It was na my true love, ye met by the tree!
 "Proud is her leil heart; modest her nature,
 "She never lo'd ony till ance she lo'd me.

'Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
 'Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!
 'Fair as your face is, wart fifty times fairer,
 'Young bragger! she ne'er would gie kisses to thee."

'It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
 'It was then your true love I met by the tree!
 'Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 'Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!

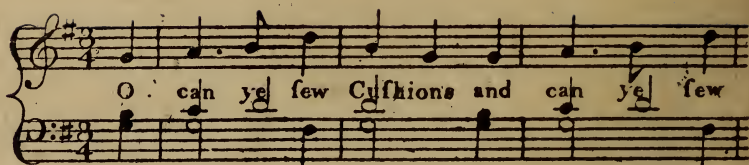
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood red his Cheek grew,
 Wild flach'd the fire, frae his red rolling ee; —
 "Ye's rue fair this morning, your boasts and your scorning —
 "Defend ye fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie!

"Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling;
 Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee.

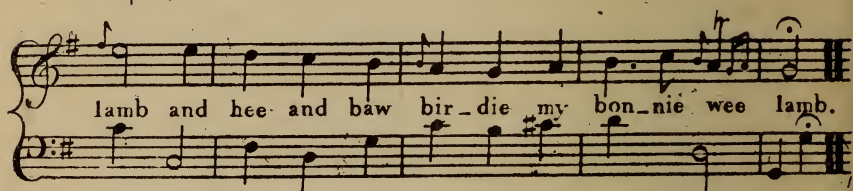
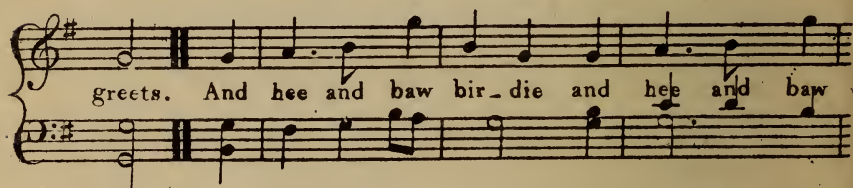
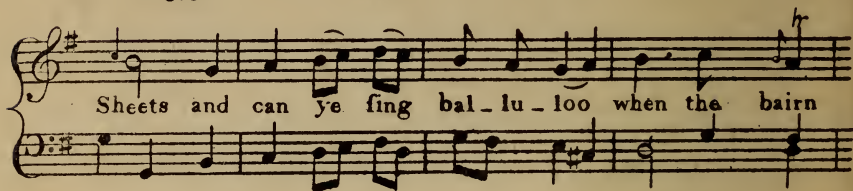
"Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing?
 "Is it my true love here that I see?
 'O Jamie! forgie me, your heart's constant to me;
 'I'll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee!

O can ye few Cushions.

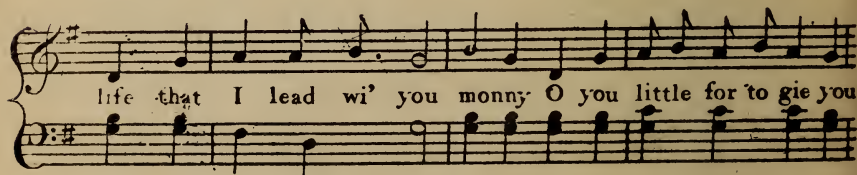
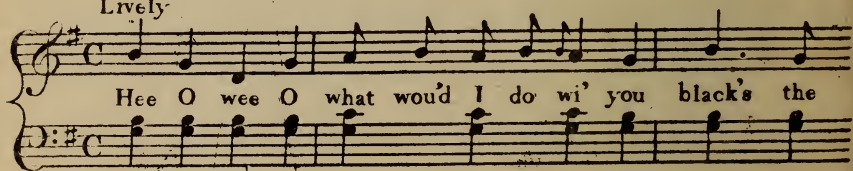
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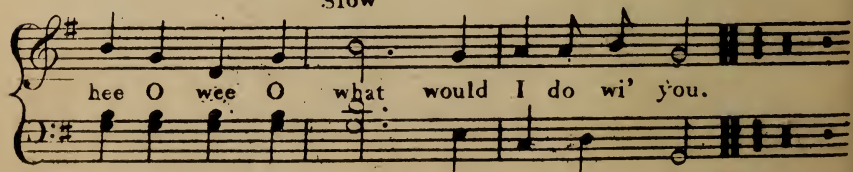
Slow



Lively

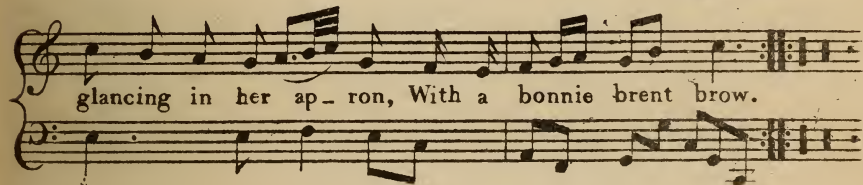
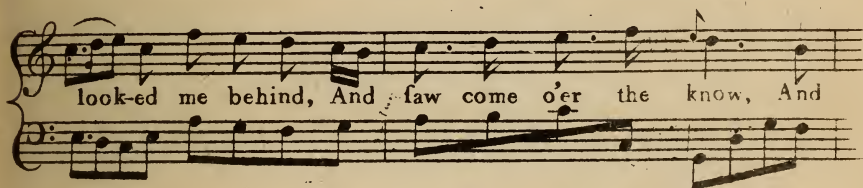
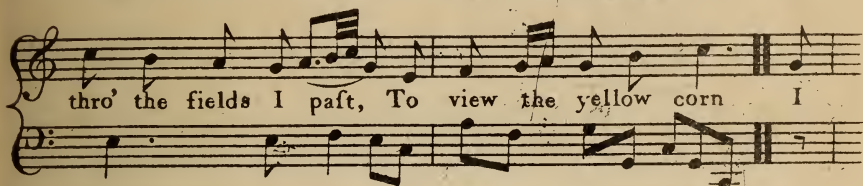
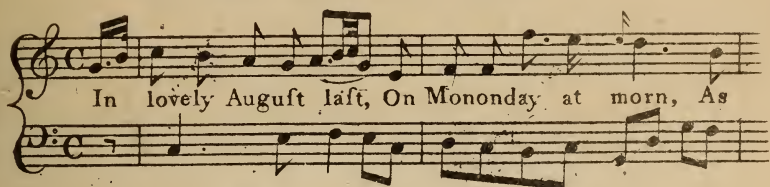


Slow



The glancing of her Apron.

445

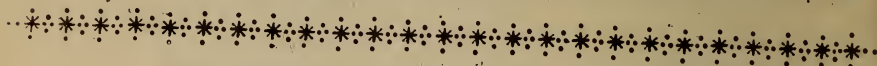
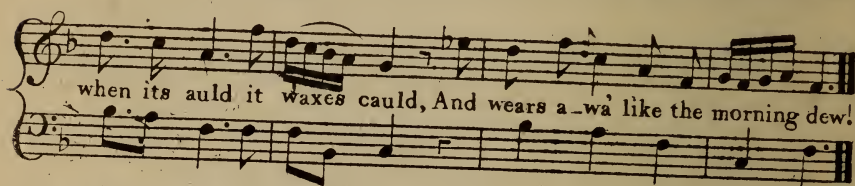
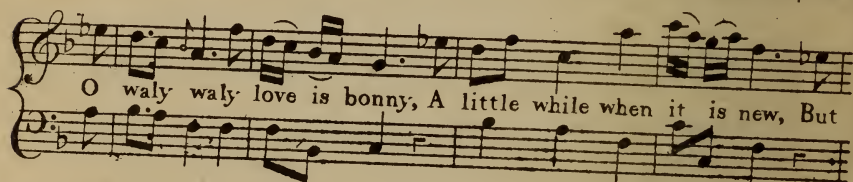
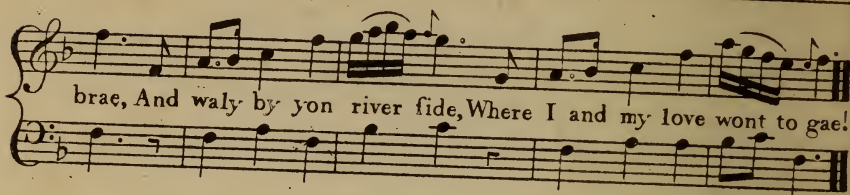
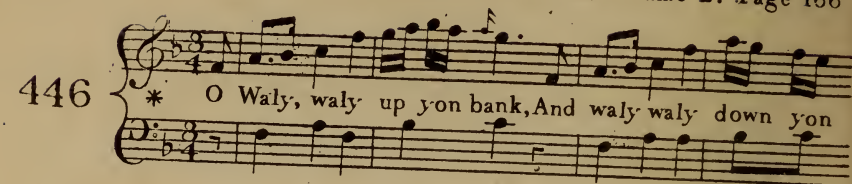


I said, good morrow, fair maid;
 And she, right courteslie,
 Return'd a back, and kindly said
 "Good day, sweet fir to thee."
 I speir'd, my dear, how far awa
 Do ye intend to gae,
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
 And o'er yon broomy brae.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate
 To have sic company;
 For I am ganging straight that gate;
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I said to her, my dow.
 May we not lean us on this plain,
 And kifs your bonny mou!

Waly, Waly. — A different set — see Volume 2^d. Page 166

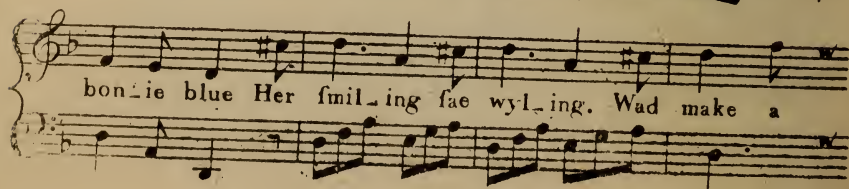
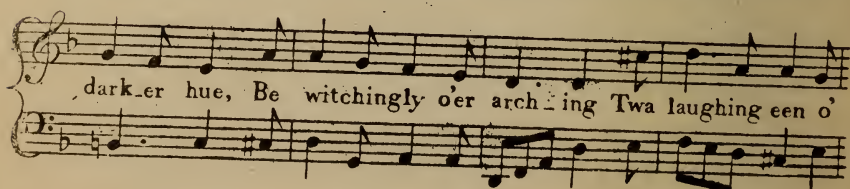
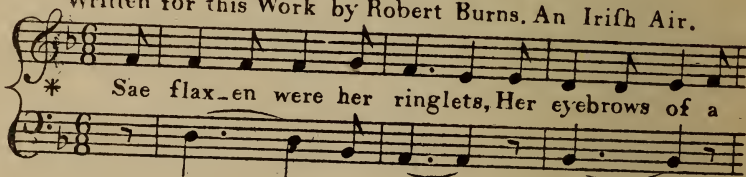
446



She says she lo'es me best of a.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns. An Irish Air.

447



wretch for- get his woe; What pleasure, what treasure, un-

- to these ro- fy lips to grow: Such was my Chloris bo- nie

face, When first her bonie face I saw; And ay my Chloris

dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a.

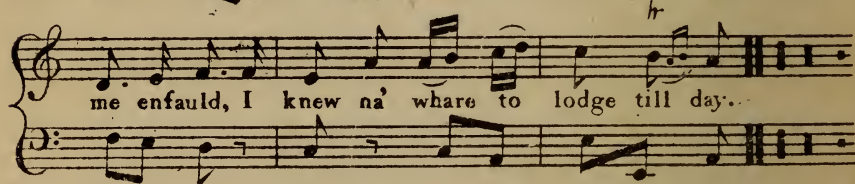
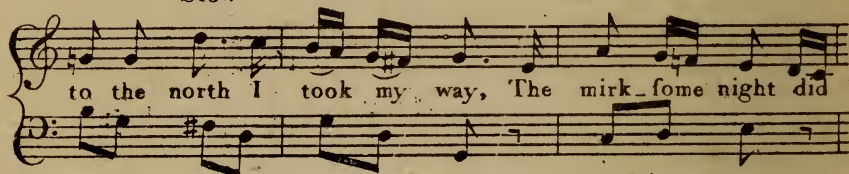
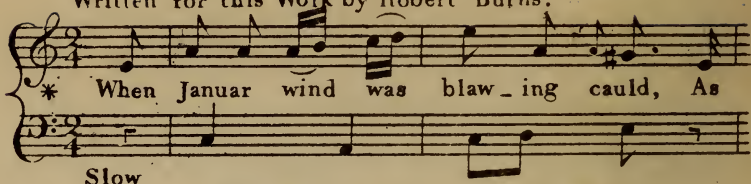
Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty angle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her fauteless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature — auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
 And ay my Chloris dearest charm,
 She says, she lo'es me best of a.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy shew at funny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair beaming, & streaming
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling, (sang;
 The amorous thrush concludes his —
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn & leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say, thou lo'es me best of a.

The bonie lafs made the bed to me.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

448



By my gude luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bad her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips
And drank, "Young man now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands young man, she says,
And dinna sae uncivil be:
Gif ye hae ony luv for me,
O wrang na my virginie!

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie.

Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lafs that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lafs that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa'
The lafsie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
I thank'd her for her courtesie:
But ay she blush'd & ay she sigh'd,
And said, Alas ye've ruin'd me.

I clasp'd her waist & kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin in her ee'
I said, my lafsie dinna cry,
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lafs that made the bed to me.

The bonie lafs made the bed to me,
The braw lafs made the bed to me.
I'll ne'er forget till the day that I do
The lafs that made the bed to me.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

449

* O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake see

far awa; unknowing what my way may thwart, My na- tive

land sae far awa. Thou that of a' things Maker art, That

form'd this Fair sae far awa, Gin bo - dy strength, then

I'll ne'er start, At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,

So love to her, sae far awa:

And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,

While, Oh, she is soe far awa.

Nane other love, nane other dart,

I feel, but her's sae far awa;

But fairer never touch'd a heart

Than her's, the Fair sae far awa.

Put the gown upon the Bishop.

450 * Put the gown u - pon the Bishop, That's his miller -

Lively

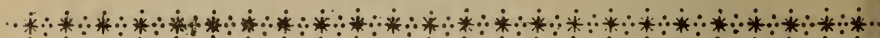
The musical notation for the first system is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and half notes. The lyrics 'Put the gown u - pon the Bishop, That's his miller -' are written below the treble staff.

due o' knaveship Jenny Geddes was the gofsip, Pat the gown u -

The second system continues the melody in the same key and time signature. The treble staff has a more complex melodic line with some beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'due o' knaveship Jenny Geddes was the gofsip, Pat the gown u -' are written below the treble staff.

- pon the Bishop; Pat the gown u - pon the Bishop.

The third system concludes the first song. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bass staff also ends with a double bar line. The lyrics '- pon the Bishop; Pat the gown u - pon the Bishop.' are written below the treble staff.



Hallow Fair. — There's fouth of braw Jockies, &c.

451 There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennys Comes

Lively

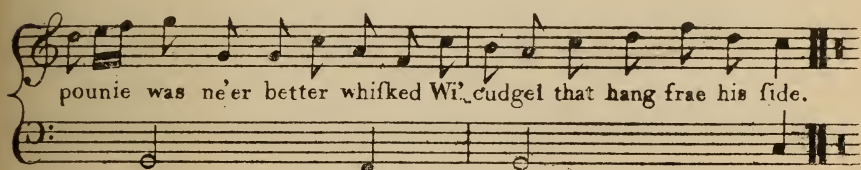
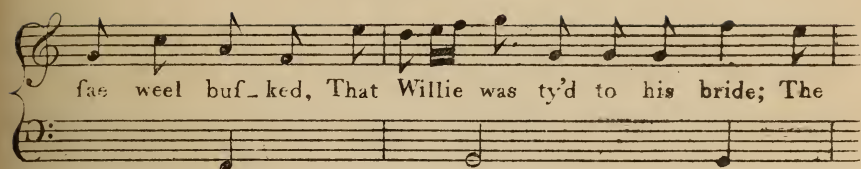
The musical notation for the second song is in G major and common time. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and half notes. The lyrics 'There's fouth of braw Jockies and Jennys Comes' are written below the treble staff.

weel-busked into the fair, With ribbons on their cocker - no -

The third system continues the melody in the same key and time signature. The treble staff has a more complex melodic line with some beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'weel-busked into the fair, With ribbons on their cocker - no -' are written below the treble staff.

- mies, And fouth o' fine flour on their hair Oh Maggie she was

The fourth system concludes the second song. The treble staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The bass staff also ends with a double bar line. The lyrics '- mies, And fouth o' fine flour on their hair Oh Maggie she was' are written below the treble staff.



But Maggie was wondrous jealous Wi' sniring behind and before him,
 To see Willie bufked fae braw; For sic is the metal of brutes:
 And Sawney, he sat in the alehouse, Poor Wattie, and waes me for him,
 And hard at the liquor did caw^{-sie}, Was fain to gang hame in his boots.
 There was Geordy that well lovd his lass-
 He touk the 'pint-stoup in his arms, Now it was late in the ev'ning,
 And hugg'd it, and said, Trough they're faucy And boughting time was drawing near;
 That loos nae a good father's bairn. The lasses had stench'd their greening
 With fouth of braw apples and beer.
 There was Wattie the muirland laddie, There was Eillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,
 That rides on the bonny grey cout, And Ceicy on the spinnell could spin,
 With sword by his side like a cadie, Stood glowering at signs & gla's winnocks,
 To drive in the sheep and the knout. But deil a ane bade them come in.
 His doublet fae weel it did fit him,
 It scarcely came down to mid thigh, God guide's! saw you ever the like o' it?
 With hair poulder'd, hat and a feather, See yonder's a bonny black swan;
 And housing at courpon and tee. It glowrs as't wad fain be at us;
 What's yon that it hads in its hand?
 But bruckie play'd boo to baufie, Awa, daft gouk, cries Wattie,
 And aff scour'd the cout like the win: They're a' but a rickle of sticks;
 Poor Wattie he fell in the caufie, See there is Bill, Jock, and auld Hackis,
 And birs'd a the bains in his skin. And yonder's Mefs John & auld Nick.
 His pistols fell out of the hulsters,
 And were a' bedaubed with dirt; Quoth Maggie, Come buy us our fairing:
 The folks they came round him in clusters, And Wattie right sleely cou'd tell,
 Some leugh, and cry'd, Lad, was you hurt? I think thou're the flour of the clackie
 In trouth now I'fe gie you my sell.
 But cout wad let nae body steer him, But wha wou'd eer thought it o' him,
 He was ay fae wanton and skeegh; That eer he had rippled the lint?
 The packinans stands he oerturn'd them, Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,
 And gard a' the jocks stand a-beech; Tho' she did baith scalie and squint.

I'll never love thee more.

452 x My dear and only love I pray, This lit_tle world of

Very Slow

thee, Be govern'd by no other sway, But purest monar_chy: For

if confusion have a part, Which virtuous souls ab_hor, I'll

call a synod in my heart, And never love thee more.

At Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

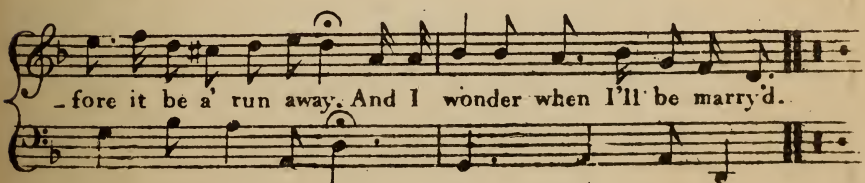
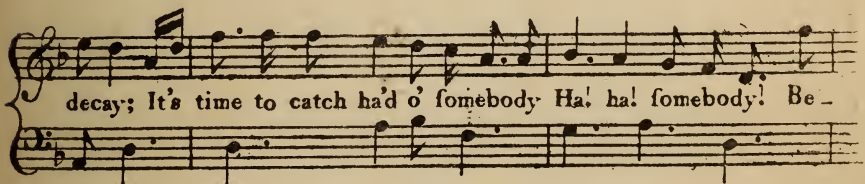
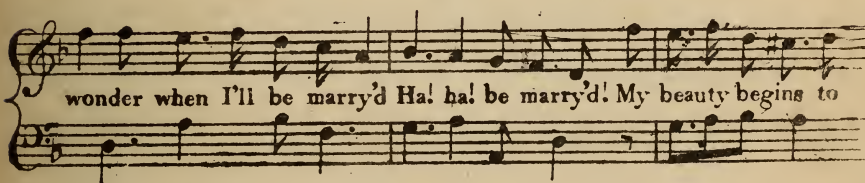
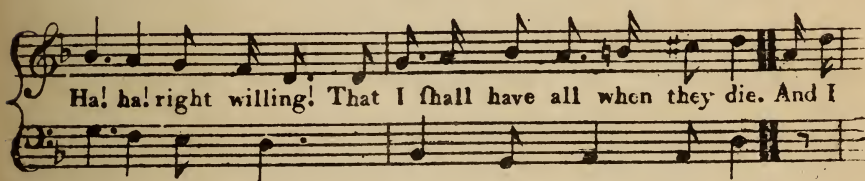
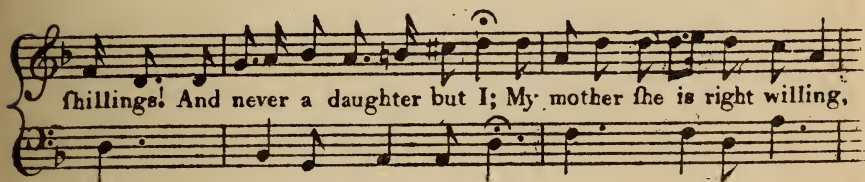
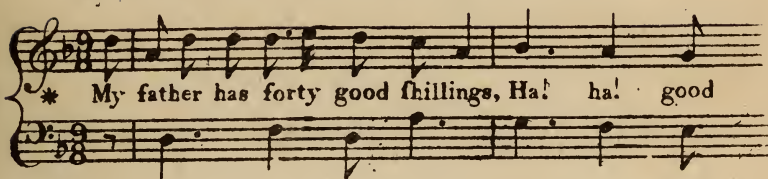
And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll, smiling, mock at the neglect,
And never love thee more.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law;
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
Thou storm or vex me sore,
And if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

My father has forty good shillings.

453



My shoes they are at the mending, My father will buy me a ladle,
 My buckles they are in the chest; At my wedding we'll hae a good sang;
 My stockings are ready for sending; For my uncle will buy me a cradle,
 Then I'll be as braw as the rest. To rock my child in when it's young.
 And I wonder, &c. And I wonder, &c.

Our Goodman came hame at e'en, &c.

454

Recit. in time Recit.

* Our goodman came hame at e'en, And hame came he; And

Slowish. in time

there he saw a saddle horse, Where nae horse should be. O how

Recit. in time

came this horse here? Or how can it be O how came this horse here, With-

Recit. in time

-out the leave o' me? A horse! quo' she: Ay a horse, quo' he. Ye

Recit.

auld blind dotard carl, And blinder mat ye be 'Tis but a dain-ty

in time Recit.

milk cow, My minny sent to me. A milk cow! quo' he; Ay a

in time

milk cow, quo' she. O far hae I ridden, And meikle hae I

Recit. in time

seen, But a saddle on a milk cow a-fore I ne'er saw nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,
And hame came he;

He spy'd a pair of jackboots,
Where nae boots should be.

What's this now goodwife?

What's this I see?

How came these boots there

Without the leave o' me!

Boots! quo' she:

Ay, boots quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,

And ill mat ye see,

It's but a pair of water stoups

The cooper sent to me.

Water stoups! quo' he:

Ay, water stoups, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,

And farer hae I gane,

But siller spurs on water stoups

Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he;

And then he saw a (siller) sword,

Where a sword should not be:

What's this now goodwife?

What's this I see?

O how came this sword here,

Without the leave o' me?

A sword! quo' she:

Ay, a sword, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,

And ill mat you see,

It's but a parridge spurtle

My minnie sent to me.

(A parridge spurtle! quo' he:

Ay, a parridge spurtle quo' she.)

Weil, far hae I ridden,

And muckle hae I seen;

But siller handed (parridge) spurtles

Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he;

There he spy'd a powder'd wig,

Where nae wig should be.

What's this now goodwife?

What's this I see?

How came this wig here,

Without the leave o' me.

A wig! quo' she:

Ay, a wig, quo' he.

Shame fa' your cuckold face,

And ill mat you see,

'Tis naething but a clocken hen

My minnie sent to me.

A clocken hen! quo' he:

Ay, a clocken hen, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,

And muckle hae I seen,

But powder on a clocken-hen,

Saw I never nane.

Our goodman came hame at e'en,

And hame came he;

And there he saw a muckle coat,

Where nae coat should be.

O how came this coat here?

How can this be?

How came this coat here

Without the leave o' me?

A coat! quo' she:

Ay, a coat, quo' he

Ye auld blind dotard car!

Blind mat ye be,

It's but a pair of blankets

My minnie sent to me.

Blankets! quo' he:

Ay, blankets, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,

And muckle hae I seen,

But buttons upon blankets

Saw I never nane.

Ben went our goodman,

And ben went he;

And there he spy'd a sturdy-man,

Where nae man should be.

How came this man here.

How can this be?

How came this man here,

Without the leave o' me?

A man, quo' she:

Ay, a man, quo' he.

Poor blind body,

And blinder mat ye be,

It's a new milking maid,

My mither sent to me.

A maid! quo' he:

Ay, a maid, quo' she.

Far hae I ridden,

And muckle hae I seen,

But lang-bearded maidens

Saw I never nane.

Sir John Malcolm.

455 * O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm, I-go and

Slow

a-go, if he's a wise man I mistak him, Iram coram dago.

O keep, ye weel frae San-die Don, I-go and a-go He's

ten times daf-ter than Sir John, Iram coram da-go.

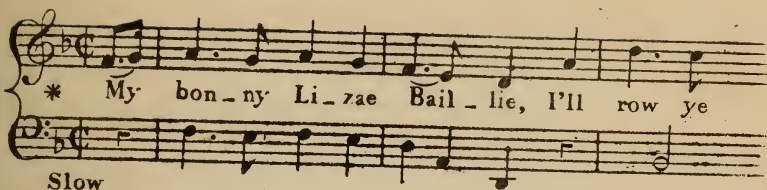
To hear them of their travels talk, Igo and ago,
To gae to London's but a walk: Iram coram dago.
I hae been at Amsterdam, &c.
Where I saw mony a braw madam.

To see the wonders of the deep,
Wad gar a man baith wail and weep;
To see the Leviathans skip,
And wi' their tail ding o'er a ship.

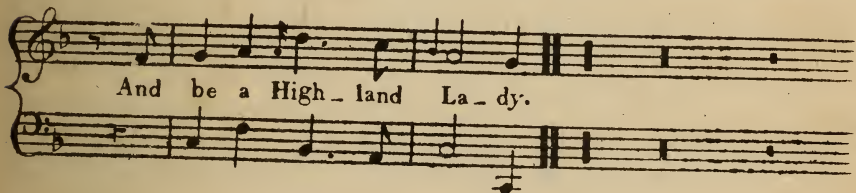
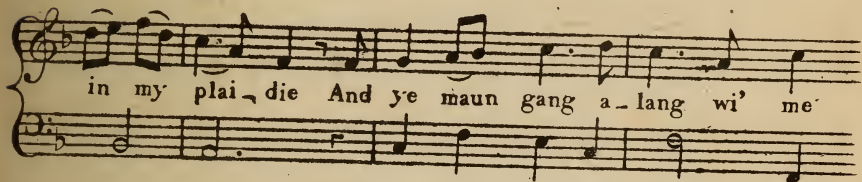
Was ye e'er in Crail town?
Did ye see Clark Dishingtoun?
His wig was like a drouket hen,
And the tail o't hang down,
like a meikle maan lang draket gray goose-pen.

But for to make ye mair enamour'd,
He has a glafs in his best chamber;
But forth he stept unto the door,
For he took pills the night before.

456



Slow



"I am fure they wad nae ca' me wife,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir."

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady;
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Græme
And row her in his plaidie.

"My bonny Lizae Baillie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,
Your mither weel can want ye."

She was nae ten miles frae the town,
When she began to weary;
She aften looked back, and said,
"Farewell to Castlecarray."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her highland brogues,
To skip among the heather:

"The first place I saw my Duncan Græme
Was near yon holland bush.
My father took frae me my rings,
My rings but and my purse."

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the filk and fattin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid,
To row among the braken.

"But I wad nae gie my Duncan Græme
For a my father's land,
Though it were ten times ten times mair,
And a' at my command."

+ + + + +

Now wae be to you, logger-heads,
That dwell near Castlecarray,
To let awa sic a bonny lass,
A Highlandman to marry.

The Reel o' Stumpie.

457 * Wap and rowe, wap and row wap and row the feetie o't, I

Lively

thought I was a maiden fair, Till I heard the greetie o't. My

daddie was a Fiddler fine, My minnie she made man_tie O; And

I mysel- a thumpin quine, And danc'd the reel c' stumpie O

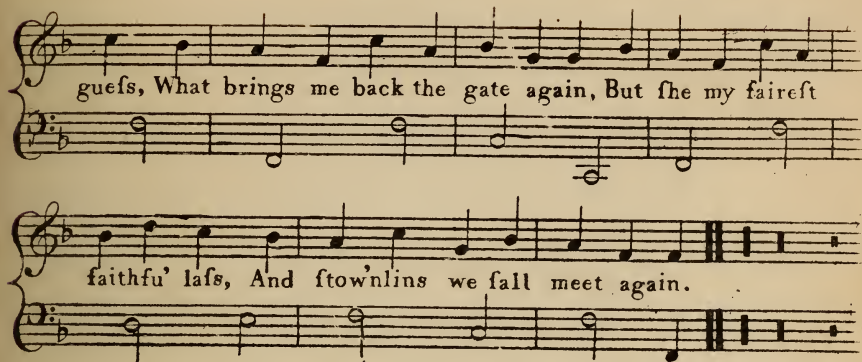
I'll ay ca' in by yon Town.

458 * I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And by yon garden

Lively

green, a_gain; I'll ay ca' in by yon town, And see my

bonie Jean a_gain. There's nane fall ken there's nane fall



faithfu' lass, And stownlins we fall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin time draws near again;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!
 I'll ay ca', &c.

To the foregoing Tune.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

O wat ye wha's in yon town,	And welcome Lapland's dreary sky;
Ye see the e'enin Sun upon,	O wat ye wha's, &c.
The dearest maid's in yon town,	
That e'enin Sun is shining on.	My cave wad be a lovers bow'r,
Now haply down yon gay green shaw;	Tho' raging winter rent the air;
She wanders by yon spreading tree,	And she a lovely little flower,
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,	That I wad tent and shelter there.
Ye catch the glances o' her ee.	O wat ye wha's, &c.
O wat ye wha's, &c.	

How blest ye birds that round her sing,	O sweet is she in yon town,
And welcome in the blooming year,	The sinkin Sun's gane down upon;
And doubly welcome be the spring,	A fairer than's in yon town,
The season to my Jeanie dear.	His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
O wat ye wha's, &c.	O wat ye wha's, &c.

The sun blinks blyth on yon town,	If angry fate is sworn my foe,
Amang the broomy braes sae green;	And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
But my delight's in yon town,	I careless quit aught else below,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean;	But, spare me spare me Jeanie dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.	O wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my fair, not a' the charms,
 O' Paradise could yeild me joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she—as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest kindest heart.
 O wat ye wha's, &c. B.

Will ye go and marry Katie.

459 * Will ye go and marry Katie, can ye think to tak a man!

Slowish

It's a pi-ty ane fae pret-ty Should na do the thing they can

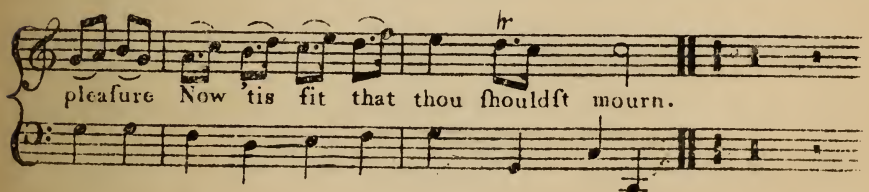
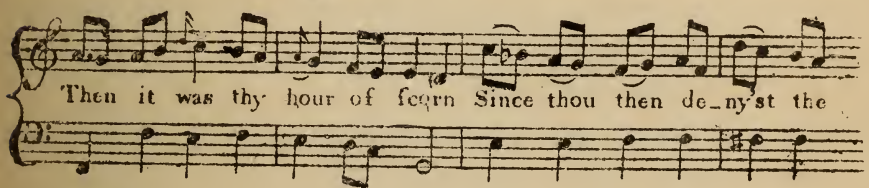
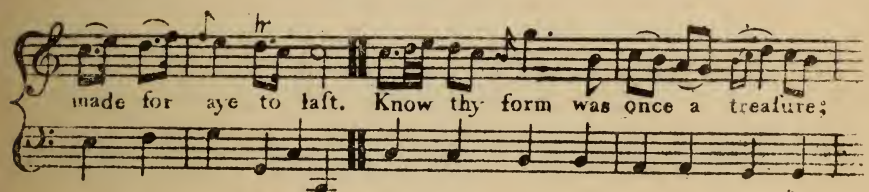
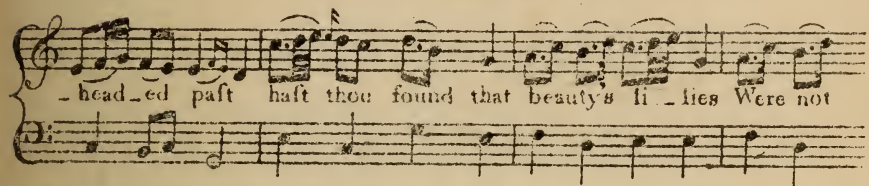
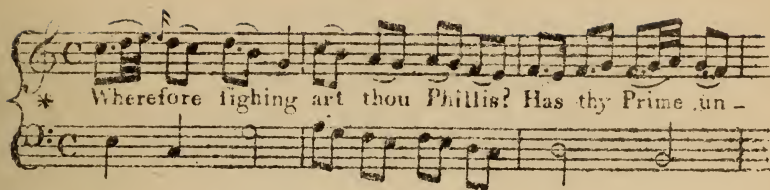
You, a charming lovely creature, Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lanc!

Beauty's of a fading nature, Has a season, and is gane.

Therefore while ye're blooming Katie, Mony words are needles, Katie,
 Listen to a loving swain; Ye're a wantner, fae am I;
 Tak a mark by auntie Betty, If ye wad a man should get ye,
 Ance the darling o' the men: Then I can that want supply:
 She, wi' coy and fickle nature, Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me,
 Trifled aff till she's grown auld, As the very wale o' men,
 Now she's left by ilka creature; Never after to forsake me,
 Let na this o' thee be tauld. And the Priest shall say, Amen.

But, my dear and lovely Katie,
 This ae thing I hae to tell,
 I could wish nae man to get ye,
 Save it were my very sel.
 Tak me, Katie, at my offer,
 Or be-had, and I'll tak you:
 We's mak nae din about your tocher; If ance I had my lovely treasure,
 Marry, Katie, then we'll woo. Let the rest admire and die.

460

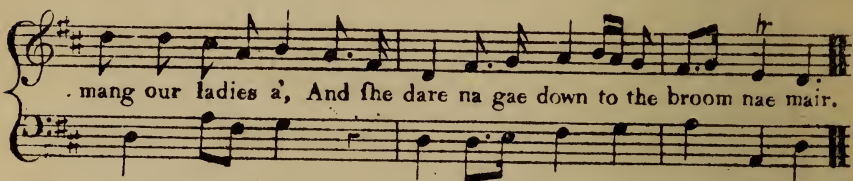
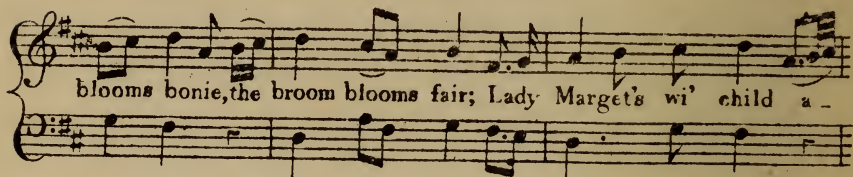
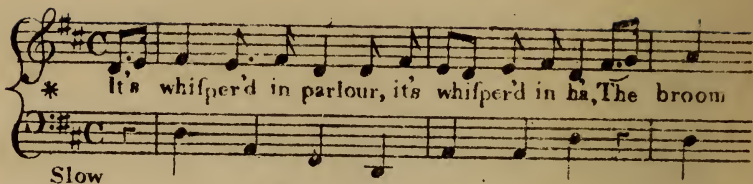


Same Tune.

<p>POWERS celestial, whose protection Ever guards the virtuous Fair, While in distant climes I wander, Let my Mary be your care; Let her form so fair and faultless, Fair and faultless as your own; Let my Mary's kindred spirit, Draw your choicest influence down.</p>	<p>Make the gales you waft around her, Soft and peaceful as her breast; Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Sooth her bosom into rest: Guardian angels, O protect her, When in distant lands I roam; To realms unknown while fate exiles- Make her bosom fill my home. (me,</p>
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The broom blooms bonie,

461



One lady whisper'd unto another,
 'The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair;
 Lady Marget's wi' child to Sir Richard her brother,
 And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair.

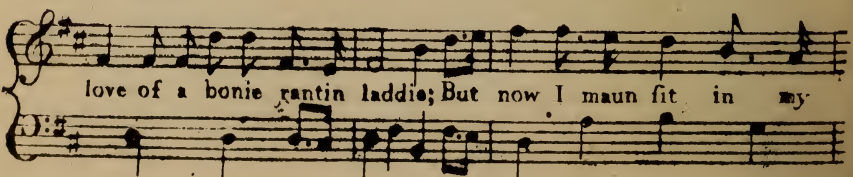
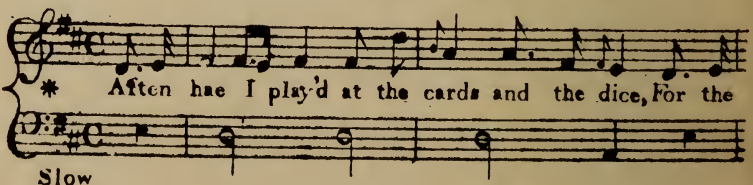
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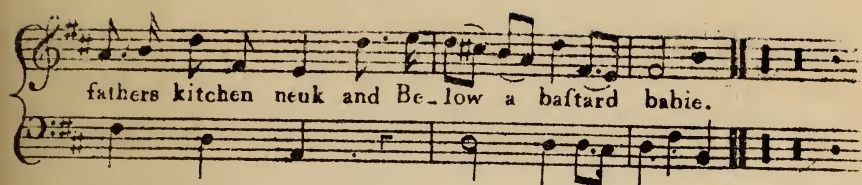
O when that you hear my loud loud cry,
 'The broom blooms &c.
 Then bend your bow and let your arrows fly,
 For I dare na gae down &c.

+++++

The Rantin Laddie.

462

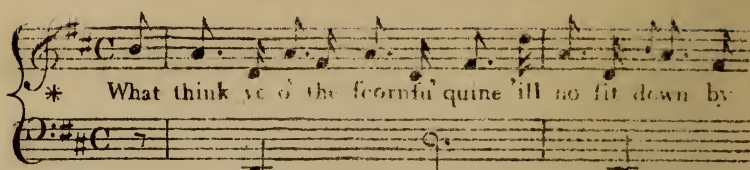




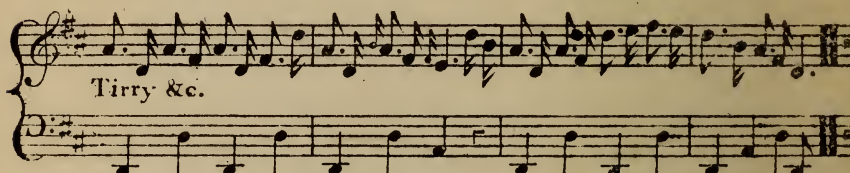
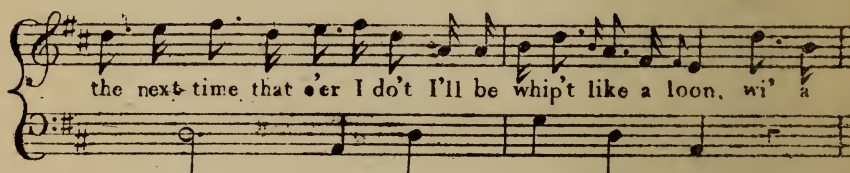
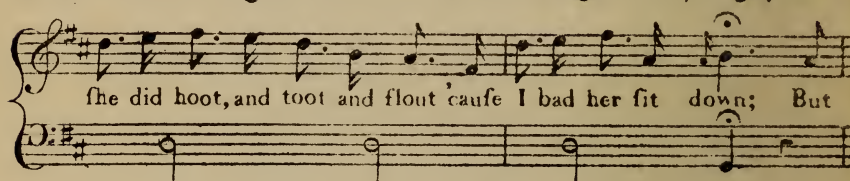
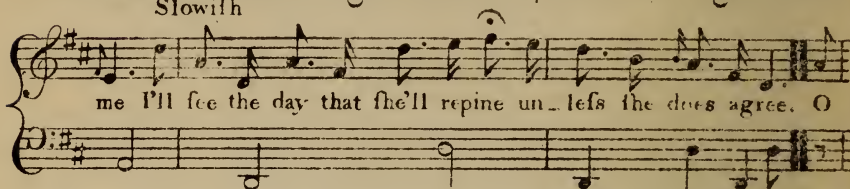
For my father he will not me own,
 And my mother she neglects me,
 And a' my friends hae lightlyed me,
 And their servants they do slight me.
 But had I a servant at my command,
 As aft times I've had many,
 That wad rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenfwood,
 Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.
 Oh, is he either a laird, or a lord,
 Or is he but a cadie,
 That ye do him ca' fae aften by name,
 Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie.
 Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,
 And he never was a cadie;
 But he is the Earl o' bonie Aboyne,
 And he is my rantin laddie.
 O ye'ae get a servant at your command,
 As aft times ye've had many,
 That fall rin wi' a letter to bonie Glenfwood,
 A letter to your rantin laddie.
 When lord Aboyne did the letter get,
 O but he blinket bonie;
 But or he had read three lines of it,
 I think his heart was sorry.
 O wha is daur be fae bauld,
 Sae cruelly to use my lassie?
 + + + + +
 + + + + +
 For her father he will not her know,
 And her mother she does slight her;
 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,
 And their servants they neglect her.
 Go raise to me my five hundred men,
 Make haste and make them ready;
 With a milkwhite steed under every ane,
 For to bring hame my lady.
 As they cam in thro' Buchan-shire,
 They were a company bonie,
 With a gude claymor in every hand.
 And O, but they skin'd bonie.

The Lafs that winna fit down

463



Slowish



And yet she is a charming quine,
 She's just o'er meikle spice
 I'll see the day that she'll be mine,
 For I'm nae very nice.
 I loot the lasie's tak' her will,
 An' stand upo' her shanks,
 The day may come when I will spoil,
 Her bonny saucy pranks.

Wi' my Tirry, &c.

I bad my head upo' my loof,
 I did na' care a strae,
 I ken'd fow weel that in a joof
 Stand lang the wad nae fae.
 At last a blythsome lafs did cry,
 Come Sandy gie's a sang,
 O now meg dorts I'll fairly try
 Your heart strings for to twang.

Wi' a Tirry, &c.

The lasie's pride it could na' last,
 I sang wi' meikle glee,
 Until at last she fairly cast,
 Upo' me a sheeps ee.

A ha! thinks I, my bonnie lafs,
 Hae ye laid by your pride.
 You're bonnier now than e'er you was,
 And ye shall be my bride.

Wi' your Tirry, &c.

I gae the lafs a lovin' squint,
 That made her bluth fae red,
 I saw she fairly took the hint,
 Which made my heart fou glad
 The bonnie lafs is a mine zin:
 For we twa did agree,
 Now ilka night she's unco fain,
 For to lie down wi' me.

We' her Tirry, &c.

O May thy morn.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

464

* O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet, As the

Slowish

mirk night o' December, For sparkling was the rosy wine, And

private was the chamber: And dear was she, I dare na

name, But I will ay remember. And dear was she I

dare na name, But I will ay remember.

And heres to them, that, like oursel,
 Can push about the jorum;
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them:
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
 And here's to them, we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.

My Minnie says I manna.

465 * Fu' fain wad. I be Jamie's lass, My Minnie says I

manna. My daddie curs'd, my minnie grat, And I wi' Jamie's

love sud quat, But in my heart I'll tell you what, I said in

sooth I canna I canna I said in sooth I can-na.



The Cherry and the Slae.

Tune, the banks of Helicon.

466 * A-bout ane bank with balmy bewis, Quhair Nychtingales thair

Very Slow

notis renewis With gallant Goldspinks gay; The Mavis, Marle, and

Progne proud, The Lintquhyt, Lark and Lav-rock loud, Sa-

Continued.

lutet mirthful May. Quhen Philo- mel had sweetly sung, To
 Progne scho deplord, How Tereus cut out her tung, And
 falsly her deflourd; Quhilk sto- ry so sor- ie To schaw he self
 scho seint, To heir her, so neir her, I doutit if I dreimt.

The Cushat crouds, the Corbie crys,
 The Coukow couks, the prattling Pyes,
 To geck hir they begin:
 The jargoun of the jangling Jayes,
 The craiking Crows, and keckling Kays,
 They deavt me with their din.
 The painted Pawn with Argos eyis;
 Can on his May-ock call,
 The Turtle wails on witherit tries,
 An Echo answers all,
 Repeting with greiting,
 How fair Narcissus fell,
 By lying and spying
 His schadow in the well.

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare
 In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,
 To mak thair morning mang:
 The Con, the Cuning and the Cat,
 Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,
 With stif mustachis strange.
 The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,

The Fulmert and false Fox;
 The beardit Buck clam up the bair,
 With birssy Bairs and Brocks
 Sum feiding, sum dreiding
 The Hunters subtile snairs,
 With skipping and tripping,
 They playit them all in pairs.

The air was sobir, saft and sweet,
 Nae misty vapours, wind nor weit,
 But quyit, calm and clear,
 To foster Flora fragrant flowir
 Quhairon Apollos paramouris,
 Had trinklit mony a teir; (shynd,
 The quhilk lyke silver schaikers
 Embroydering Bewties bed
 Quhairwith their heavy heids dedynd,
 In Mayis collouris cled,
 Sum knoping, sum dropping,
 Of balmy liquor sweet,
 Excelling and smiling
 Throw Phoebus hailsum hent.
 &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

As I came o'er the Cairney mount.

467

* As I came o'er the Cairney mount, And down among the
 blooming heather, Kindly stood the milking-shiel, To shelter
 frae the stormy weather. O my bonie Highland lad, My
 win-some, weel-far'd Highland laddie; Wha wad mind the
 wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie.

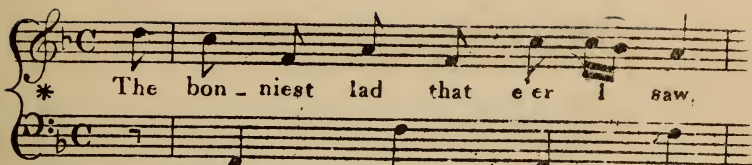
x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

Now Phebus blinkit on the bent,
 And o'er the know's the lambs were bleating:
 But he wan my heart's consent,
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.
 O my bonie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weelfar'd Highland laddie:
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie.

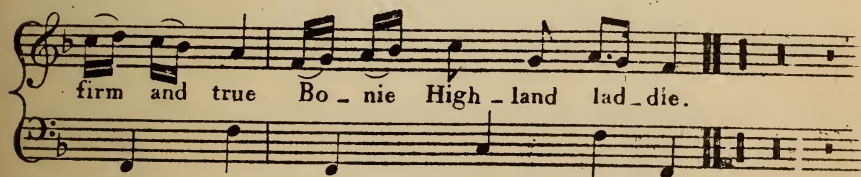
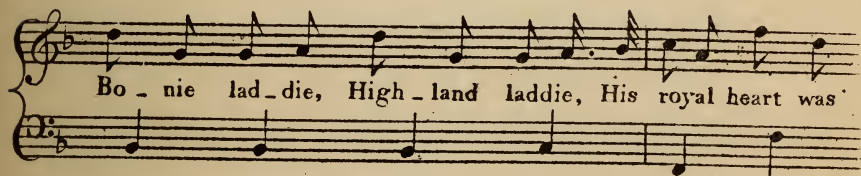
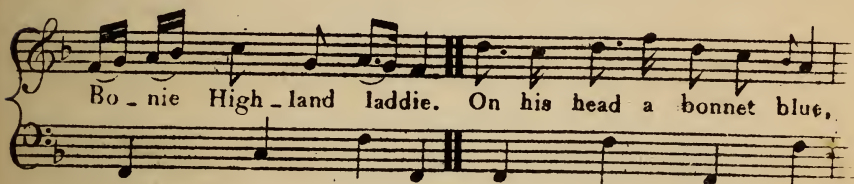
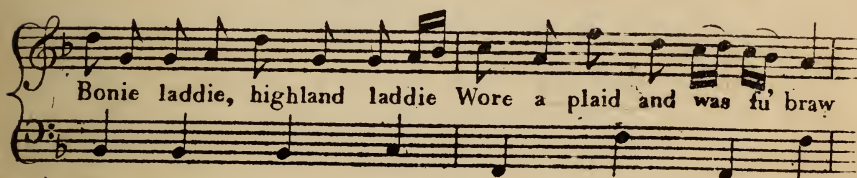
Highland Laddie.

481

468



Slowish, but Cheerful.



Trumpets sound and cannons roar,

Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,

And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,

Bonie Lawland lassie

Glory, Honour, now invite.

Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie.

For freedom and my King to fight,

Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take

Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,

Ere ought thy manly courage shake;

Bonie, Highland laddie.

Go, for yoursel proe'dre renown,

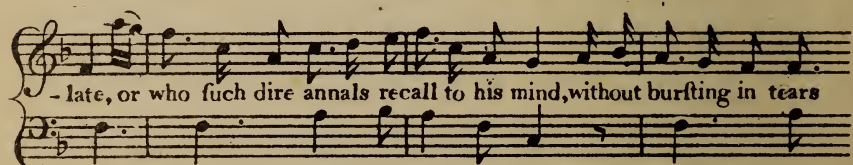
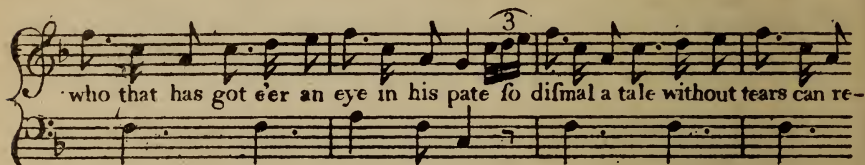
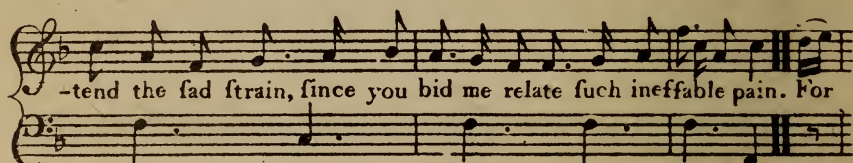
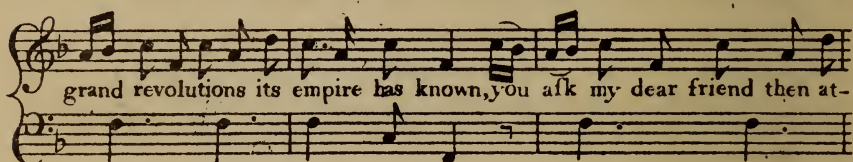
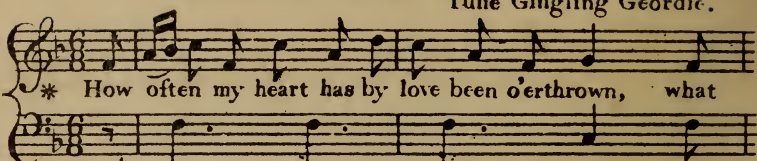
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,

And for your lawful king his crown,

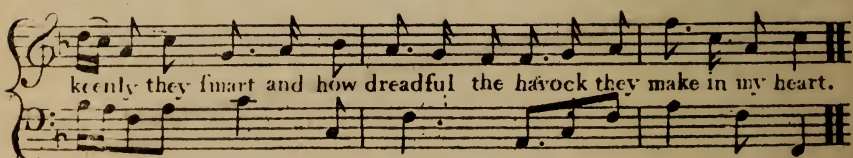
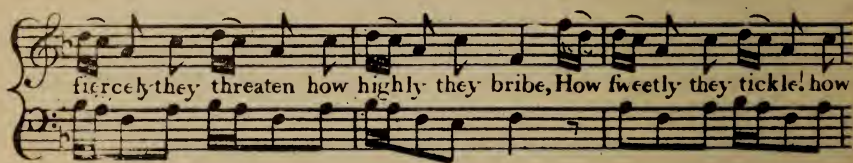
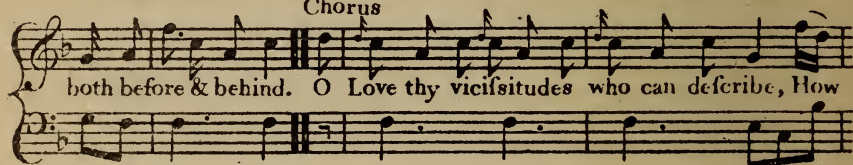
Bonie, Highland laddie!

Tune Gingling Geordie.

469



Chorus



This kingdom as Authors impartial have told,
 At first was elective, but afterwards sold,
 For experience will shew whoe'er pleases to try,
 That kingdoms are venal, when subjects can buy,
 Lovely Peggy, the first in succession and name,
 Was early invested with honour supreme,
 But a bold son of Mars grew fond of her form
 Swore himself into grace and surpris'd her by storm. O Love, &c.

Maria succeeded in honour and place
 By laughing and squeezing and song and grimace.
 But her favours alas! like her carriage, were free,
 Bestow'd on the whole male creation but me.
 Next Margret the second attempted the chace,
 Tho' the small Pox and age had enamell'd her face,
 She sustain'd her pretence, sans merite and sans love,
 And carried her point by a Je ne fai fai quoi. O Love, &c.

The heart which so tamely acknowledged her sway
 Still suffer'd in silence, and kept her at bay,
 Till old Time at last so much mellow'd her charms,
 That she dropt with a breeze in a Livery-mans arms.
 The most easy conquest Belinda was thine
 Obtain'd by the musical tinkle of coin
 But she more enamour'd of sport than of prey,
 Had a fish in her hook which she wanted to prey. O Love, &c.

High hopes were her baits; but if truth were confess'd,
 A good still in prospect is not good possess'd;
 For the fool found too late he had taken a tartar
 Retreated with wounds and begg'd stoutly for quarter.
 Uranea came next, and with subtile address,
 Discover'd no open attempts to possess;
 But when fairly admitted, of conquest secure,
 She acknowledg'd no law, but her will and her power. O Love, &c.

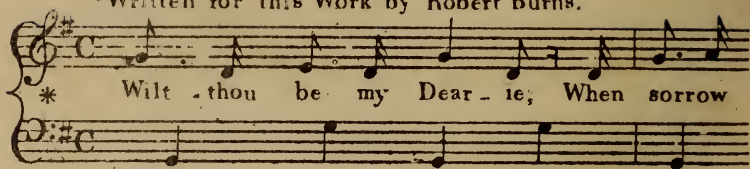
For seven tedious years to get rid of her chain,
 All force prov'd abortive all stratagem vain,
 Till a youth with much fatness and gravity bless'd,
 Her person detain'd by a lawful arrest.
 To a reign so despotic tho' guiltless of blood,
 No wonder a long interregnum ensu'd,
 For an ass tho' the patientest brute of the plain,
 Once sated and gull'd, will beware of the rein. O Love, &c.

O Nancy, dear Nancy, my fate I deplore,
 No magic thy beauty and youth can restore,
 By thee had this cordial dominion been sway'd,
 Thou hadst then been a queen, but art now an old maid,
 Now the kingdom stands doubtful it -self to surrender,
 To Chloe the sprightly or Celia the slender,
 But if once it were out of this pitiful case,
 No law, but the Salic henceforth shall take place.

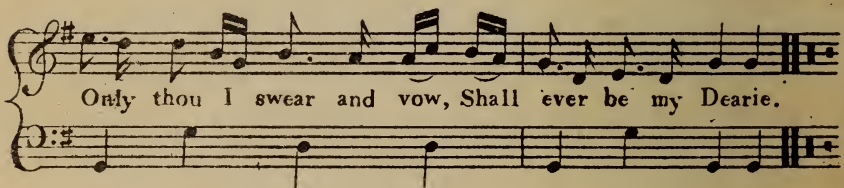
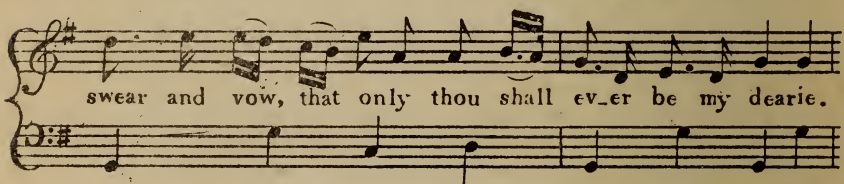
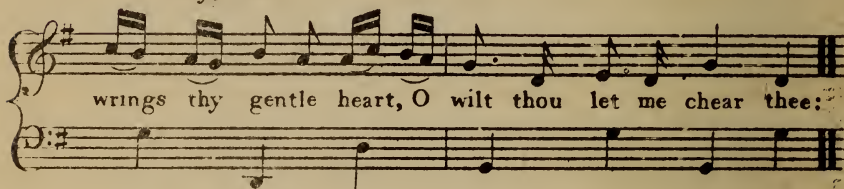
O Love, &c.

Wilt thou be my Dearie.
 Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

470



Very Slow



Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may chuse me,
 Let me, Lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

Lovely Polly Stewart.

485

Chorus.

Tune, Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart.

471

* O Lovely Polly Stewart, O charming Polly Stewart There's

Lively

ne'er a flower that blooms in May That's half so fair as

thou art. The flower it blows, it fades, it fa's, And

art can ne'er re-new it; But worth and truth e-

-ternal youth will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,

Possess a leal and true heart.

To him be given, to ken the Heaven,

He grasps in Polly Stewart.

O lovely, &c.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

The Highland balou.

472 * Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, Picture o' the great Clan-

Slow

- ronald; Brawlie kens our wanton Chief Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leez me on thy bonie craigie,
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie.
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur:
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me.

+++++

Auld king Coul.

473 * Our auld king Coul was a jol-ly auld foul, And a

Lively

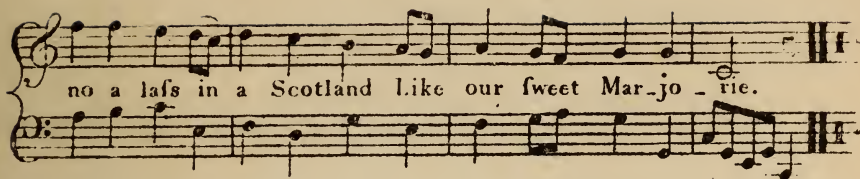
jolly auld foul was he; Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown

bowl, And he ca'd for his fid- _ lers three:

Ad. Lib.

Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fid- _ lers three; There's

This must be repeated to the additional lines.



Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,
 And a jolly auld foul was he;
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl,
 And he ca'd for his pipers three:
 Ha didell, ho didell, quo' the pipers;
 Fidell, didell, fidell, didell, quo' the fiddlers three;
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,
 And a jolly auld foul was he;
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl
 And he ca'd for his harpers three:
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, quo' the harpers;
 Ha-didell, ho didell, quo' the pipers;
 Fidell didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fiddlers three;
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,
 And a jolly auld foul was he;
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl
 And he ca'd for his trumpeters three:
 Twara-rang, twara-rang, quo' the trumpeters;
 Twingle twangle, twingle-twangle, quo the harpers;
 Ha didel, ho didell, quo' the pipers;
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fiddlers three;
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

Our auld king Coul was a jolly auld foul,
 And a jolly auld foul was he;
 Our auld king Coul fill'd a jolly brown bowl,
 And he c'ad for his drummers three:
 Rub a-dub, rub-a-dub, quo' the drummers;
 Twara-rang, twara-rang, quo' the trumpeters;
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, quo' the harpers;
 Ha-didell, ho-didell, quo' the pipers;
 Fidell-didell, fidell-didell, quo' the fiddlers three:
 There's no a lafs in a' Scotland
 Like our sweet Marjorie.

The Rinaway Bride.

474 * A Laddie and a Lassie Dwelt in the South coun-
 -trie, And they hae cassen their claiths thegither, And
 married they wad be: On Tyseday was the bri-dal
 day Appointed for to be. Then hey play up the
 rin-away Bride, For she has taen the gee.

She had nae run a mile or twa,

Whan she began to consider,

The angering of her father dear,

The displeasing o' her mither;

The slighting of the silly bridegroom,

The weel warst o' the three;

Then hey play up the rinawa' bride,

For she has taen the gee.

Her father and her mither

Ran after her wi' speed,

And ay they ran until they came

Unto the water of Tweed;

And when they came to Kelso town,

They gart the clap gae thro'

Then hey, &c.

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle

The face o't lind up wi' blue;

The face o't lind up wi' blue,

And the tail lind up wi' green,

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,

Was married on Tyseday 'teen.

Then hey, &c.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,

He was as saft as butter;

For had she play'd the like to me,

I had nae sae easily quit her;

I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,

And set my fancy free,

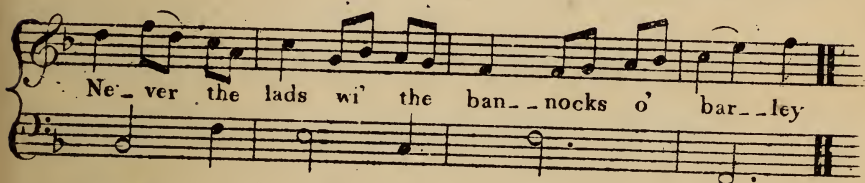
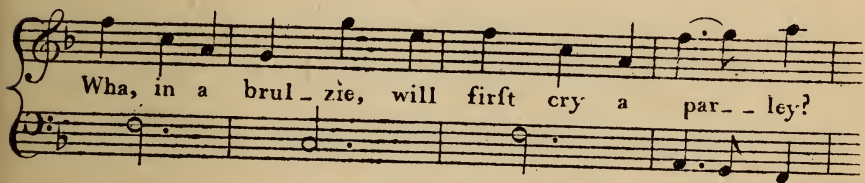
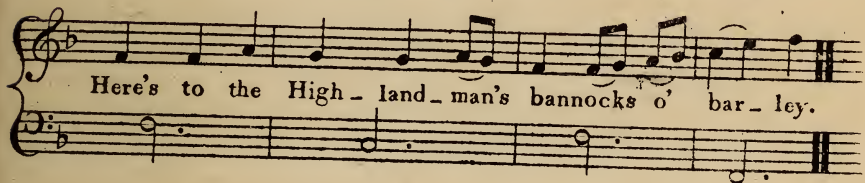
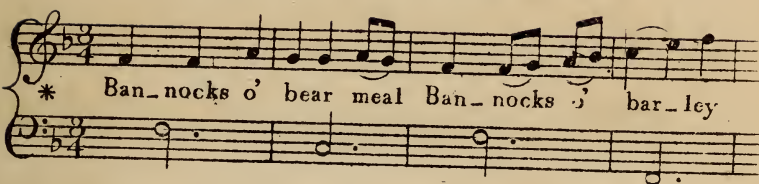
And syne play'd up the rinaway bride,

And luttin her tak the gee.

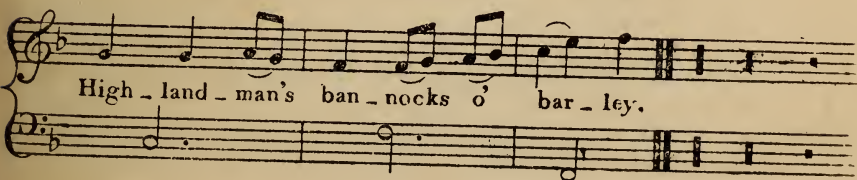
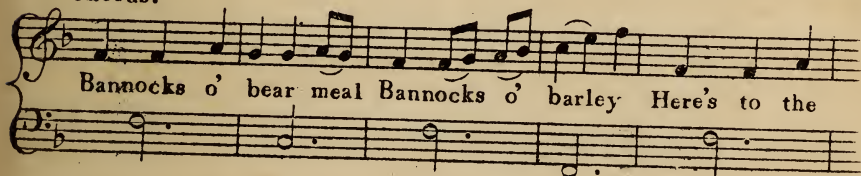
Bannocks o' bear meal.

489

475



Chorus.



Wha in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?

Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' bar_ley.

Cho.^s Bannocks o', &c.

+++++

Wae is my heart.

476

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;

Very Slow

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of music for the song 'Wae is my heart.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is marked 'Very Slow'. The lyrics 'Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;' are written below the treble staff. A small asterisk is placed below the first measure of the bass staff.

Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me: Forfaken & friendless my

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of music. The melody continues on the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me: Forfaken & friendless my' are written below the treble staff.

burden I bear, And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of music, which concludes the first song. The melody ends with a double bar line on the treble staff. The lyrics 'burden I bear, And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.' are written below the treble staff.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved;
 Love thou hast forrows, and fair hae I proved:
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been;
 Down by yon stream and yon bonie-castle-green:
 For there he is wandring, and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

There was a filly Shepherd Swain.

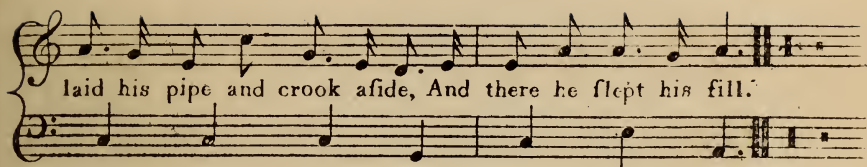
477

* There was a filly shepherd swain, Kept sheep upon a hill, He

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of music for the second song, 'There was a filly Shepherd Swain.' It features a treble and bass staff in C major (no sharps or flats) and common time. The melody is marked with an asterisk. The lyrics 'There was a filly shepherd swain, Kept sheep upon a hill, He' are written below the treble staff.

laid his pipe and crook aside, And there he slept his fill. He

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of music for the second song. The melody continues on the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'laid his pipe and crook aside, And there he slept his fill. He' are written below the treble staff.



He looked east, he looked west,
Then gave an under-look,
And there he spied a lady fair,
Swimming in a brook,
And there, &c.

Hemounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither;
And all along the way they rode,
Like sister and like brither,
And all along, &c.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
And then approach'd the maid,
Put on your claiaths, my dear, he says,
And be ye not afraid.
Put on, &c.

When she came to her father's yate,
She tirl'd at the pin;
And ready stood the porter there,
To let this fair maid in.
And ready, &c.

'Tis fitter for a lady fair,
To sew her filken seam,
Than to get up in a May morning,
And strive against the stream.
Than to get, &c.

And when the gate was opened,
So nimble's she whipt in;
Pough! you're a fool without, she says,
And I'm a maid within.
Pough! you're, &c.

If you'll not touch my mantle,
And let my claiaths alane;
Then I'll give you as much money;
As you can carry hame.
Then I'll, &c.

Then fare ye well, my modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
But had you done what you should do,
I neer had left you there.
But had you, &c.

O! I'll not touch your mantle,
And I'll let your claiaths alane;
But I'll tak you out of the clear water,
My dear, to be my ain,
But I'll tak, &c.

Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and thoon,
And let my feet gae bare,
And gin I meet a bonny lass,
Hang me, if her I spare.
And gin I, &c.

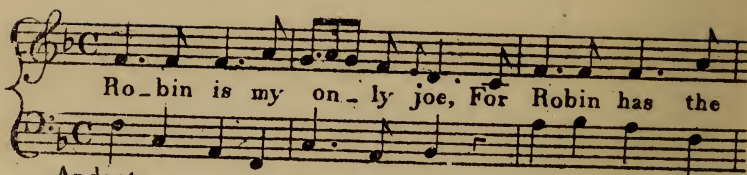
And when she out of the water came,
He took her in his arms;
Put on your claiaths, my dear, he says,
And hide those lovely charms.
Put on your, &c.

In that do as you please, she says,
But you shall never more
Have the same opportunity;
With that she shut the door.
Have the, &c.

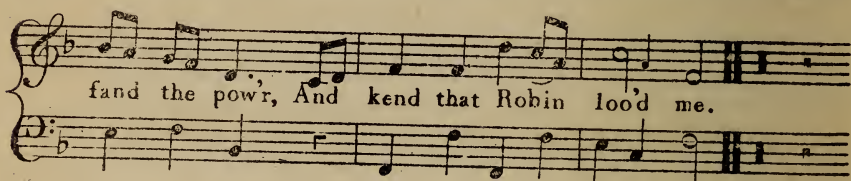
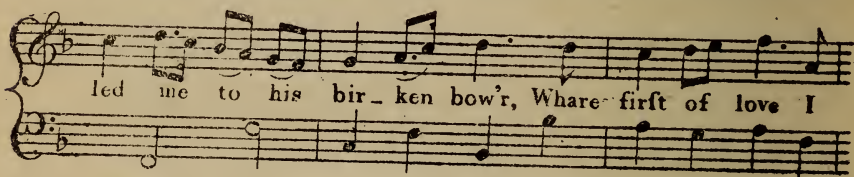
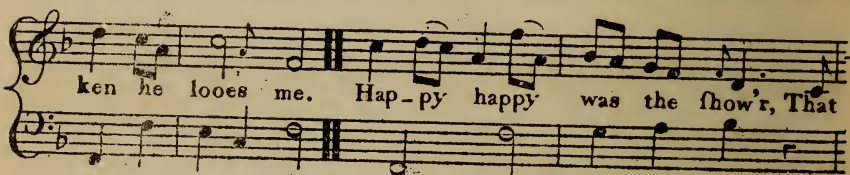
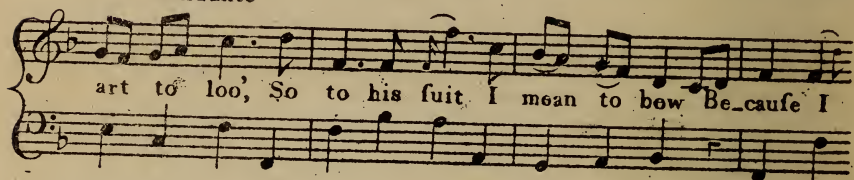
There is a gude auld proverb,
I've often heard it told,
He that would not when he might,
He should not when he would.
He that, &c.

Kind Robin looes me.

178



Andante



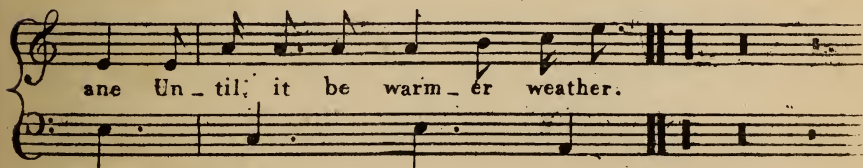
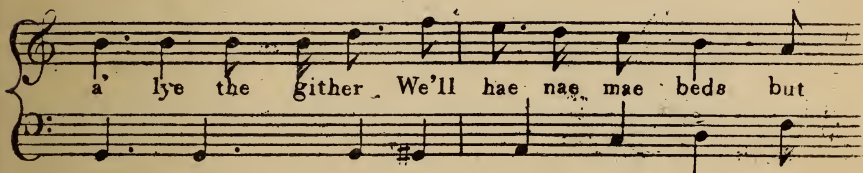
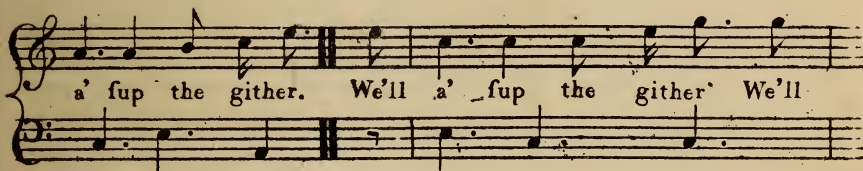
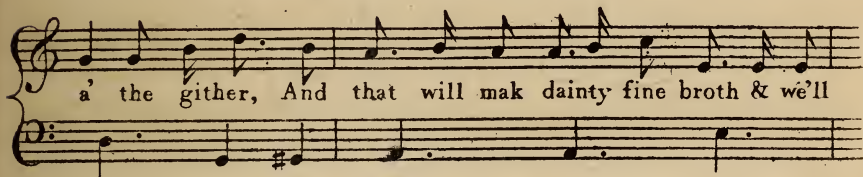
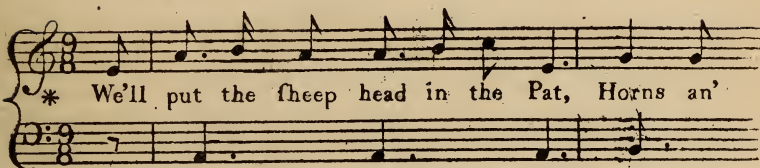
They speak of napkins, speak of rings, But little kens she what has been,
 Speak of gloves and kising strings, Me and my honest Rob between,
 And name a thousand bonny things, And in his wooing, O so keen,
 And ca' them signs he looes me. Kind Robin is that looes me.
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob, Then fly ye lazy hours away,
 Sporting on the velvet fog, And hasten on the happy day, (-say,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wabb, When join'd our hands Mefs John shall.
 Because I ken he looes me. And mak him mine that looes me.

He's tall and sonfy, frank and free,
 Loo'd by a' and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin looes me.
 My titty Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I, or lang, be made to see,
 That Robin did na looe me.

'Till then let every chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin looes me.
 O hey Robin quo' she,
 O hey Robin quo' she,
 O hey Robin quo' she,
 Kind Robin looes me.

We'll put the sheep head in the Pat.

479



The woo will lyith the kail,
 The Horns will serve for bread,
 By that ye will see the vertu
 Of a gude sheep head.
 We'll a' fup &c.

Some will lie at the head,
 Some will lie at the feet,
 John Cuddie will lie in the midst,
 For he wou'd hae a' the heat.
 We'll a' lie &c.

Here's his health in water.

480 * Altho' my back be at the wa, And though he be the

Lively

fautor, Although my back be at the wa, Yet here's his health in

water. O wae gae by his wanton fides, Sae brawly's he could flatter; till

for his fake I'm flighted fair, And dree the kintra clat-ter; But

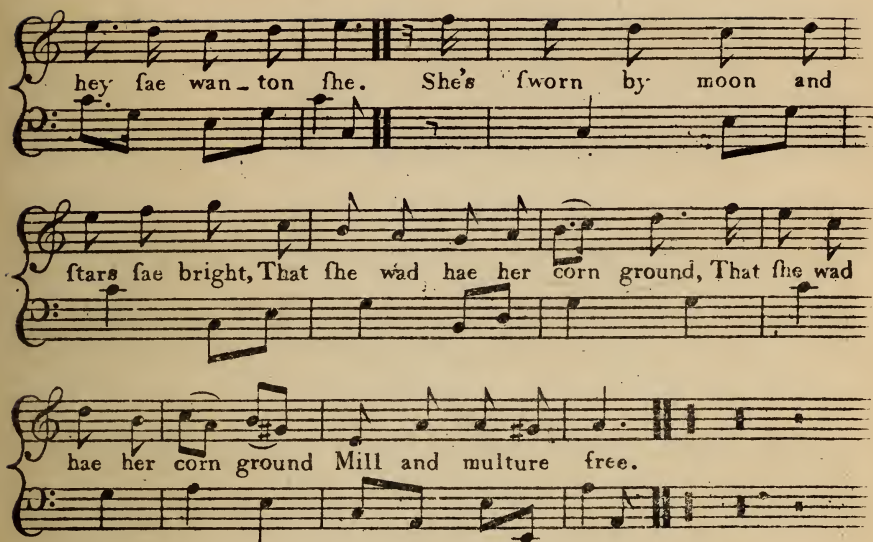
though my back be at the wa, Yet here's his health in water.

Z

The maid gaed to the Mill.

481 * The maid's gane to the mill by night; Hech hey, sae

wanton; The maids gane to the mill by night, Hech



Out then came the miller's man,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 Out then came the miller's man,
 Hech hey, fae wanton he;
 He sware he'd do the best he can,
 For to get her corn ground
 For to get her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

He put his hand about her neck,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 He put his hand about her neck,
 Hech hey, fae wanton he;
 He dang her down upon a sack,
 And there she got her corn ground,
 And there she got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

When other maids gaed out to play,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 When other maids gaed out to play,
 Hech hey, fae wantonlie;
 She sigh'd and sobb'd, and wadnae stay,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

When forty weeks were past and gane,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 When forty weeks were past and gane,
 Hech hey, fae wantonlie;
 This maiden had a braw lad bairn,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Because she'd got her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Her mither bade her cast it out,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 Her mither bade her cast it out,
 Hech hey, fae wantonlie;
 It was the miller's dufty clout,
 For getting of her corn ground,
 For getting of her corn ground,
 Mill and multure free.

Her father bade her keep it in,
 Hech hey, fae wanton;
 Her father bade her keep it in,
 Hech hey, fae wantonlie;
 It was the chief of a her kin,
 Because she'd got her corn ground
 Because she'd got her corn ground
 Mill and multure free.

Sir Patrick Spence.

482 * The King sits in Dumfermline toun, Drink
 ing the blude-rid wine O quhar wull I get a
 guid fai-lor to fail this schip of mine.

Up and spak an eldern knight, Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
 Sat at the king's richt knee: Wi' the auld moone in her arme;
 Sir Patrick Spence is the best failor, And I feir, I feir, my deir maister,
 That fails upon the sea. That we wull cum to harme.

The King has written a braid letter, O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 And find' it wi' his hand; To weet their cork-heild shoone;
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence, Bot lang or a' the play were playd,
 Was walking on the sand. They wat thair heads aboone.

The first line that Sir Patrick red, O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit
 A loud lauch lauched he: Wi' thair fans into their hand,
 The next line that Sir Patrick red, Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
 The teir blinded his ee. Cum failing to the land.

O quha is this has don this deid, O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
 This ill deid don to me; Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
 To send me out this time o' the zeir, Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
 To fail upon the sea? For they'll se thame na mair.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all, Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
 Our guid schip fails the morne. It's fiftie fadom deip:
 O lay na fae, my maister deir, And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
 For I feir a deadlie storme. Wi' the Scots lordes at his feit.

The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre.

497

483

* The Wren foho lyes in care's bed, In care's bed, in

Slowish

care's bed The Wren foho lyes in care's bed, In.

meikle dule and pyne_O. Quhen in came Ro__bin

Red_breast, Quhen in came Robin Red breast, Quhen in came

Robin Red_breast, Wi' fuccar_saps and wyne_O.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this,

Taste o' this, taste o' this;

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?

It's fuccar-saps and wyne_O.

Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,

Robin, Robin;

Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,

Gin it was ne'er so fine_O.

+++++

And quhere's the ring that I gied ze,

That I gied ze, that I gied ze;

And quhere's the ring that I gied ze,

Ze little cutty quean_O.

I gied it till a foger,

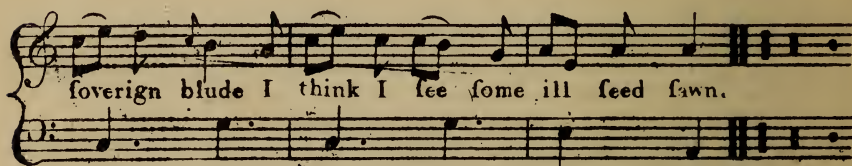
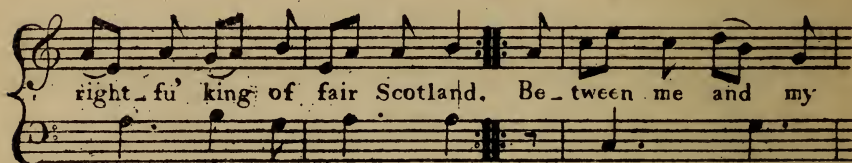
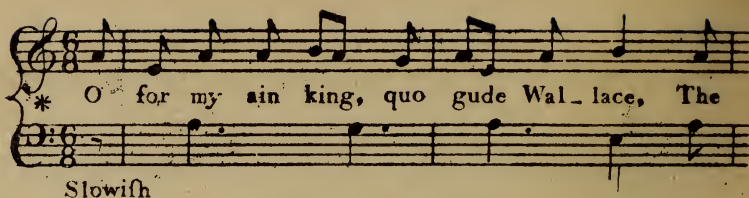
A foger, a foger,

I gied it till a foger,

A kynd, sweet-heart o' myne_O.

Gude Wallace.

484



Wallace out over yon river he lap,
 And he has lighted low down on yon plain,
 And he was aware of a gay ladie,
 As she was at the well washing.

What tydins, what tydins, fair lady, he fays,
 What tydins hast thou to tell unto me
 What tydins, what tydins, fair lady, he fays,
 What tydins hae ye in the south Countrie.

Low down in yon wee Oftler house,
 There is fyfteen Englishmen,
 And they are seekin for gude Wallace,
 It's him to take and him to hang.

There's nocht in my purse, quo gude Wallace,
 There's nocht, not even a bare pennie,
 But I will down to yon wee Oftler house
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.

Continued.

And when he cam to yon wee Ostler house,
He bad bendicite be there;

+ + + + + + + + + +
+ + + + + + + + + +

Where was ye born, auld crookit Carl,
Where was ye born in what countrie,
I am a true Scot born and bred,
And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.

I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,
To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,
If ye will get me gude Wallace,
For he is the man I wad very fain see.

He hit the proud Captain alang the chaffit blade,
That never a bit o' meal he ate mair;
And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,
And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.

Get up, get up, gudewife, he says,
And get to me some dinner in haste;
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin I a bit o' meat did taste.

The dinner was na weel readie,
Nor was it on the table set,
Till other fyfteen Englishmen
Were a' lighted about the yett.

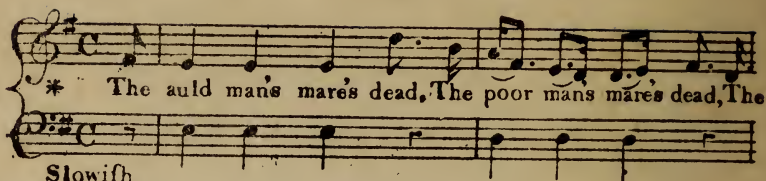
Come out, come out, now gude Wallace
This is the day that thou maun die;
I lippen nae sae little to God, he says,
Altho' I be but ill wordie.

The gudewife had an auld gudeman,
By gude Wallace he stiffly stood,
Till ten o' the fyfteen, Englishmen,
Before the door lay in their blude.

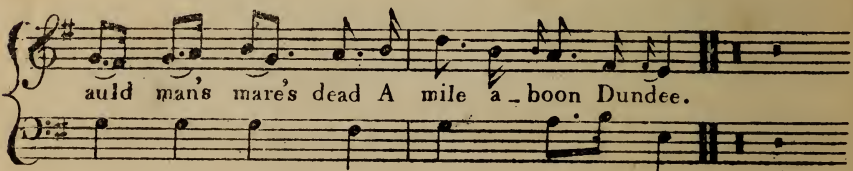
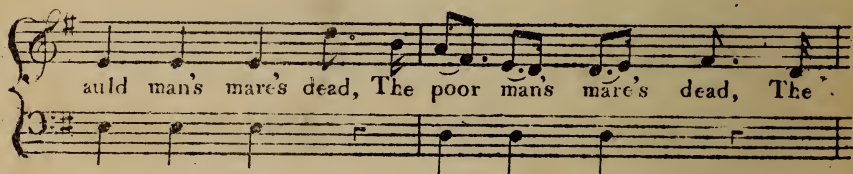
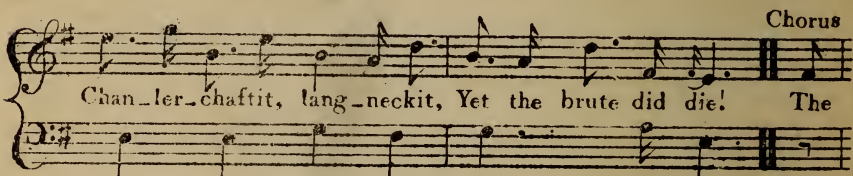
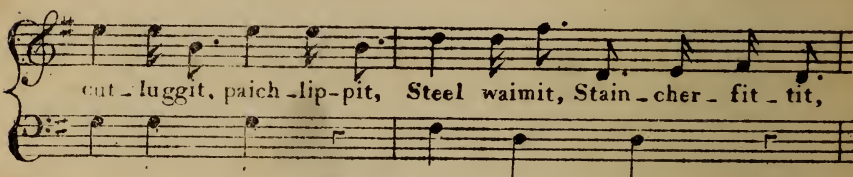
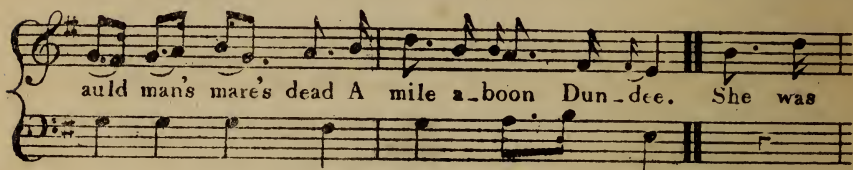
The other five to the greenwood ran,
And he hang'd these five upon a grain,
And on the morn wi' his merry men a'
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

The auld man's mare's dead.

485



Slowly



Her lwnzie-banes were knaggs & neuks, But fient a drap gae me.

She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks, The auld man's &c.

The jawpish and the wanton yeuks,

And the howks aboon her ee

The auld man's &c.

The auld man's mare's dead,

The poor man's mare's dead,

The peats and tours and a' to lead

And yet the jad did die.

My Master rade me to the town,

He ty'd me to a stainer round;

He took a chappin till himself,

The winter of life.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

486

* But late-ly seen in gladsome green The woods re-
 Very Slow

-joiced the day, Thro' gentle showers the laugh-ing

flowers In dou-ble pride were gay: But now our

joys are fled — On win-ter blasts A—wa! Yet

maiden May, in rich array, A—gain shall bring them a.

But my white pow-nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of Age;
 My trunk of eild, but bufs or beild,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh, Age has weary days!
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' Youthfu' prime,
 Why comes thou not again!

Good morrow fair mistress.

487 * Good morrow fair mistress the bringer of
 Slow
 strife, I took ye frae the begging, and made ye my wife.
 It was your fair outside, that first took my ee, But
 this is the last time my face ye sall see

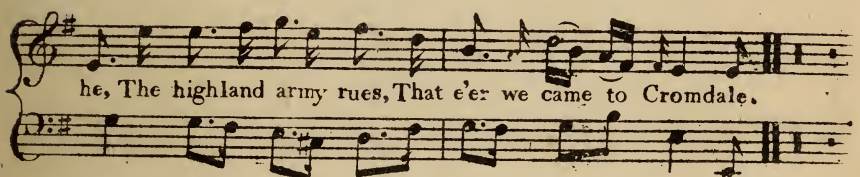
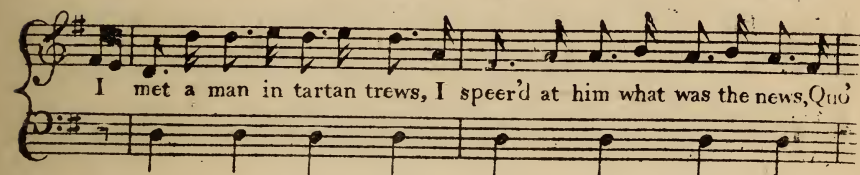
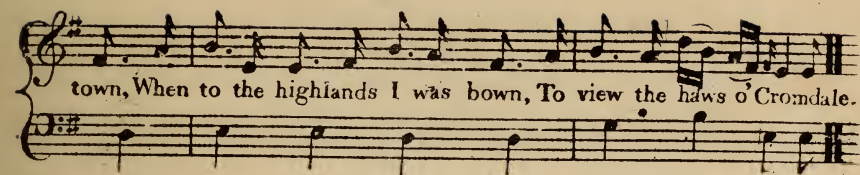
Eye on ye, ill woman, the bringer o' shame,
 The abuser o' love, the disgrace o' my name;
 The betrayer o' him that so trusted in thee:
 But this is the last time my face ye sall see.

To the ground shall be razed these halls and these bowers,
 Defild by your lusts and your wanton amours;
 I'll find out a lady of higher degree;
 And this is the last time my face ye sall see.



The Haws of Cromdale.

488 * As I came in by Achindown, A little wee bit frae the
 Slowish



We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The English horse they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But alas we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way.
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came,
A second battle then began,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'kys,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most vehemently,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M^c Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M^c Intosh play'd a bonny game,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

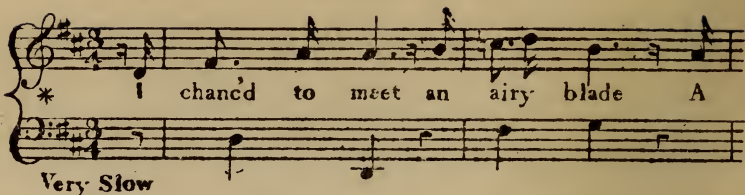
The M^c Gregors faught like lyons bold,
M^c Phersons, none could them controul,
M^c Lauchlins faught like loyal souls,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

(M^c Leans, M^c Dougals, and M^c Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.)
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Fraziers (fought with sword & lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to-
Upon the haws of Cromdale. (dance.

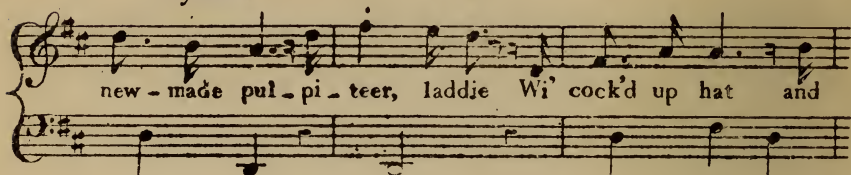
The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with highland-
Upon the haws of Cromdale. (blows,
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lyes on the plain,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

No Dominies for me, laddie.

489



Very Slow



A lang cravat at him did wag,
And buckles at his knee, laddie;
Says he, My heart, by Cupid's dart,
Is captivate to thee, laddie.

I'll rather chuse to thole grim death;
So cease and let me be, laddie:
For what? says he; Good troth, said I,
No dominies for me, laddie.

Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents
For ladies conjunct-fee, laddie;
When books & gowns are a' cried down,
No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,
Grow rich as I grow auld, laddie;
If I be spair'd I'll be a laird,
And thou's be Madam call'd, laddie.

But what if ye should chance to die,
Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie?
Neatbing wad be reserv'd for them
But hair moud books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat,
He gloom'd & look'd fu' high, laddie:
When I perceiv'd this in haste
I left my dominie, laddie.

Fare ye well, my charming maid,
This lesson learn of me, laddie.

At the next offer hold him fast,
That first makes love to thee, laddie.

Then I returning hame again,
And coming down the town, laddie,
By my good luck I chand to meet
A gentleman dragoon, laddie;

And he took me by baith the hands,
'Twas help in time of need, laddie.
Fools on ceremonies stand,
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,
Where we exchang'd a word, laddie:
We had nae use for black gowns there,
We married o'er the sword, laddie.

Martial drums is mufic fine,
Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie;
Gold, red and blue, is more divine
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave stout dragoon, laddie;
While dominies are much employ'd,
'Bout whorls and sackloth gowns, laddie.

Away wi' a' these whining loons;
They look like, Let me be, laddie:
I've more delight in roaring guns;
No dominies for me, laddie.

The Taylor.

505

490

* For weel he kend the way O, The way O, the way O, For

Siowish

weel he kend the way O, The las'-ie's heart to win O! The

Taylor he cam here to sew, And weel he kend the way to woo, For

ay he preed the las'-ie's mou, As he geid but and bein O!

Chorus

For weel he kend the way O, The way O, the way O, For weel he

kend the way O, The las'-ie's heart to win O.

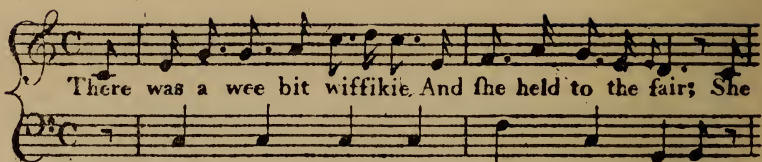
The Taylor rase and theuk his duds,
The flaes they flew awa in cluds.
And them that stav'd gat fearfu' thuds,
The Taylor prov'd a man O.

Cho.^s For now it was the gloamin.
The gloamin, the gloamin,
For now it was the gloamin,
When a' to rest are gaun O.

+++++

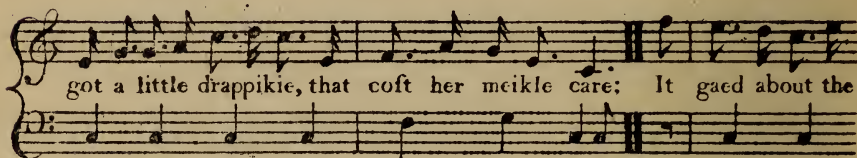
There was a wee bit Wiffikie.

491

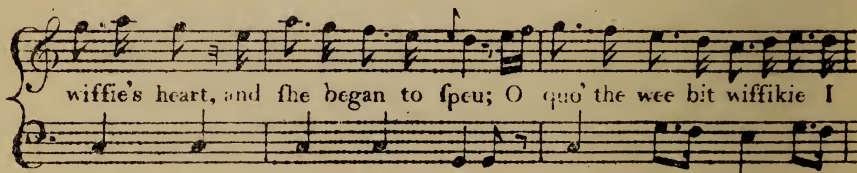


There was a wee bit wiffikie, And she held to the fair; She

Slowly

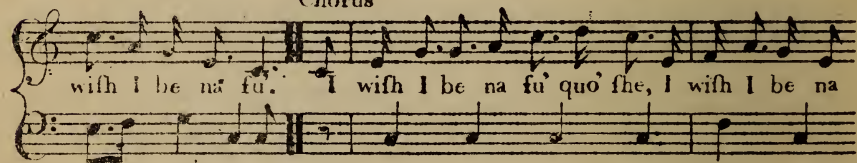


got a little drappikie, that cost her meikle care: It gaed about the

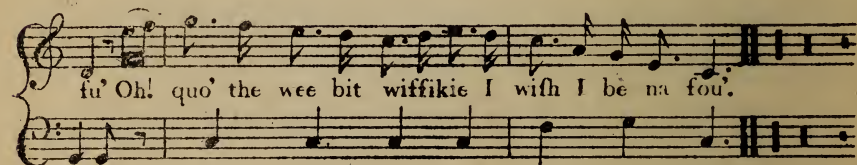


wiffie's heart, and she began to speu; O quo' the wee bit wiffikie I

Chorus



wish I be na fu. I wish I be na fu quo' she, I wish I be na



fu! Oh! quo' the wee bit wiffikie I wish I be na fou'.

If Johnnie find me Barrel-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;
 But I'll lye down and tak a Nap before that I gae in —
 Sitting at the Dyke-side, and taking at her Nap,
 By came a merchant wi' a little Pack
 Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,
 By came a merchaat wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her Gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang;
 He's ta'en her purse & a' her placks, and fast away did gang,
 And when the wiffie waken'd her head was like a bee
 Oh! quoth the wee wiffekie this is nae me,
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me,
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my Babee;
 And still, if this be Bessikie, three placks remain with me
 But I will look the Purfie nooks, see gin the Cunzie be —
 There's neither Purse nor Plack about me, — this is nae me
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me
 Some-body has been felling me, and this is nae me.

But I have a little housfekie, but and a kindly man;
 A Dog, they call him Doufsekie, if this be me he'll faun,
 And Johnnie, he'll come to the door and kindly welcome gie,
 And a' the Bairns on the floor will dance if this be me.
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me
 Some-body has been felling me and this is nae me.

The night was late and dang out weet, and oh but it was dark,
 The Doggie heard a bodie's foot, and he began to bark.
 Oh when she heard the Doggie bark and kenning it was he,
 Oh well ken ye Doufsie, quoth she, this is nae me,
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me.
 Some-body has been felling me and this is nae me.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran.
 Is that you Bessikie. Wow na Man —
 Be kind to the Bairns, and well mat ye be. —
 And farewell Johnnie, quoth she, this is nae me,
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me
 Some-body has been felling me, and this is nae me.

John ran to the Minister, his hair stood a' on end,
 I've gotten such a fright Sir, I'll ne'er be well again
 My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most piteously,
 Oh! Farewell Johnnie quoth she, this is nae me,
 This is nae me, quoth she, this is nae me
 Some-body has been felling me, and this is nae me.

The tale you tell, The Parson said, is wonderful to me,
 How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear, or see!
 But things that happen hereabout so strangely alter'd be
 That I could almost with Bessie say that this is nae me,
 This is nae me quoth she, this is nae me
 Wow na. Johnnie said, 'tis neither you nor me.

Now Johnnie he came hame again, and oh! but he was fain
 To see his Little Bessikie come to herself again
 He got her sitting on a stool with Tibbek on her knee
 Oh come awa Johnnie, quoth she, come awa to me
 For I've got a Nap with Tibbekie and this is now me
 This is now me, quoth she, this is now me. —
 I've got a Nap with Tibbekie and this is now me.

There grows a bonie brier bush &c.

492

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

* There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard, There
 Slowish
 grows a bonie bri-er-bush in our kail yard And be-
 low the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad, And they're
 bu-fy bu-fy cour-ting in our kail yard.

We'll court nae mair below the bufs in our kail yard.
 We'll court nae mair below the bufs in our kail yard.
 We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be fees:
 Where the trees and the branches will be our safe guard.

Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha,
 Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha;
 Where Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a?
 I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle-ha'.

What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?
 What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?
 I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
 And fee an onie bonie lad will fancy me.

He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,
 He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me;
 A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,
 He's a bonie, bonie laddie and yon be he.

Could aught of Song.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

493

* Could aught of song de-clare my pains, Could artful

Andante

numbers move thee, The muse should tell, in labor'd strains, O

Mary how I love thee. They who but feign a wound-ed

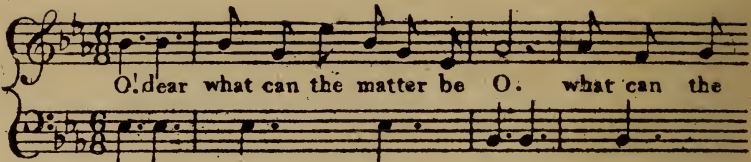
heart, May teach the lyre to languish; But what avails the

pride of art, When wastes the soul with anguish.

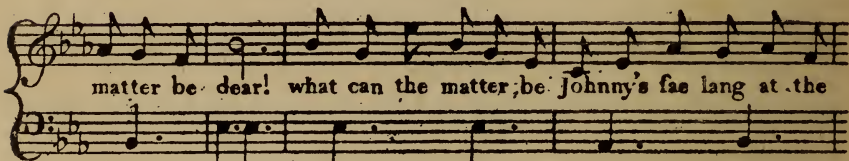
Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 O read th' imploring lover.
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising;
 Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd
 The voice of Nature prizing.

O! dear what can the matter be.

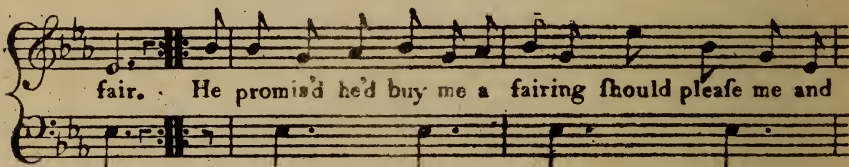
494



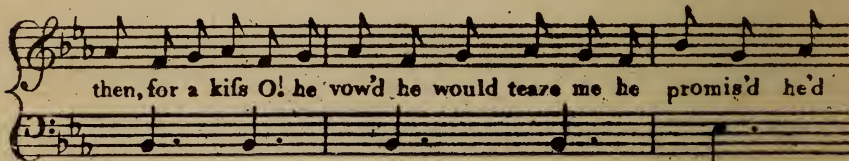
O! dear what can the matter be O. what can the



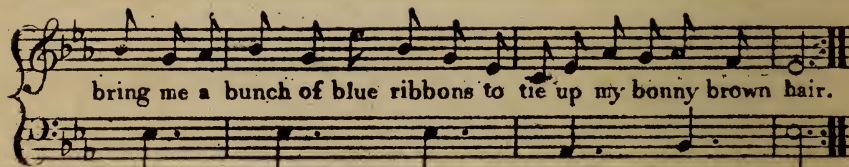
matter be dear! what can the matter be Johnny's fae lang at the



fair. He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing should please me and



then, for a kiss O! he vow'd he would tease me he promis'd he'd



bring me a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my bonny brown hair.

O! dear what can the matter be
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be
 O! dear what can the matter be
 Johnny's fae lang at the fair.

He promis'd to buy me a pair of sleeve buttons
 A pair of new garters that cost him but two pence
 He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

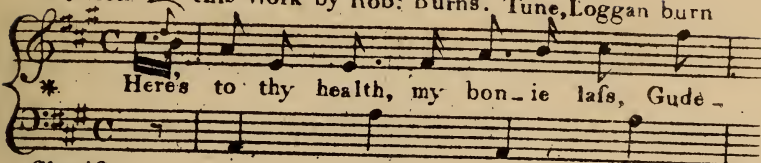
O! dear what can the matter be
 Dear! dear! what can the matter be
 O! dear what can the matter be
 Johnny's fae lang at the fair.

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies
 A garland of lilies a garland of roses
 A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
 To tie up my bonny brown hair.

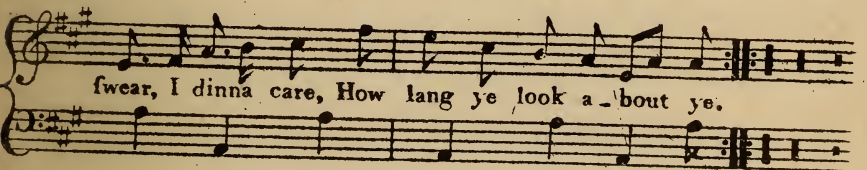
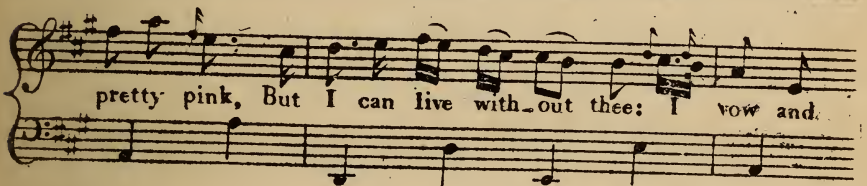
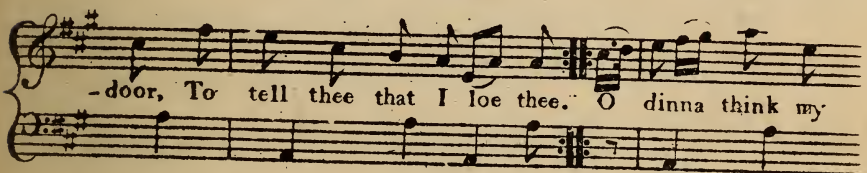
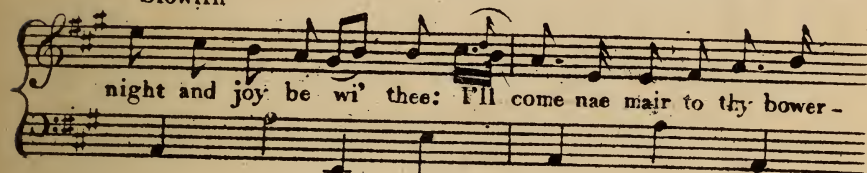
Here's to thy health my bonie lafs.

Written for this Work by Robt Burns. Tune, Loggan burn

495



Slowish



Thou'rt ay sae free informing *me*

Thou hast nae mind to marry.

I'll be as free informing thee,

Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy friends try ilka means

Frae wedlock to delay thee;

Depending on some higher chance,

But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,

But that does never grieve me;

For I'm as free as any he,

Sma' filler will relieve me.

i'll count my health my greatest weal- (th,

Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:

I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,

As lang's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,

And ay until ye try them:

Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,

They may prove as bad as I am.

But at twel at night, when the moon shines

My dear, I'll come & see thee; (bright,

For the man that loves his mistress weel,

Nae travel makes him weary. B

Jennys Bawbie.

496

* And a' that e'er my Jenny had, My Jenny had, my
Lively

Jenny had And a' that e'er my Jenny had was ae baw-bie.

There's your plack, and my plack, And your plack and my

plack, And my plack and your plack, And Jenny's baw-bie.

Chorus

And a' that e'er my Jenny had, My Jenny had, my Jenny had; And

a' that e'er my Jenny had, Was ae baw-bie.

We'll put it a' in the pint-stoup,
The pint-stoup, the pint-stoup,
We'll put it in the pint-stoup,
And birle't a' three.

And a' that e'er, &c.

497

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is marked with a double asterisk (*). The lyrics are: 'It was a' for our right-fu, king We left fair Scot-lands strand; It was a' for our right-fu' king, We e'er saw I-rish land my dear, We e'er saw I-rish land.' The melody is a simple, folk-like tune with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line is mostly quarter notes.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done, in vain:
My Love and Native Land fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun, &c.

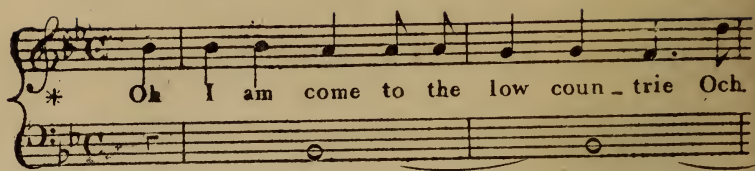
The foger frae the wars returns,
The sailer frae the main,
But I has parted frae my Love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet, &c.

He turn'd him right and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle reins a shake,
With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
With, adieu, &c.

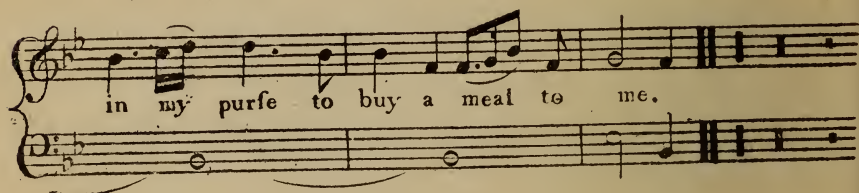
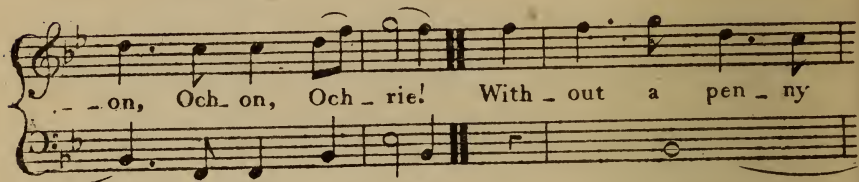
When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night & weepy dear
The lee-lang, &c.

The Highland widow's lament.

498



Very Slow



It was nae fae in the Highland hills.

Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!

Nae woman in the Country wide

Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,

Ochon, &c.

Feeding on yon hill fae high,

And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,

Ochon, &c.

Skipping on yon bonie knowes,

And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the Clan,

Sair, fair may I repine;

For Donald was the brawest man,

And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,

Sae far to set us free;

My Donald's arm was wanted then

For Scotland and for me.

Their wae fu' fate what need I tell,

Right to the wrang did yield;

My Donald and his Country fell,

Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, O. Donald, Oh!

Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie!

Nae woman in the warld wide,

Sae wretched now as me.

Gloomy December.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

499

* Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy De - cem - ber!

Slow

Ance mair I hail thee wi' forrow and care; fad was the

parting thou makes me remember, Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to

meet mair. Fond lovers parting is sweet pain-ful pleasure, Hope bea

ing mild on the soft parting hour But the dire feeling, O

farewell for e - ver. Anguish un - mingl'd and a - go - ny pure.

Wind as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone:
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

500

* Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, The sun from
 India's shore retires; To E_van_banks, with temp'rate ray, Home
 of my youth, he leads the day. Oh! banks to me for
 e_ver dear! Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear! All, all my
 hopes of bliss re_side Where E_van mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
 Whose image lives within my breast;
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
 And long pursued me with her eye;
 Does she with heart unchang'd as mine,
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
 Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
 Which sweetly winds so far below;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
 All that on Evan's border springs,
 Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side
 Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Alone for years in absence lost?
 Return, ye moments of delight,
 With richer treasures blest my sight.
 Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart!

Nor more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART V.

CCCCI.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THIS song, with the exception of the first half stanza, which is old, was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum; the air is the composition of Oswald. It was published in his Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 9. under the title of "The Lovely Lass of Inverness," with an asterisk in the index, a mark which he annexed to such tunes as were originally composed by himself.

Cromek observes, "That Burns's most successful imitation of the old style seems to be in these verses, entitled "The Lovely Lass of Inverness." He took up the idea from the first half verse, which is all that remains of the old words, and this prompted the feelings and tone of the time he wished to commemorate. That he passed some of these as the popular currency of other years is well known, though only discovered from the variations which his papers contain. He scattered these samples, to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited."—*See Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern, edited by R. H. Cromek, vol. ii. p. 129.*

CCCCII.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune, "MAJOR GRAHAM'S STRATHSPEY."

THIS song, beginning "O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose," was written by Burns, and sent to Johnson for the Museum. The original manuscript is now before me. Burns, in a note annexed to the verses, says, "The tune of this song is in Neil Gow's first Collection, and is there called *Major Graham*. It is to be found on page 6 of that Collection.

Mr Clarke, after arranging the words of the song to the tune of Major Graham, observes, in a note written upon the music paper, that "once through the tune takes in all the words, except the last four lines, so that more must be added, or these left out." But this eminent musician might easily have made the words suit the melody, without adding or taking away one line, by either repeating both strains of the tune, or by singing each strain only once over. This was evidently the poet's intention; but Mr Clarke has made the second strain twice the length of the first, and this has occasioned the seeming deficiency.

CCCCIII.

Old Set—RED, RED ROSE.

THIS song contains the same words which Burns had intended for the tune of "Major Graham," above mentioned, including the four lines left out in Song No 402, from the mistake which Mr Clarke had fallen into in arranging the melody. The verses are here adapted to a very old and plaintive air, entitled "Mary Queen of Scots."—*See the following song.*

CCCCIV.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENT.

THIS charming and pathetic ballad, beginning "Now nature hangs her mantle green," was written by Burns on purpose for the Museum. It is unquestionably one of the finest compositions of our immortal bard. With matchless skill, he has portrayed the situation and feelings of this beautiful

but unfortunate queen, languishing in a miserable dungeon, without a ray of worldly hope to cheer her afflicted soul. Can any thing be finer than the concluding lines, in allusion to her son, James VI. and the prospect of her own dissolution?

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine ;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine.
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee ;
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me.
 O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn-winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house of death,
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

The verses are adapted to the ancient air, entitled " Mary Queen of Scots' Lament," which Burns communicated to the Editor of the Museum, alongst with the ballad. It consists of one simple plaintive strain, ending on the fifth of the key, and has every appearance of being one of our earliest tunes.

CCCCV.

A LASSIE ALL ALONE .

THE words of this song, beginning " As I stood by yon roofless tower," were written by Burns for the Museum. They are adapted to a tune, called " Cumnock Psalms," which was also communicated by the bard. The original manuscript is before me ; but Burns afterwards made several alterations on the song, in which the chorus was struck out and the title entirely changed. It is here reprinted, with his last corrections.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her carc.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky ;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And by the moon-beam shook to see,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me ;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posy—LIBERTY !

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear ;
 But, oh ! it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times ;
 But what he said, it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

Dr Currie informs us, that “ The scenery so finely described is taken from nature. The poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden or Clouden, and by the ruins of Lincluden-Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, in the reign of Malcolm IV., of whose present situation the reader may find some account in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, or Grose's *Antiquities* of that part of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aërial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed, that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of *Liberty*, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be ques-

tioned whether, even in the researches of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation.—*Burns' Works*, vol. iv.

CCCCVI.

THE WREN'S NEST.

THIS nursery song, beginning "The Robin cam to the Wren's nest," appears to be a parody of some foolish old verses of a similar song, preserved in Herd's Collection, vol. ii., entitled "The Wren scho lyes in Care's Bed," or "Lennox's Love to Blantyre." The reader will likewise find the song alluded to in the fifth volume of the Museum, with its original tune, page 497.

Mr Clarke has the following note on his manuscript of the words and music. "The tune is only a bad set of 'Johnny's Gray Breeks.' I took it down from Mrs Burns' singing. There are more words, I believe. You must apply to Burns." But Johnson has written below Mr Clarke's observation, "there are no more words."

CCCCVII.

PEGGY IN DEVOTION.

THE words inserted in the Museum to this tune, beginning "Sweet nymph of my devotion," are by an anonymous hand. The old verses, beginning

PEGGY in devotion,
Bred from tender years,
From my loving motion,
Still was called to prayers—

may be seen in Playford's Pills, first edition of volume ii. printed at London in 1700. They are there adapted to the same tune inserted in the Museum, entitled "The Scotch Parson's Daughter." The old song, however, is only a *pseudo-Scottish* production. It is likewise both indelicate and profane.

CCCCVIII.

JAMIE O' THE GLEN.

THIS humorous old song, beginning "Auld Rob, the laird o' muckle land," has long been a favourite in the south

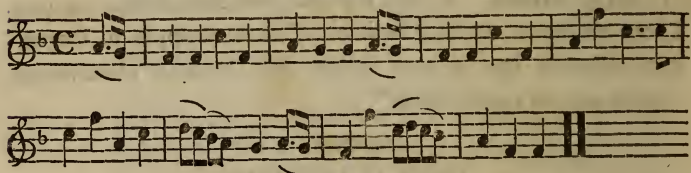
of Scotland, where the Editor has heard it sung from his earliest infancy; but neither the author of the words nor the composer of the tune are known. There is a striking coincidence in several bars of this old air and the tune called "O'er the Muir among the Heather."

CCCCIX.

O' GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

THIS ancient tune originally consisted of one strain. The second part was taken from one of Oswald's variations of the original melody, printed in the fourth volume of his Pocket Companion. The following is a correct set of the original melody, from a very old manuscript in the Editor's possession.

I WISH THAT YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.



This tune must have been quite common in Scotland long before 1549; for it is one of the airs to which the Reformers sung one of their spiritual hymns, beginning

Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,
Keip faith and love till our gudeman;
For our gudeman in heuen does reigne
In gloir and bliss without ending.

The foolish old verses of the profane sang as it was called, are annexed.

CHORUS.

*I wish that you were dead, goodman,
And a green sod on your head, goodman,
That I might ware my widowhead
Upon a rantin Highlandman.*

There's sax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's sax eggs in the pan, goodman;
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

There's beef into the pat, goodman,
 There's beef into the pat, goodman;
 The banes for you, and the broo' for me,
 And the beef for our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

There's sax horse in the stud, goodman,
 There's sax horse in the stud, goodman;
 There's ane to you, and twa to me,
 And three to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

There's sax kye in the byre, goodman,
 There's sax kye in the byre, goodman,
 There's nane to you, and twa to me,
 And the lave to our John Highlandman.

I wish, &c.

Upon comparing the old verses with the manuscript of this song, which Burns transmitted to Johnson in his own hand-writing, the present Editor observes, that our poet has made some verbal alterations, and omitted three stanzas of the original words; but, in their stead, he has added eight lines of his own.

CCCCX.

MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

THE author of this humorous and delightful song is unknown. It is neither to be found in the Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724, nor in Yair's Collection of 1749. It appears in Herd's Songs, printed in 1769. The song therefore was probably written between the years 1749 and 1769.

The verses have been adapted to different airs. The tune in the Museum was communicated by Burns, and answers the words extremely well, but it is evidently borrowed from "Merry may the Maid be that marries the Miller."—See the Museum, vol. ii. song 123. In Ritson's Scottish Songs, the words are set to a still more modern and a very indifferent air. In Gow's Fifth Collection of Reels and Strathspeys, page 32, is an air called "My Wife she's taen the Gee," said to be old, and communicated by the late Alexander Gibson Hunter, of Blackness, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh. The first strain of this tune precisely fits the words of the

song, and it may have been the genuine air to which the verses were originally sung.

The following anecdote relative to this song was related to the Editor, by a Field Officer of the Bombay establishment. Several years ago, some British Officers had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Tippoo Saib, who threw them into a dungeon in Seringapatam, where they were treated with great severity. Towards the approach of the then ensuing Christmas, they resolved to save a little out of the small pittance allowed for their support, in order to celebrate that natal day. With the fruits of their economy, they were accordingly enabled to purchase some liquor; and after their Christmas dinner, the glass, the toast, and the song, went cheerfully round. One of the officers, a Scotchman, when called upon for a song, favoured his messmates with "My Wife has taen the Gee." Next morning, Tippoo, as usual, inquired at the officer on guard, how the prisoners had conducted themselves over night? "They were very merry, and sung several of their national songs," was the answer. "Did you understand the import of any of them?" Only one, Sire, and it was all in praise of *Ghee*." (This is the name of a clarified oil, made from buffalo-milk, and greatly relished by the Asiatics.) "Have they ever had any *ghee* to their rice?" asked Tippoo. "No, never," replied the officer. "Then," said Tippoo, "let them henceforth have a suitable allowance of it daily." Accordingly, from that period until they obtained their liberty, these officers were regularly supplied with plenty of *ghee*, and their sufferings in other respects were considerably mitigated.

CCCCXI.

TAM LIN.

THIS romantic ballad or tale, beginning "O, I forbid you maidens a'" is of unquestionable antiquity. It has been a favourite on the borders of Scotland time out of memory.—The tale of the young *Tamlane* is mentioned in Vedderburn's Complaynt of Scotland, printed at St Andrews in

1549. The air, to which the words are uniformly chanted, had probably been used in former ages as a dancing tune, for the Dance of *Thom of Lynn*, which seems a variation of *Tam Lin*, is noticed in the same work.

The ballad is likewise quoted in a Christmas or Yule Medley, inserted in Wode's manuscript of the Psalms of David, set to music, (the bass part) with the following doquet. "Set in IIII partes be an honorable man; David Peables, I. S. Noted and wreattin by me Thomas Wode, 1. December, A. D. 1566." This part of a curious and unique musical work, now lying before me, is at present (1820) the property of William Blackwood, Esq. bookseller in Edinburgh. The *soprano* part of the same work, written by the same person, belonging to the College Library of Edinburgh, has likewise been sent to the Editor for perusal, through the kindness of Principal Baird and Dr Duncan, junior. The reader is here presented with a few lines of this curious old medley.

"I saw three ladies fair
Singing, hey and how, upon yon green land-a;
I saw three marinells
Sing, row rinn below, upon yon sea strand-a.
As they begoud their notts to toone,
The pyper's drone was out of toone,
Sing, *Jollie Robin*; sing, *Young Thomlin*.
Be mirrie, be mirrie, be mirrie, be mirrie,
And twice so mirrie with the light of the moon;
Hey, hey, downe a downe; hey, downe a downe-a."

Sir W. Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Border," observes, that, like every popular subject, the tale of Tam Lin seems to have been frequently parodied as a burlesque ballad, beginning "Tom o' the Lin was a Scotsman born," is still well known; and that he had seen it alluded to in another ancient manuscript in the possession of John Graham Dalyell, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh.

A fragment of this ballad, under the title of "Kerton Ha'," or "the Fairy Court," is in Herd's Collection. It begins—

SHE's prickt hersell, and prin'd hersell,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa to Kertonha'
 As fast as she can gang.

"What gars ye pu' the rose, Jenny?
 What gars ye break the tree?
 What gars ye gang to Kertonha'
 Without the leave of me?"

"Yes, I will pu' the rose, Thomas,
 And I will break the tree,
 For Kertonha' shou'd be my ain,
 Nor ask I leave of thee."

&c. &c. &c.

Kertonha' is a corruption of the name of Carteshaugh near Selkirk. The ballad in the Museum, as well as the original air, were communicated by Burns, in his own handwriting, to the editor of that work. This copy, with some alterations, was afterwards reprinted in the *Tales of Wonder*.

Sir W. Scott, in his *Minstrelsy of the Border*, has likewise favoured the public with another edition of the ballad, under the title of "The Young Tamlane;" to which he has prefixed a long and ingenious essay on the fairies of popular superstition. Many of the stanzas in Sir W. Scott's version, however, if not by himself, are evidently the work of a modern hand. The language itself betrays the era of the writer.

The scene of the ballad of Tam Lin is laid in Selkirkshire. Carterhaugh is a plain at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow, about a mile above Selkirk. Sir W. Scott says, "The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings, which vulgar credulity supposes to be the traces of the fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed the stands of milk and of water, in which *Tamlane* was dipped, in order to effect his disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. *Miles Cross*, (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross) where fair Janet waited the arrival of the fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bowhill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh."—*Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. ii. p. 178.

CCCCXII.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

THE words and air of this song were communicated by Burns; but neither of them are genuine. The words consist of a verse of a Jacobite song, with verbal alterations by Burns himself. The tune has half a bar in the first strain more than it should have; and Johnson, to mend the matter, has marked the time $\frac{9}{8}$ in place of $\frac{3}{8}$. A correct copy of the words and music is annexed.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO HIM THAT'S AWAY.

HERE'S a health to him that's a-way, Here's a health to

The first strain of the musical score is written on two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/8 time. The melody is in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are written below the staves.

him that's a--way, Here's to him that was here yestreen,

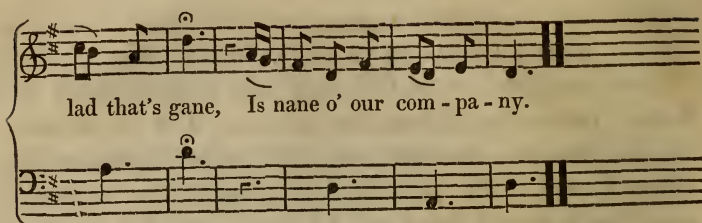
The second strain of the musical score continues the melody on two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

But durst nae a-bide till day. O wha winna drink it

The third strain of the musical score continues the melody on two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

dry? O wha win-na drink it dry? Wha win-na drink to the

The fourth strain of the musical score continues the melody on two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.



*Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's to him that was here yestreen,
 But durst nae abide till day.*

O let him be swung on a tree,
 O let him be swung on a tree,
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Can ne'er be the man for me.

*Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's a health to him that's away,
 Here's to him that was here yestreen,
 But durst nae abide till day.*

It's good to be merry and wise ;
 It's good to be honest and true ;
 It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
 Afore we be on wi' the new.

Burns left the following unfinished parody of the above song, which was found among his papers after his decease.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
 May never gude-luck be their fa'.
 It's gude to be merry and wise,
 It's gude to be honest and true ;
 It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
 And abide by the buff and the blue.
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's a health to Charlie,* the chief o' the clan,
 Altho' that his band be sma'.
 May liberty meet wi' success !
 May prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil !

* The Right Honourable Charles James Fox.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's a health to Tammie,* the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write !
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa ;
 Here's Chieftan M'Leod,† a chieftan worth gowd,
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw.

CCCCXIII.

AULD LANGSYNE:

BURNS communicated this old fragment, with the third and fourth verses written by himself, to the publisher of the Museum. Johnson accordingly marked it with the letter Z, which was usually put to old songs with additions or alterations, in that work.

In a letter which Burns addressed to Mrs Dunlop, dated December, 1788, he says, "Apropos is not the Scotch phrase *Auld Langsyne* exceedingly expressive. There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs. I shall give you the verses on the other sheet, as I suppose Mr Ker will save you the postage. (Here follow the verses, as printed in the Museum, vol. v.) Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment ! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians. Now I am on my Hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily." Here follows the song, beginning *Go fetch to me a pint o' wine*, which is inserted in the Museum, vol. iii. page 240. Burns, however, in his Reliques, afterwards admits that the whole of this song,

* Lord Thomas Erskine.

† M'Leod of that ilk.

called "The Silver Tassie," excepting the first four lines, was his own.

In the *Reliques*, published by Cromeek, Burns has the following remark: "Ramsay, as usual with him, has taken the idea of *Auld Langsyne* from the old fragment, which may be seen in the Museum, vol. v." And, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated September, 1793, he says, "One song more, and I am done—*Auld Langsyne*. The air is but *mediocre*; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

Mr Cromeek justly observes, that Burns sometimes wrote poems in the old ballad style, which, for reasons best known to himself, he gave the public as songs of the olden time. "*Auld Langsyne—Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine—The lovely Lass of Inverness*"—are all proofs of this fact. He admitted to Johnson, that three of the stanzas of *Langsyne* only were old, the other two being written by himself. These three stanzas relate to the *cup*, the *pint stoup*, and a *gude willie-waught*. Those two introduced by Burns, have only relation to the innocent amusements of youth, contrasted with the cares and troubles of maturer age. Burns brushed up many of the old lyrics of Caledonia in a similar manner, and several of them certainly required the pruning-hook to render them even tolerable to the present generation. Ramsay did the same thing, and it was this that offended Ritson, the antiquary. "Burns," says he, "as good a poet as Ramsay, is, it must be regretted, an equally licentious and unfaithful publisher of the performances of others. Many of the original, old, ancient, genuine songs, inserted in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, derive not a little of their merit from passing through the hand of this very ingenious critic."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*.

With regard to the tune to which the verses are adapted in Johnson's Museum, it is the original air of "*Auld Lang-*

syne," preserved in the Orpheus Caledonius of 1725, and other old collections. As Burns had mentioned that the old tune was but *mediocre*, Mr Thomson got the words arranged to an air introduced by Shield in his overture to the opera of Rosina, written by Mr Brooks, and acted at Covent-Garden in 1783. It is the last movement of that overture, and in imitation of a Scottish bagpipe-tune, in which the *oboe* is substituted for the *chanter*, and the bassoon for the *drone*. Mr Shield, however, borrowed this air, almost note for note, from the third and fourth strains of the Scottish strathspey in Cumming's Collection, under the title of "The Miller's Wedding." In Gow's First Collection, it is called "The Miller's Daughter;" but the strathspey itself is modelled from the Lowland melody of "I fee'd a Lad at Michaelmas."—*See Notes on Song* No 394. Gow also introduced the air, as slightly altered by Shield, in his Collection of Reels, &c. book i. and gave it the name of "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," in compliment to his friend, the late Baronet of Newton-don, in the county of Roxburgh, who was both a good violin-player, and a steady patron of the musical art.

As the latter air has, in a great measure, supplanted the proper tune of "Auld Langsyne," it is here annexed.

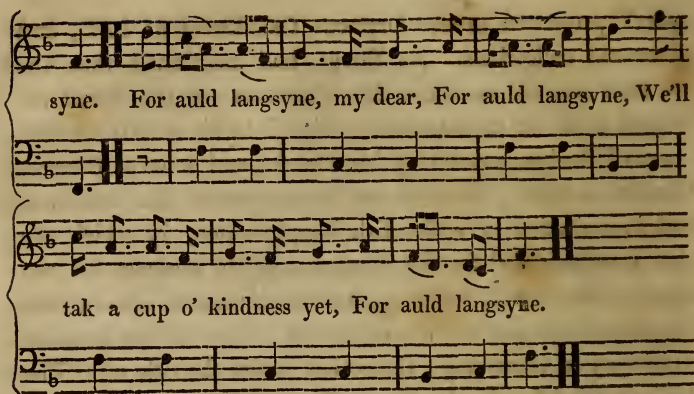
AULD LANGSYNE.

An old Scotch drinking Song, with additions by BURNS.

Tune—"I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas."

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot, And ne-ver brought to

mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang-



And surely you'll be your pint-stowp !
And surely I'll be mine !
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

*We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.*

*We twa hae paid'd in the burn
From morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae row'd
Since auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.*

And there's a hand my trusty frere,
And gie's a hand of thine,
We'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

This song has been very happily arranged as a glee, for four voices, by Mr William Knyvett, of London.

CCCCXIV.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

BURNS, in the Reliques, says, " These words are mine."
He likewise communicated the fine old air to which the verses

are adapted. This is another production of our bard in praise of his “Jean,” afterwards Mrs Burns.

CCCCXV.

HAD I THE WYTE? SHE BAD ME.

THIS old song partook too freely of the broad humour of the former age to obtain admission into the Museum, until Burns pruned it of some of its luxuriances. The old verses omitted are perhaps still too well known. The tune was originally called “Come kiss wi’ me, come clap wi’ me,” and consisted of one strain, viz. the first. The reader will find it in its native simplicity in the Orpheus Caledonius, as well as in a former part of this work. *See Notes on Song No 351.* The second strain is added in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vii. page 20, and the tune is there entitled “Had I the wyte sh’e bad me.”

CCCCXVI.

THE AULD MAN HE CAM OVER THE LEA.

THE words and music of this song were communicated by Burns as an ancient fragment, for the Museum. It is an humorous parody of the old song, entitled “The Carl he cam o’er Craft.” The tune is said to be very old.

CCCCXVII.

COMIN THRO’ THE RYE.—1st SET.

THIS song was written by Burns. The air is taken from the third and fourth strains of the strathspey called “The Miller’s Daughter.” See Gow’s First Collection.

CCCCXVIII.

COMIN THRO’ THE RYE.—2d SET.

THE words and music of this song, beginning “Gin a body meet a body,” are parodied from the first set, which was published as a single sheet song before it was copied into the Museum. Mr John Watlen, musician and music-seller, formerly in Edinburgh, now in London, afterwards altered the first strain of the former tune a little, and published it with the new words. His edition had a considerable run.

CCCCXIX.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.

“THERE is a song,” says Burns, “apparently as ancient as the *Ewe-bughts Marion*,” which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North. It begins, “The Lord o’ Gordon had three daughters.”—*Reliques*. The words of the ballad are no doubt sometimes sung to the air of *Ewe-bughts Marion*, in the south of Scotland; but it is owing to their ignorance of the original air to which the ballad is uniformly sung in the North. Mr Clarke took down the air as it was chanted by a lady of his acquaintance, and thus restored the ballad to its original tune. The words and music first appeared together in print in the Museum. Ritson has inserted the ballad in his Collection of Scottish Songs; but, as he did not know the tune, he has left a blank space for the music in his work.

Alexander, third Earl of Huntly, was succeeded, in 1523, by his grandson Alexander, Lord Gordon, who actually had three daughters. I. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest, married to John, Earl of Athol. II. Lady Margaret, married to John, Lord Forbes. III. Lady Jean, the youngest, married *first* to James, Earl of Bothwell, from whom she was divorced in 1568; she married, *secondly*, Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, who died in 1594; and surviving him, she married, *thirdly*, Captain Alexander Ogilvie, son and successor of Sir Walter Ogilvie of Boyne, who died in 1606 without issue.

The first line of the ballad, as quoted by Burns, is evidently more correct than that inserted in the Museum or in Ritson’s Collection, for the dukedom of Gordon was not created till the year 1684. Johnson has omitted eighteen verses of the ballad for want of room, but the reader will find the whole of it in Ritson’s Scottish Songs.

CCCCXX.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A’ THE PLAIN.

THIS beautiful song is another unclaimed production of Burns. The words are adapted to the plaintive and well known air, entitled “The Carlin o’ the Glen.”

CCCCXXI.

OUT OVER THE FORTH, &c.

THIS song was written by Burns, and adapted to the air entitled "Charles Gordon's welcome Home." It was afterwards reprinted in his *Reliques*, by Cromeke.

At the end of the song, Burns has the following note:—"The inclosed tune is a part of Gow's 'Charles Gordon's welcome home;' but I do not think the close of the second part of the tune happy. Mr Clarke, on looking over Gow's air, will probably contrive a better."

Mr Clarke has retained Mr Gow's tune, but at the close of the second strain he has attended to the hint given him by the bard.

CCCCXXII.

WANTONNESS FOR EVERMAIR.

THIS *bagatelle* was written, and communicated by Burns. Clarke thought it worthy a place in the Museum, that the tune might be preserved, which is ancient, and deserving of better lines than those furnished by the bard.

CCCCXXIII.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

THIS fine old humorous ballad, beginning "In Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar," was recovered by David Herd, and printed in his Collection. The tune was communicated to Johnson by the late Mr Robert Macintosh, musician in Edinburgh, who obtained it from an old acquaintance that used to sing this ballad with great glee. Mr James Johnson, on sending the air to be arranged, wrote Mr Clarke the following note: "Sir,—The above is the exact tune taken down by Mr R. Macintosh. It is a very funny song, and sought after by many.—J. J."

CCCCXXIV.

THE ROWIN'T IN HER APRON.

THIS ancient fragment, beginning "Our young lady's a hunting gane," with its original air, were recovered by Burns, and transmitted in his own hand-writing to Johnson for the

Museum. The scene is laid in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The old castle of Terreagles stood on the banks of the Nith, near its junction with the Cluden.

CCCCXXV.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—1st SET.

BURNS informs us, that “the author of this song, beginning ‘O weel may the boatie row,’ was a Mr Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to *There’s nae luck about the house*.”—*Reliques*.

This fine ballad is set to three different tunes in the Museum. The first four bars of the air, No 425, are taken from the tune called “Weel may the Keel row,” and all the rest from the tune of “There’s nae Luck about the House.” The words, however, are seldom sung to this mongrel melody.

CCCCXXVI.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—2d SET.

THIS air to the same words was inserted by desire of Mr Clarke, who wrote the following note under the manuscript of the music:—“You must take this, as the other music is printed already in a former volume.” This tune, however, has never become a favourite with those who sing the ballad.

CCCCXXVII.

THE BOATIE ROWS.—3d SET.

THIS fine modern air is the genuine tune of the ballad. Some years ago it was arranged as a glee, for three voices, by Mr William Knyvett of London, and has deservedly become very popular.

CCCCXXVIII.

CHARLIE HE’S MY DARLING.

THIS Jacobite song, beginning “’Twas on a Monday morning,” was communicated by Burns to the editor of the Museum. The air was modernized by Mr Clarke. The reader will find a genuine copy of the old air in Hogg’s *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 92.

CCCCXXIX.

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

THIS song is taken from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724, where it is marked with the letter M, which is the initial letter of its composer's surname, viz. David Malloch, Esq. when he was a tutor in the family of Mr Home. The verses are adapted to the tune called "The Maid's Complaint," which was composed by Oswald, and published in the fourth book of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 40. The last two bars of the second strain were improved by Mr Stephen Clarke, as the reader will perceive upon comparing the air in the Museum with Oswald's tune. Mallet's verses were published in the Orpheus Caledonius, to the air of "Pinkie House."

CCCCXXX.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

THIS humorous song, beginning "Gat ye me, O gat ye me," is a production of Burns'. It is adapted to a fine old lively air, communicated by Burns, which is well known by the name of "Jack o' Latin," printed, with variations, in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and several other collections. Ecclefechan is a well-known village in Dumfries-shire.

CCCCXXXI.

THE COUPER O' CUDDY.

THIS humorous song, beginning "We'll hide the couper behind the door," is another production of Burns. He directs it to be set to the well-known dancing tune called "Bab at the Bouser." At the end of his manuscript he writes, "This tune is to be met with every where." If the delicacy of this song had been equal to its wit, it would have done honour to any bard.

CCCCXXXII.

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING ?

THIS song, beginning "Wha is that at my chamber door?" was written by Ramsay, and printed in his Tea-Table Miscel-

lany, 1724. It is there entitled “The Auld Man’s best Argument,” and is directed to be sung to the tune of “Widow are ye wakin,” a licentious but witty old song, long anterior to the days of Ramsay. The Editor is in possession of a very old copy of this tune, but it is nearly the same as that in the Museum.

CCCCXXXIII.

THE MALTMAN.

THIS is another production of Ramsay. It possesses uncommon humour, but a sort of double meaning runs through the verses, and renders them somewhat liable to objection. The lively old air to which the words are adapted appears in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion.

CCCCXXXIV.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

THIS beautiful old air was communicated by Burns. The stanza to which it is adapted, beginning “Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,” was written by Burns, who intended to have added some more verses, as appears from the following memorandum, written by Johnson on the original manuscript of the music. “Mr Burns is to send words;” but they were never transmitted. He appears to have had the old fragment of the ballad called *Leezie Baillie* in view, when he composed the above stanza. *See Notes on Song No 456.* A large fragment of the old ballad of *Leezie Lindsay*, however, may be seen in Jamieson’s Popular Ballads and Songs, vol. ii.

CCCCXXXV.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

THE genuine air inserted in the Museum likewise appears in Crockat’s Manuscript Music Book, written in 1709, under the title of “The old Wife beyond the Fire.” It would therefore seem, as if Ramsay had softened down an older and less *Scotified* song, preserving as much of the spirit and broad humour of the original as might appear consistent with the manners and taste of the times in which he lived. His biographer, however, attributes the whole of the song to Ram-

say ; but Ramsay himself marks this song with the letter Q, to shew that it was an *old song* with additions. The tune, under the title of “Set the old Wife beyond the Fire,” was printed in John Walsh’s Caledonian Country Dances.

CCCCXXXVI.

FOR THE SAKE O’ SOMEBODY.

THE whole of this song, as printed in the Museum, beginning “My heart is sair, I darna tell,” was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay’s song, under the same title and to the same old tune, which may also be seen in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion. To this work, Burns, in a note annexed to the manuscript song, refers Johnson for the music.

Ramsay’s verses are in the shape of a dialogue between a lover and his sweetheart ; but they possess very little merit. The old air consists of one simple strain, ending on the third of the key. The second strain is merely a repetition of the first. It is probable, that the melody had been originally adapted to a much older set of verses than those of Ramsay, and that the old song consisted of stanzas of four, in place of eight lines each.

CCCCXXXVII.

THE CARDIN O’T.

THESE verses, beginning “I coft a stane o’ haslock woo’,” were written by Burns, whose original manuscript is at present before the Editor. The words are adapted to a lively old Scotch measure, called “Salt Fish and Dumplings.”

CCCCXXXVIII.

THE SOUTERS O’ SELKIRK.

MR TYTLER, in his ingenious “Essay on Scottish Music,” alluding to the fragment of this old song, beginning “Up wi’ the Souters o’ Selkirk,” has the following remarks:—“This ballad is founded on the following incident : Previous to the battle of Flodden, the town-clerk of Selkirk conducted a band of eighty *souters*, or shoemakers of that town, who joined the royal army ; and the town-clerk, in reward of his

loyalty, was created a knight-banneret by that prince. They fought gallantly, and most of them were cut off. A few who escaped, found, on their return, in the forest of Ladywood edge, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child sucking her breast. Thence the town of Selkirk obtained for their arms, a woman sitting upon a sarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back ground a wood; and on the sarcophagus the arms of Scotland."

"For all this fine story (says Ritson, in his *Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 34.) there is *probably* no foundation whatever. That the souters of Selkirk should, in 1513, amount to fourscore fighting men, is a circumstance utterly incredible. It is scarcely to be supposed, that all the shoemakers in Scotland could have produced such an army, at a period when shoes must have been less worn than they are at present." He then proceeds to acquaint us, that Dr Johnson was told at Aberdeen, that the people learned the art of making shoes from Cromwell's soldiers; that tall boys run without shoes in the streets; and, in the islands, even the sons of gentlemen pass several of their first years with naked feet. "Away then (says Ritson) with the fable of *The Souters of Selkirk!*"

It is matter of deep regret to observe, that some men of education, and even of very superior abilities, are occasionally betrayed into error and inconsistency, by allowing their minds to get entangled in the mazes of national and unmanly prejudice. Several instances of this fact, with regard to Scotland, disfigure the writings of Dr Johnson and Mr Joseph Ritson. In other respects their literary labours are exceedingly meritorious and valuable. These erudite and very ingenious authors have not scrupled to affirm, that the natives of North Britain are more prone to believe in absurd and extravagant traditions than any other nation whatever; that the Scots had no shoes until Cromwell's soldiers taught the people to make them; and that all Scotland could scarcely have mustered an army of eighty shoemakers at the battle of Flodden.

In short, Scotland seems to have appeared to them in the same light as it did to another Englishman, who expresses his ideas of the country in the following curious lines:—

Bleak are thy hills, O North!
 And barren are thy plains;
 Bare-leg'd are thy nymphs,
 And bare a— are thy swains.

But a candid and patient inquirer will neither permit himself to be deceived by vague assertion, nor will he degrade his character by a similar mode of retaliation, which, though easy, can never benefit the cause of truth. Sober reflection will convince every man, that the Omniscient Author of our existence has adapted every animal to the element it is destined to inhabit. Nor has he denied to mankind, wherever situated on the habitable globe, the means and the ingenuity of accommodating their dress in conformity to the nature of the climate. Amongst all the nations that inhabit the bleak and barren regions of the north, however rude or uncivilized, none have yet been discovered that were destitute of the necessary habiliments for protecting every part of the body from the inclemency of the weather. Nor was Scotland an exception to this rule until the days of Cromwell. On the contrary, it appears that the Scottish legislature, at an early period, directed its attention to the manufacturers of shoes, who had attained such skill in their profession, as to render their goods an object of foreign commerce. It was even found necessary to prohibit the export both of the raw and of the manufactured material: "Sowters sould be challenged, that they bark lether, and makes shoone otherwaies than the law permittes; that is to say, of lether quhere the horne and the eare are of ane like length. They make shoone, buites, and other graith, before the leather is barked (tanned)."—*Chalmerlan Air*, c. 22. Again, by the fourth Parliament in the reign of James IV. who fell at Flodden, cordoners (i. e. shoemakers) are prohibited, under a severe penalty, from taking custom from such of their own craft as come to the weekly markets,

except what was wont by *old law*. Barked hides (i. e. tanned leather) and *made shoes*, are among the list of articles which were prohibited to be exported by act of the fourth parliament held in the reign of James VI, c. 59.

Now, these ordinances were all made long before Cromwell was born. Away, then, with the fable of Cromwell's soldiers first teaching the inhabitants of Scotland to make shoes. It seems evident, that the Doctor had never been an eye-witness of the dress of the peasantry in Scotland during the rigours of winter; nor had Ritson been more fortunate in viewing any procession of the shoemakers in a royal Scottish burgh on the day of St Crispin, a festival long celebrated in Scottish song. That eighty souters were capable of making shoes for a population of nearly two millions of inhabitants, is indeed so very absurd as to require no serious refutation.

It may be observed, *en passant*, that the epithet of "The Souters of Selkirk" does not exclusively mean those members of the incorporation who are actually shoemakers by profession. This appellation is given to the burgesses of Selkirk, whether shoemakers or not; and it appears to have originated from the singular custom observed at the admission of a new member, a ceremony which is on no account dispensed with. Some hog-bristles are attached to the seal of his burgess ticket; these he must dip in wine, and pass between his lips, as a tribute of his respect to this ancient and useful fraternity. Sir Walter Scott himself has the honour of being one of their number.

That the once populous and important royal burgh of Selkirk was pillaged and laid waste by the English, in revenge of the signal bravery displayed by its "Souters" in battle; and that James V. the succeeding monarch, testified his gratitude for their loyalty and valour, as well as his compassion for the sufferings of its surviving inhabitants; are facts that can be fully elucidated. Thus, on the 4th March 1536, that prince, on the narrative that the greater part of Selkirk had been laid waste, and destroyed by war, pestilence, fire, &c. he

erects it of new into a royal burgh, with all the privileges annexed to such corporations. On the 20th of June 1536, the same prince, “for the gude, trew, and thankful service done and to be done to ws be owre lovittis, the baillies, burgesses, and communitie of our burgh of Selkirk, and for certaine othir reasonable causis and considerationis moving ws, be the tenor hereof, GRANTIS and GEVIS license to thame and their successors to ryfe out, breke, and teil yeirlie ane thousand acres of thair common landis of our said burgh, in what part thairof they please, for the policy, strengthing, and bigging of the samyn; for the wele of ws and of lieges repairand thairto, and defence againis owre auld innemyis of Ingland and otherwayis; And Will and Grantis that thai sall nocht be callit, accusit, nor incur ony danger, or skaith thairthrow, in thair personis, landis, nor gudis, in ony wise in time cuming, Nochtwithstanding ony owre actis or statutis maid or to be maid in the contrair in ony panys contenit tharein, anent the quhilkis we dispens with thame be thir owre letters: With power to occupy the saidis landis with thare awne gudis, or to set thame to tenentis as thai sall think maist expedient for the wele of our said burgh; With free ishe and entrie, and with all and sindry utheris commoditeis, freedomes, asiamentis, and richtis pertinentis whatsumever pertenyng, or that rychtuisly may pertene thairto, perpetually in tyme cumming, frelie, quietlie, wele, and in peace, but ony revocation or agane calling whatsumever. Gevin under owre signet, and subscrivit with owre hand, at Striveling, the twenty day of Junii, the yeir of God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty six yeris and of owre regne the twenti thre yeir.” Here follows another grant by that prince, dated about nine weeks after the one that has just been narrated: “We, understanding that owre burgh of Selkirk, and inhabitants thairof, continualie sen the Field of Flodoun has been oppressit, heriit and owre run be theves and traitors, whairthrow the hant of merchandice has cessit amangis thame of langtyme bygane, and thai heriit thairthrow, and we defraudit of owre custumis and

dewties: THAIRFOR, and for divers utheris resonable causis and considerationes moving ws, be the tenor heirof, of owre kinglie power, free motive and autorite ryall, Grantis and Gevis to thame and thair successors, ane fair day, begynand at the feist of the conception of owre Lady next to cum aftere the day of the date hereof, and be the octaves of the sammyn perpetually in time cuming; To be usit and exercit be thame als frelie in time cuming, as ony other fair is usit or exercit be ony utheris owre burrowis within owre realme; payand yeir-lie custumis and dewties, aucht and wont, as effeiris, frelie, quietlie, wele, and in pece, but ony revocation, obstakill, impediment, or agane calling whatsumever. Subscrivit with owre hand, and gevin under owre signet, at Kirkcaldy, the second day of September, the yeir of God ane thousand five hundreth and thretty sex yeiris, and of owre regne the twenty three yeir."

The Royal Charter, confirming the three foregoing deeds, and ratifying them in the most full and ample manner, is dated at Edinburgh the eighth day of April 1538, and is preserved in the records of the burgh of Selkirk.

William Brydon, the town-clerk of Selkirk, who led "the Souters" to the field of battle, was knighted for his gallant conduct at Flodden. This fact is ascertained by many deeds still extant, in which his name appears as a notary-public. John Brydon, a citizen of Selkirk, his lineal descendant, is still alive, and in possession of the sword of his brave ancestor. A standard, the appearance of which bespeaks its antiquity, is still carried annually, on the day of riding their common, by the corporation of weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English in the field of Flodden. This the Editor has often seen. Thus every circumstance of the traditional story is corroborated by direct evidence.

That the ballad, a corrupted fragment of which is inserted in the Museum, relates to the eventful battle of Flodden, the Editor, who was born and educated in the neighbourhood of Selkirk, has not the smallest doubt. The late Mr Robert-

son, minister of Selkirk, indeed mentions, in his statistical account of the parish, that the song,

Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,
And down with the Earl of Home—

was not composed on the battle of Flodden, as there was no Earl of Hume at that time, nor till long after; but that it “arose from a bet betwixt the Philiphaugh and Hume families; the Souters (or shoemakers) of Selkirk against the men of Hume, at a match of football, in which the Souters of Selkirk completely gained, and afterwards perpetuated their victory in that song.” The late Andrew Plummer, Esq. of Middlestead, who was sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk, and a faithful and learned antiquarian, in a letter to the late Mr David Herd, dated 13th January 1793, says, “I was five years at school at Selkirk, have lived all my days within two miles of that town, and never once heard a tradition of this imaginary contest till I saw it in print.”

“Although the words are not very ancient, there is every reason to believe that they allude to the battle of Flodden, and to the different behaviour of the souters and Lord Hume upon that occasion. At election dinners, &c. when the Selkirk folks begin to get *fou* (merry), they always call for music, and for that tune in particular. At such times I never heard a Souther hint at the football, but many times speak of the battle of Flodden.”—*See Scott's Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 118.

Neither Mr Robertson nor Mr Plummer, however, appear to have heard or seen any more than three or four lines of the song, otherwise not a doubt could have been entertained on the subject. The words, as well as the genuine simple air of the ballad, both of which have been shockingly mutilated and corrupted, are here restored, as the Editor heard them sung and played, by the border musicians, in his younger days. The original melody is a bag-pipe tune, of eight diatonic intervals in its compass; a bass part has therefore been added, in imitation of the drone of that instrument.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

Lively.

UP wi' the Souters o' Selkirk, And down wi' the fazart Lord

Hume, But up wi' il-ka brow callant That sews the single-soal'd

shoon; And up wi' the lads o' the Forest, That ne'er to the

Southron wad yield, But deil scoup o' Hume and his menzie, That

stude sae abiegh on the field.

II.

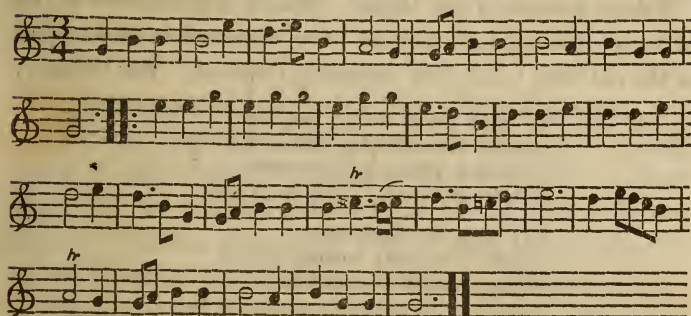
Fye! on the green and the yellow,
 The craw-hearted loons o' the Merse;
 But here's to the Souters o' Selkirk,
 The elshin, the lingle, and birse.
 Then up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 For they are baith trusty and leil;
 And up wi' the lads o' the forest—
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

CCCCXXXIX.

THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

THERE is a very old set of verses to this tune, but they are rather coarse for insertion. A copy of the tune, under the title of "A Scottish March," appears in John Playford's *Musick's Hand-Maid*, published in 1678; but the second strain contains a redundant bar, which spoils the measure. It is reprinted, with all its imperfections, in *Smith's Musica Antiqua*, vol. ii. p. 175. The tune is annexed.

A SCOTTISH MARCH. 1678.



Ramsay wrote new words to the same air, beginning "I hae a green purse wi' a wee pickle gowd," printed in his *Tea-Table Miscellany* in 1724. Mr Alexander Ross, formerly schoolmaster at Lochlee in the county of Forfar, likewise wrote a song on the old model, beginning "There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow," in which he has incorporated several lines of the original verses with those of his own composition, and has spun out the song to nineteen stanzas of eight lines each. The reader who may wish to peruse the whole of Mr Ross's song, which possesses considerable merit, although it is by far too long to be inserted in this work, will find it annexed to his beautiful poem of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," first printed at Aberdeen in 1768. The verses in the *Museum* are an abridgment of Ross's song, it is believed by himself, and are taken from Herd's *Collection* in 1776.

CCCCXL.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

ALTHOUGH the Editor has heard this old song from his earliest infancy, he never saw a correct copy of it in print till it was inserted in the Museum. An imperfect fragment appears in Herd's Collection of 1776. Ramsay has a song in his Miscellany, in 1724, to the same tune, but it is not in his best style. It begins "Tibby has a store of charms," and is entitled "Genty Tibby and Sonsy Nancy," to the tune of "Tibby 'Fowler in the Glen." Since the publication of the Museum, two modern stanzas have appeared in some copies of the old song; but they are easily detected. For instance,

IN came Frank wi' his lang legs,
Gard a' the stair play clitter clatter;
Had awa, young men, he begs,
For, by my sooth, I will be at her.

Fye upon the filthy snort,
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
Fifteen came frae Aberdeen;
There's seven and forty wooing at her.

Fye upon the filthy snort of the man that could write such nonsense. It is really too bad to disfigure our best old songs with such unhallowed trash.

Cromek, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Song," tells us, "that in the trystes of Nithsdale there are many variations of this curious song;" and he accordingly presents his readers with a medley, which he "picked up from a diligent search among the old people of Nithsdale." But any person, by glancing at Cromek's medley, will at once discover his verses to be modern, and totally destitute of the exquisite humour of the original. Indeed, this author unfortunately betrays his own secret; for, after having amused us with his sham verses, he presents his readers with "The old words," which are copied, without the slightest alteration or acknowledgment, from Johnson's Museum.

CCCCXLI.

ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING.

THE air as well as the words of this song, beginning "Blest are the mortals above all," were composed by the late Mr Allan Masterton of Edinburgh, the mutual friend of Burns and the present Editor. He is the Allan, who is celebrated in the song of "Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut," mentioned in a former part of this work. Mr Stephen Clarke, in a note subjoined to the manuscript of the music, says to Johnson, "The words and music of this song are by Mr Allan Masterton. You must get the rest of the words from him." Johnson did so.

CCCCXLII.

THERE'S THREE GUDE FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

THE title and tune are all that remain of the old song, which is taken from Macgibbon's First Collection of Scots Tunes, p. 18. Oswald afterwards printed it under the new title of "There's Three Good Fellows down in yon Glen," in the fifth book of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, p. 1.

The four lines in the Museum, beginning "Its now the day is daw'ing," introduced in the solo, were hastily penned by Burns at the request of the Publisher, who was anxious to have the tune in that work, and the old words could not be discovered. The word *fa' in* is erroneously printed *fain* in the Museum. This beautiful old air, however, well merits a better set of verses than those in the above-mentioned work.

CCCCXLIII.

THE WEE THING, OR MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

THIS charming ballad, beginning "Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing," was written by Hector Macneil, Esq. author of the celebrated poem of "Will and Jean," and several other esteemed works. It first appeared in a periodical publication, entitled "The Bee," printed at Edinburgh in May 1791. Mr Macneil informed the writer of this article, that the tune to which his song is adapted in the Museum is the genuine melody that he intended for the words.

CCCCXLIV.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

THE words and music of this nursery song were communicated by Burns to the publisher of the Museum, in which it first appeared in print; but the bard has left us no hints respecting the history of the song. The late Mr Urbani of Edinburgh, an excellent musician and composer, who was very fond of the melody, afterwards introduced it, with new accompaniments by himself, in the second volume of his valuable Collection of Scottish Songs. Since that period it has always been a favourite. I have heard another verse of this ditty: It runs—

I'VE placed my cradle on yon holly top,
And aye as the wind blew, my cradle did rock;
O hush a ba, baby, O ba lilly loo,
And hee and ba, birdie, my bonnie wee dow.

Hee O! wee O!

What will I do wi' you, &c.

CCCCXLV.

THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.

THIS ballad, beginning "In lovely August last," was originally composed by Mr Thomas D'Urfey, in imitation of, and introduced by him as, a Scottish song, in his comedy of "The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Sisters," acted at London in 1676 with great applause. Mr John Playford afterwards published it with the music in the second volume of his Choice Ayres and Songs, London 1679. It was again printed in Henry Playford's first volume of "Wit and Mirth" in 1698. Allan Ramsay reprinted it in his Tea-Table Miscellany in 1724, as an old song with additions. Ramsay's additions, however, are neither more nor less than alterations of some words in the original song, of which Dufey, from his ignorance of the Scottish dialect, seems neither to have understood the spelling nor the sense. At the request of Johnson, Burns brushed up the three first stanzas of Ramsay's version, and omitted the remainder for an obvious reason.

With regard to the tune, to which the words were originally adapted, it is evidently a florid set of the old simple air of "Willie and Annet," which has lately been published in Albyn's Anthology, under the new title of "Jock of Hazledean, a ballad written by Sir Walter Scott. As the curious reader may wish to compare both tunes; they are here annexed, note for note, with the first stanza of their respective verses.

WILLIE AND ANNET.

LIV'D ance twa lu-vers in yon dale, And they luv'd i-ther

weel; Frae ev'ning late to morning aire, Of luv'ing luv'd their

fill. Now, Willie, gif you luv'e me well, As sae it seems to me, Gar

build, gar build a bonnie schip, Gar build it spee-di-lie.

IN JANUARY LAST,

*An Anglo-Scottish Song in DUFFEY'S Fond Husband, 1676, reprinted in
PLAYFORD'S "Choice Ayres," Book Second, London, 1679.*

IN Ja-nu-a--ry last, on Munnonday at morn, As

I a-long the fields did pass, To view the winter's corn, I

leaked me be-hind, and I saw come ore the knough, Yan

glenting in her apron, with bonny brent brow.

The tune to which Duffey's song, as altered by Burns for the Scots Museum, is adapted, was taken from Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725,) where the whole verses, as altered by Ramsay, may likewise be seen. They have since been reprinted in Herd's Collection, and several others.

CCCCXLVI.

O WALY, WALY!

THIS is merely the first verse of the old song inserted in the second volume of the Museum, page 166, adapted to a different set of the air. With regard to this tune, the Edi-

tor observes the following note on the back of the original manuscript of the music, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke, addressed to the publisher.—“ If you choose to print this song, it is right ; but the alterations are little from the other, and much to the worse in my opinion. I took it down at the late Glenriddel’s desire, and put the bass as it now stands ; but I thought you had had enough of the poor Captain’s variations before.”

CCCCXLVII.

SHE SAYS SHE LO’ES ME BEST OF A’.

THIS song, beginning “ Sae flaxen were her ringlets,” was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an Irish tune, entitled *Onagh’s Waterfall*. Respecting this tune, Burns, in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated Sept. 1794, says, “ The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic muse, to expect that every effort of her’s shall have merit ;” still I think, that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favourite air than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the Scots Musical Museum, and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song to the air above-mentioned, for that work.” [Here follows the song as printed in the Museum.]

CCCCXLVIII.

THE BONNIE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

BURNS wrote this amatory ballad in imitation of the olden style. His model was an old ballad, which tradition affirms to have been composed in an amour of Charles II. with a young lady of the house of Port-Letham, whilst his Majesty was skulking about Aberdeen in the time of the usurpation. It begins—

THERE WAS a lass dwalt in the north,
A bonnie lass of high degree ;
There was a lass whose name was Nell,
A blyther lass you ne’er did see.

O, the bed to me, the bed to me,
The lass that made the bed to me ;

Blythe and bonnie and fair was she,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 &c. &c. &c.

A corrupted version of this ballad, under the title of "The Cumberland Lass," may be seen in Playford's "Wit and Mirth," vol. ii. first edition, London 1700; but neither the air nor the words (although the sense is retained) are genuine. Had the delicacy of this old ballad been equal to its humour, the writer of this article, who has frequently heard it in his youth, would gladly have inserted it in this work; but it is inadmissible, and even Burns' first draught of the imitative verses are not altogether unobjectionable. Of this the bard was afterwards fully sensible, and it is one of those pieces, which, in his letter to Johnson, he says might be amended in a subsequent edition. The following version of the ballad contains the last alterations and corrections of the bard.

WHAN winter's wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the North I bent my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na whare to lodge till day.
 A charming girl I chanc'd to meet,
 Just in the middle o' my care,
 And kindly she did me invite,
 Her father's humble cot to share.
 Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie,
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.
 Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
 Her limbs like marble fair to see;
 A finer form nane ever saw,
 Than her's that made the bed to me.
 She made the bed baith lang and braid,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
 She bade "Gude night," and smiling, said
 "I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'.
 Upon the morrow, whan I raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie;
 A blush cam o'er the comely face
 Of her that made the bed to me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne ;
 The tear stude twinkling in her ee ;
 O dearest maid, gin ye'll be mine,
 Ye ay sall mak' the bed to me.

The air, to which the verses in the Museum are adapted, was communicated by Burns, and is reputed to be very ancient. The musical reader will observe a remarkable coincidence between the first four bars of this tune and the well-known air of "Johnnie Cope." They may possibly be productions of the same minstrel.

CCCCXLIX.

SAE FAR AWA.

THIS song, beginning "O sad and heavy should I part," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a Scots measure, or dancing tune, printed in Aird's Collection, under the title of "Dalkeith Maiden Bridge." The bard's original manuscript of the song is at present in the Editor's possession. Johnson has committed a mistake in printing the seventh line of the first stanza, which mars the sense. In place of "*Gin* body strength" it should be "*Gie* body strength," as in the manuscript.

CCCL.

PUT THE GOWN UPON THE BISHOP.

THIS is a mere fragment of one of these satirical and frequently obscene old songs, composed in ridicule of the Scottish Bishops, about the period of the reformation. The tune and title are preserved in the Collections of Macgibbon, Oswald, and several others.

CCCL.

HALLOW FAIR.—THERE'S FOOTH O' BRAW JOCKIES AND JENNYS.

THIS humorous song was written, and communicated by Robert Ferguson to David Herd, who published it after the poet's decease, in the second volume of his Collection, in 1776. Hallow Fair is held annually at Edinburgh, after the winter Sacrament in November. The verses in the Museum are adapted to an old tune called "Wally Honey," taken

from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, Book vii. page 6.

CCCCLII.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

THIS song, beginning "My dear and only love I pray," was written by James Graham, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, whose great bravery, military talents, and fidelity to his sovereign, Charles I. during the latter period of his reign, place him on a level with the most renowned heroes of antiquity. In his latter days, however, like his royal master, he experienced a sad reverse of fortune. After a gallant but fruitless resistance against Colonel Strachan, an officer of the Scottish Parliament, he took refuge in a remote part of the estate of Macleod of Assint; but Macleod basely betrayed and delivered him up to General Leslie, his most bitter enemy. After a mock trial, for what was called treason, he was condemned to death by the very Parliament who had acknowledged Charles as their lawful king, and under whose commission and orders he had acted. This gallant nobleman was accordingly executed at Edinburgh, with every mark of indignity and revenge that the malice and cruelty of his enemies could suggest, on the 21st May 1650.

The verses in the Museum, though abundantly long for any ordinary song, are only the *first part* of Montrose's ballad; but the curious reader will find the whole of it in Watson's Collection, Book iii. printed at Edinburgh in 1711, or in Herd's Collection, so often referred to, in 1776.

The words in the Museum are adapted to the ancient tune of "Chevy Chace."

CCCCLIH.

MY FATHER HAS FORTY GOOD SHILLINGS.

MR RITSON informs us, that there is an old English ballad, in the black letter, entitled "The Maiden's sad Complaint for want of a Husband; to the *new* west country tune, or, Hough, when shall I be married? By L. W.;" the first, second, and fifth stanzas whereof (for there are fourteen in

all) are either taken from, or have given rise to, the present song. To enable the reader to judge for himself, Mr Ritson annexes the following stanzas, which are copied from his work.

O WHEN shall I be married,
Hogh, be married?
 My beauty begins to decay :
 'Tis time to find out somebody,
Hogh, somebody,
 Before it is quite gone away.

My father hath forty good shillings,
Hogh, good shillings,
 And never a daughter but me :
 My mother is also willing,
Hogh, so willing,
 That I shall have all if she die.

My mother she gave me a ladle,
Hogh, a ladle,
 And that for the present lies by :
 My aunt she hath promised a cradle,
Hogh, a cradle,
 When any man with me does lie.

From the peculiar metre of the third and sixth lines of the second stanza, however, the old black letter ballad quoted by Ritson would appear to have been originally of Scottish origin, for the word *die* is never pronounced *dee* in England as it is in Scotland ; and, moreover, the old tune, which is well known in Scotland, had eluded every research of this diligent antiquarian.

CCCCLIV.

OUR GOODMAN CAME HAME AT E'EN.

THE words of this extremely curious old ballad were recovered by David Herd, and printed in his Collection in 1776. Johnson, the publisher of the Museum, after several unavailing researches, was at length informed, that an old man of the name of Geikie, a hair-dresser in the Candlemaker-row, Edinburgh, sung the verses charmingly, and that the tune was uncommonly fine. Accordingly, he and his friend Mr Clarke took a step to Geikie's lodgings, and invited him to an

inn to crack a bottle with them. They soon made him very merry ; and on being requested to favour them with the song, he readily complied, and sung it with great glee. Mr Clarke immediately took down the notes, and arranged the song for the Museum, in which work the words and music first appeared together in print. Mr Anderson, music engraver in Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship with Mr Johnson, informs me, that Geikie died about four days after the tune was taken down.

Ritson copied the words from Herd's into his own Collection ; but he could not discover the music when that work was printed in 1794.

CCCCLV.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

THIS curious, ironical, and burlesque old song, beginning " O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcolm," was recovered by Yair, and printed in the second volume of his " Charmer" in 1751. It also appears in Herd's Collection in 1776. The tune is to be found in Aird's Collection, and several others. It is evidently the same melody with that called " O fare ye weel my auld Wife." See the song, No 354, in the fourth volume of the Museum.

The song is said to have been composed on a former Baronet of Lochore and his friend Mr Don, who, it is alleged, rather annoyed their bottle companions with the history of their adventures after the glass began to circulate.

CCCCLVI.

MY BONNY LIZAE BAILLIE.

THIS old ballad appears in Herd's Collection in 1776, with the following introductory stanza, which was omitted in the Museum.

" Lizae Baillie's to Gartantane gane
To see her sister Jean,
And there she's met wi' Duncan Graeme,
And he's convoy'd her hame."

The charming old simple melody of one strain, to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, was communicated by

Burns. It is the genuine original air of the song, which has long been a favourite at every farmer's fireside in Scotland. The words and music never appeared together in print, however, until the publication of the Museum. Many other beautiful old airs, and fragments of their original words, still remain uncollected, but continue to be handed down from one generation to another by oral communication. Several of these are well deserving of publication.

CCCCLVII.

THE REEL OF STUMPIE.

THIS fine lively old reel tune wanted words, and Burns supplied the two stanzas, beginning "Wap and row the feetie o't," inserted in the Museum. The tune may be found in the Collections of Aird, Gow, and many others. The Reel of Stumpie was formerly called "Jocky has gotten a Wife," and was selected by Mr Charles Coffey for one of his songs, beginning "And now I am once more set free," in the opera of "The Female Parson, or Beau in the Suds," acted at London 1730.

CCCCLVIII.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

THIS song, as well as the other, beginning "O wat ye wha's in yon town," were both written by Burns for the Museum, the original manuscript of which are in the Editor's possession. Both of the songs were composed in honour of "His Jean," afterwards Mrs Burns. They are adapted to the fine old air called "I'll gang nae mair to yon Town," which was the first line of an old ballad that began thus—

"I'LL gang nae mair to yon town,
O, never a' my life again;
I'll ne'er gae back to yon town
To seek anither wife again."

The tune appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion under the title of "I'll gae nae mair to yon Town," and in Aird's First Book it is called "We'll gang nae mair to yon Town." This air was introduced as a rondo, with variations,

in a Violin Concerto, composed by the late Mr Girolamo Stabellini, and performed by him at Edinburgh with great applause. It has likewise been arranged as a lesson, with variations for the piano-forte, by Butler, and several other musicians.

CCCCCLIX.

WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?

THIS ballad was furnished by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old reel, printed in Bremner's Collection in 1764, entitled "Will ye go and marry, Kettie?"

At the foot of his manuscript, Burns, in a note to Johnson, says, "You will find this tune in Neil Gow's, and several other Collections. The bard alludes to Gow's Second Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. in which the tune appears under the name of "Marry Ketty."

CCCCCLX.

BLUE BONNETS.

THIS fine old pastoral air appears in the modern part of Mrs Crockat's Manuscript Music-book, dated 1709, under the title of "Blew Bonnetts." It is also printed in Macgibbon and Oswald's Collections.

As the old words could not be found, Burns wrote two songs to the tune; the first begins "Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?" and the second, "Powers celestial! whose protection." Both songs are printed in the Museum. In a note to Johnson, Burns says, "See Macgibbon's Collection, where you will find the tune. Let this song follow, 'Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?'"

In any future edition of the Museum, the title of the song should be "Wherefore Sighing," or "Powers Celestial," written by Burns to the tune of "Blue Bonnets;" because the present title has no relation whatever to the words of either of the songs.

CCCCCLXI.

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNY.

THIS fragment of an ancient song, beginning "It's whis-

per'd in parlour, it's whisper'd in ha," together with the elegant original little air of one strain, to which the words are adapted, were recovered by Burns, and transmitted to Johnson for his Museum. This song is to be found in no other work.

CCCCLXII.

THE RANTIN LADDIE.

THIS old ballad, beginning "Aften hae I play'd at cards and the dice," as well as the original air, were also communicated by Burns to the publisher of the Museum. The chasm which appears near the conclusion of the ballad ought to be filled up, by restoring the two following lines:—

As to gar her sit in father's kitchen neuk,
And balow a bastard babie.

Johnson, in place of the word *balow*, (that is, *to hush* or *sing to sleep*), has printed it *below*. This error destroys the sense, and should therefore be corrected.

CCCCLXIII.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOWN.

THE humorous song, beginning "What think ye o' the scornfu' quine?" was written and composed by the late Mr Alexander Robertson, engraver, Edinburgh, who for a long time played the music bells of the High Church in that city. He likewise for many years engraved most of the landscapes which embellished the Edinburgh Magazine. The words are adapted to the "Orchall Strathspey" in Aird's Collection, vol. iii. p. 193.

CCCCLXIV.

O MAY, THY MORN.

This song was written by Burns for the Museum. The air was likewise communicated by the bard; but it is evidently a slight variation of the ancient tune called "Andro and his Cutty Gun," inserted in a former part of the work. Burns' manuscripts of the music and words are in the Editor's possession.

CCCCLXV.

MY MINNIE SAYS I MANNA.

THIS air is taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, where it is inserted under the title of "My Mother says I maun not." Dr Pepush arranged this tune as the melody of one of Gay's songs in "The Beggar's Opera," 1728, to be sung by Polly, beginning "I like a ship in storms was tost." Another English song, to the same tune, appears in the sixth volume of the Pills, edited by T. Durfey, in 1719.

The words in the Museum are only a fragment of the old Scottish song, which is rather a coarse one, and on that account Johnson would not insert any more of it. The air, however, well merits good verses.

CCCCLXVI.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

Tune.—"The Banks of Helicon."

THIS very singular ballad, beginning "About ane bank, with balmy bewis," was written by Captain Alexander Montgomery, who is denominated by Lord Hailes, as "The elegant author of the Cherrie and Slae." This ballad was written prior to the year 1568, as it is inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, compiled of that date, now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Captain Montgomery married the youngest daughter of Hugh, third Earl of Eglinton. His poetical talents procured him the patronage and friendship of his sovereign James VI. who was pleased to notice some of his verses, and this ballad in particular, in a work published by its royal author in 1584, under the title of "The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poetry. The period of Montgomery's death is uncertain, though it is supposed he died about the year 1600. Most of his poetical compositions are preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript. There is, likewise, a manuscript volume of his poems in the College Library of Edinburgh.

The ingenious Mr Tytler, in his "Dissertation on Scottish Song," observes, that the Cherrie and the Slae, as well

as a poem of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father of the famous Secretary Maitland, ancestor of the Earls of Lauderdale, is directed to be sung to the tune of "The Banks of Helicon." "This must have been a well-known tune," he continues, "upwards of two hundred years ago, as it was sung to such popular words; but it is now lost. It cannot exist in other words, as the metrical stanza of 'The Cherrie and the Slae' is so particular, that I know of no air at this day that could be adapted to it."

Mr Tytler, however, was not correct in asserting the tune to be lost, for it is preserved in several old manuscripts. In one of the volumes of Thomas Wode's manuscript of the Psalms of David, set to music in four parts by Andrew Blackhall, Andrew Kemp, Dean John Angus, and others, in the College Library of Edinburgh, which was mostly transcribed between the years 1560 and 1566 (as is instructed by another volume of the same work, belonging to Mr Blackwood, bookseller in Edinburgh), the counter-tenor part of this tune is inserted near the end, under the title of "About the Bankis of Helicon—Blakehall;" and in another manuscript of the same period, now in the Editor's possession, there is a copy of the tenor part of the tune, under the same title.

This Andrew Blakehall (or Blackhall, for his name is variously spelled), appears to have been an eminent musician. Several of his "Gude ballats" are inserted in the manuscripts alluded to. He is designated "Minister of God's word at Mussleburgh." The transcriber, Thomas Wode, styles himself "Vicar of Sanctandrous." Another copy of the tune "About the Bankis of Helicon," is preserved in a manuscript which formerly belonged to the Rev. Mr Cranstoun, minister of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and afterwards to Dr John Leyden. A printed copy of the music likewise appears in Campbell's Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, Edinburgh 1798, and another in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. iii. Edinburgh 1802. These two

printed copies agree with the old manuscript almost note for note, but the tune in the museum is that handed down by oral communication. The reader is here presented with a genuine copy of the music, in modern notation, but crotchets and quavers are substituted for the lozenge-shaped minims and crotchets in the manuscript, and bars are introduced for dividing the measure, which are omitted in the ancient copies.

THE BANKS OF HELICON.

From a MS. in 1566.

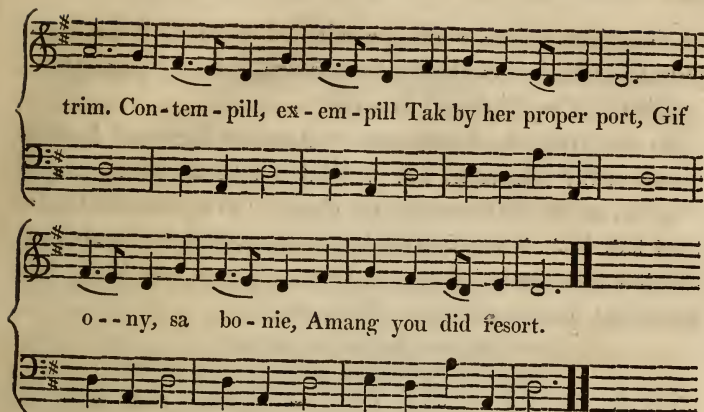
DECLARE, ye banks of He-li-con, Par-nas-sus hill and

daills ilk one, And fountain Ca-bel-lein, Gif o-ny of your

Muses all, Or Nymphis, may be pe-re-gall Un-to my la-dy

schein; Or if the la-dies that did lave Their bo-dies by your

brim, So seimlie wer, or yet so suave, So beau-ti-ful or



No, no. Forsuith wes never none
 That with this perfect paragon,
 In bewtie might compair.
 The Muses wald have given the grec
 To her, as to the *A per see*,
 And peirles perle preclair.
 Thinking with admiration
 Her persone so perfyte.
 Nature in hir creatioun,
 To form hir tuik delyte.
 Confess then, express then
 Your nymphes and all thair race,
 For bewtie, of dewtie
 Sould yield and give hir place.

This poem was probably composed on the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. It would exceed our limits to give the whole words, consisting of nine additional stanzas in the same hyperbolic style; but the original is preserved in the Pepys' Collection in the University of Cambridge. The poem may also be seen in Pinkerton's Maitland Collection, and in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, with the Musical Notes, vol. iii. p. 185 *et seq.*

CCCCLXVII.

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

THE first stanza of this song is old, the second stanza was written by Burns, and Johnson, accordingly, marked it with the letter Z, to shew that it was an old song with additions

or alterations. The words are adapted to an air taken from Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i, page 12th, entitled “The Highland Lassie.”

In the *Reliques*, Burns says, “Another Highland Laddie is also in the Museum, vol. v. which I take to be Ramsay’s original, as he has borrowed the chorus ‘O my bonnie Highland lad, &c.’ It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus, and has humour in its composition;—it is an excellent, but somewhat licentious, song. It begins,

As I cam o’er the Cairney mount,
And down among the blooming heather, &c.

This air, and the common *Highland Laddie*, seem only to be different *sets*.”

Our bard, however, was mistaken in supposing the air of this song to be Ramsay’s original Highland Laddie. The Highland Laddie, to which Ramsay’s words and the old chorus are adapted, is printed in *The Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. It consists of one simple strain, as has been mentioned in a former part of this work, and is now annexed.

THE AULD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

O MY bon-nie bon-nie High-land lad-die, O my

bonnie bonnie Highland lad-die; When I was sick, and like to

die, He row'd me in his Highland plaidy.

The verses written by Ramsay are inserted in the first volume of the Museum, pages 22, and 23; but the reader, upon comparing the airs of the old “Highland Laddie,” and “As I came o’er the Cairney Mount,” will easily see that they are quite different tunes.

CCCCCLXVIII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THIS song, beginning “The bonniest lad that ere I saw,” was compiled by Burns from some Jacobite verses, entitled “The Highland Lad and Lawland Lassie,” printed in the celebrated “Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. 1750.” The original verses are annexed; and, upon comparing these with the words in the Museum, the reader will at once discover the share that Burns had in this remodelled song.

THE HIGHLAND LAD AND LAWLAND LASSIE.

(A DIALOGUE.)

TUNE.—“*If thou’lt play me fair play.*”

1.

THE cannons roar and trumpets sound,

Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,

And a’ the hills wi’ Charles resound,

Bonnie Lawland lassie.

Glory, honour, now invite,

Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,

For freedom and my king to fight,

Bonnie Lawland lassie.

2.

In vain you strive to sooth my pain,

Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

With that much long’d for glorious name,

Bonny Highland laddie.

I, too, fond maid, gave you a heart,

Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

With which you now so freely part,

Bonnie Highland laddie.

3.

No passion can with me prevail,

Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,

When king and country’s in the scale,

Bonnie Lawland lassie.

Though this conflict in my soul,

Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,

Tells me love too much does rule,

Bonnie Lawland lassie.

4.

Ah! dull pretence—I'd sooner die,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Than see you thus inconstant fly,
Bonnie Highland laddie ;
 And leave me to th' insulting crew,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Of Whiggs to mock for trusting you,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

5.

Tho', Jenny, I my leave maun take,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 I never will my love forsake,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Be now content—no more repine,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For James shall reign, and ye'se be mine,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

6.

While thus abandon'd to my smart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 To one more fair ye'll give your heart,
Bonnie Highland laddie ;
 And what still gives me greater pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Death may for ever you detain,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

7.

None else shall ever have a share,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 But you and honour, of my care,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 And death no terror e'er can bring,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 While I am fighting for my king,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

8.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere ought thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 My fondness shall no more controul,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Your generous and heroic soul,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

9.

Your charms and sense, your noble mind,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 Wou'd make the most abandon'd kind,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

For you and Charles I'd freely fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 No object else can give delight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

10.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 And when victorious, you shall find,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 A Jenny constant to your mind,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Another Jacobite song, to the same tune, appears in the work just quoted, which we also annex for the gratification of such as are curious in these matters.

“IF THOU'LT PLAY ME FAIR PLAY.”

1.

If thou'lt play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Another year for thee I'll stay,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 For a' the lasses hereabouts,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Marry none but Geordie's louts,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

2.

The time shall come when their bad choice,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 They will repent, and we rejoice,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 I'd take thee in thy Highland trews,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Before the rogues that wear the blues,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

3.

Our torments from no cause do spring,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 But fighting for our lawful king,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Our king's reward will come in time,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And constant Jenny shall be thine,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

4.

There's no distress that earth can bring,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 But I'd endure for our true king,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 And were my Jenny but my own,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 I'd undervalue Geordie's crown,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.

The air to which the foregoing songs are adapted is very spirited. It appears without a name in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 36, under a slow air called "The Highland Laddie." But the old appellation of the air was "Cockle Shells," and was known in England during the usurpation of Cromwell, for it is printed in Playford's "Dancing Master," first edition, in 1657. The Jacobites, as has already been observed, composed no new tunes, but adapted their songs to such airs as were well-known favourites of the public.

In the Reliques, Burns, alluding to this tune, says, "another Highland Laddie, also in the Museum, vol. v. is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines:

"Whare hae ye been a' day,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Down the back o' Bell's brae,
 Courtin' Maggie, courtin' Maggie."

CCCCLXIX.

CHRONICLE OF THE HEART.

THIS ballad, beginning "How often my heart has been by love overthrown," was written by the Rev. Dr Thomas Blacklock. The verses are adapted to the tune called "Gingling Geordie," which seems to be an old Highland pibroch. Indeed, it has such a striking resemblance to the air published in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, under the title of "Pioberachd Mhic Dhoniul," and lately reprinted with variations in Albyn's Anthology, vol. i. with the title of "Pibroch of Donald Dubh," that there can scarcely be a doubt as to the locality of the air.

CCCCCLXX.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

THIS charming little song was written by Burns for the Museum. It is adapted to the first strain of an old strathspey, called "The Souter's Daughter." Burns, in a note annexed to the words says, "tune *The Souter's Daughter* N. B.—It is only the first part of the tune to which the song is to be set."

The Souter's Daughter is printed in Bremner's Collection of Reels, in 1764. It also appears in Niel Gow and Son's Collection, and in several others.

CCCCCLXXI.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

This song, beginning "O Lovely Polly Stewart," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old favourite tune, called "Miss Stewart's Reel," to which some Jacobite verses, written about the year 1748, were adapted when the tune received the new name of "You're Welcome Charlie Stewart." These verses were printed in the Collection of Loyal Songs, Poems, &c. 1750, and are now annexed to give the reader an idea of the spirit of those times.

CHORUS.

*You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stewart,
There's none so right as thou art.*

Had I the power as I've the will,
I'd make thee famous by my quill,
Thy foes I'd scatter, take, and kill,
From *Billingsgate* to *Duart*.

You're welcome, &c.

Thy sympathising complaisance
Made thee believe intriguing France ;
But woe is me for thy mischance !
Which saddens every true heart.

You're welcome, &c.

Hadst thou Culloden battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun
By *Lockhart* and such cowards.

You're welcome, &c.

Kind Providence, to thee a friend,
A lovely maid did timely send,
To save thee from a fearful end,
Thou charming Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

Great glorious prince, we firmly pray,
That she and we may see the day,
When Britons all with joy shall say,
You're welcome Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirst and hunger after blood,
Just Heaven will preserve the good
To fight for Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

When e'er I take a glass of wine,
I drink confusion to the swine;
But health to him that will combine
To fight for Charlie Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

The ministry may Scotland maul,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
For liberty and Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

Then haste, ye Britons, and set on
Your lawful king upon the throne;
To Hanover we'll drive each one
Who will not fight for Stewart.

You're welcome, &c.

CCCCLXXII.

THE HIGHLAND BALOW.

THIS curious song, beginning "Hee balow, my sweet wee Donald," is a versification, by Burns, of a Gaelic nursery song, the literal import of which, as well as the air, were communicated to him by a Highland lady. The bard's original manuscript is in the Editor's possession.

Cromek, in his "Select Scottish Songs," vol. i. p. 73, has copied this song without acknowledgment from the Museum; and he thus introduces it to his readers:—"The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began

their nightly depredations, was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition ; and it has been remarked, that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a *Michaelmas-moon* is proverbial ; and, by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn, (the moon,) these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. Nay, to this day a Highlander, that is not a sturdy moralist, does not deem it a very great crime to *lift* (such is the phrase) a sheep now and then. If the reader be curious to contemplate one of these heroes *in the cradle*, he may read the following Highland balow or nursery song. It is wildly energetic, and strongly characteristic of the rude and uncultivated manners of the Border Islands."

HEE, balow, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture of the great Clanronald ;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie cragie,
An thou live, thou'll steal a nagie ;
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur—
Herry the lowns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

CCCCXXIII.

AULD KING COUL.

THIS humorous old ballad appears in Herd's Collection, in 1776, under the title of " Old King Coul." The version in the Museum was furnished by Burns. It is, however, almost verbatim the same as Herd's copy. Auld King Coul was the fabled father of the giant Fyn M'Coule. The following account of this latter personage is given by HECTOR BOETIUS, as translated by BELLENDYNE :—" It is said, that FYN MAC-COULE, the sonne of COELUS, *Scottisman*, was in thir days (of KYNG EUGENIUS, fifth century) ane man of huge sta-

ture, of seventeen cubits hycht. He was ane gret hunter, rycht terrybill for his huge quantitie to the pepyll, of quhom *ar mony vulgar fabyllis amang us*, nocht unlyke to thir fabyllis that *ar rehersit* of KYNG ARTHURE. But becaus his dedis is nocht authorist by *autentic* authoris, I will rehers nathyng thairof, bot declare the remanent gestis of KYNG EUGENIUS."

Bishop Lesley's account (*anno 1570*) is in these words:—"Multorum opinio est, FINNANUM quondam, Coeli filium, nostra lingua FYN-MAC-COUL dictum, ingentis magnitudinis virum, ea tempeste (A. D. 430) apud *nostros* vixisse, et tanquam ex veterum gigantum stirpe exortum."

The reader will find a curious description of the great Fyn MacCoule and his gigantic wife, in Sir David Lindsay's interlude of the Droichs. It is the very quintessence of absurdity. The following verse of it may suffice. Of Fyn MacCoule, it is said—

HE had a wyfe was mekile of clift,
Hir heid was heichar nor the lyft;
The hevin rerdit when she wad rift;
The lass wes nothing schlender.

Scho spatt Loch Lowmond with her lippis;
Thunder and fire flawght flew fra her hippis,
Quhan scho was crabbit, the sone-tho'd clippis,
The feynd durst nocht offend her.

The well-known English song of "Four-and-twenty Fiddlers all in a Row," which first appeared in the sixth volume of the "Pills," in 1712, is evidently a parody of this ballad of Auld King Coul.

CCCCLXXIV.

THE RINAWAY BRIDE.

THIS comic song, beginning "A laddie and a lassie dwelt in the south countrie," is preserved in Yair's Collection, vol. ii. Edinburgh, 1751, and in Herd's Collection, 1776. The lively air to which the words are adapted, was communicated to Mr Clarke by a gentleman from Roxburghshire, who sung the song with great humour and spirit.

CCCCCLXXV.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MEAL.

THIS fine old tune was originally called "The Killogie;" but the words beginning "A lad and a lassie lay in a Killo-gie," are inadmissible. In 1688, Lord Newbottle, eldest son of William Ker, Earl of Lothian, afterwards created Earl of Ancram and Marquis of Lothian, wrote a satirical song on the Revolution, which was adapted to the same air. It was called "Cakes of Crowdy." A copy of this curious production may be seen in the first volume of Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*. Another song to the same tune, beginning "Bannocks of bear-meal and bannocks of barley," is still sung, but it possesses little merit. Burns wrote the stanzas in the *Museum* in the *Jacobite* style, in which he interwove the latter title of the song with the new words.

Cromek, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Songs," has the following remark:—"In the Scots Musical Museum there is but one verse and a half preserved of this song. One is surprised and incensed, to see so many fine songs shorn of their very best verses for fear they should exceed the bounds of a page. The editor (Cromek) has collected the two last heart-rousing verses, which he believes will complete the song." Here they are:

AND claw'd their back at Falkirk's fairly,
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks of barley?
 Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie,
 An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly,
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

If Cromek, or his Nithsdale friends who furnished him with the *old songs* for that work, had only looked into the *Museum*, they would have observed, that the chorus is repeated to the *first* strain of the air, and the two remaining lines to the *last*,—so that Burns' words are quite complete, and re-

quire the tune to be sung twice over. Nay more, they would have discovered that there was plenty of room on the plate, had Burns chosen to write a verse or two more. It is therefore to be hoped, for the credit of our bard, that his verses will never be united to the trash that Cromek has endeavoured to palm upon the country as the remnant of what he calls a heart-rousing old song.

It is a curious fact, that Oswald has inadvertently copied the air twice in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. In the third volume of that work, it is printed under the title of "Bannocks of Bear-meal;" and, in the sixth volume, it again appears under the name of "There was a Lad and a Lass in a Killogie," from the first line of the old indelicate words alluded to.

CCCCCLXXVI.

WAE IS MY HEART.

THIS simple old air of one strain was recovered by Burns, and transmitted to the Editor of the Museum, alongst with the three beautiful stanzas written by himself, to which the tune is adapted. The original manuscripts of the melody, and Burns' verses to it, are in the possession of the Editor.

CCCCCLXXVII.

THERE WAS A SILLY SHEPHERD SWAIN.

THIS old ballad was taken from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Songs*, vol. ii. Edinburgh, 1776. In the third volume of Playford's *Wit and Mirth*, first edition, in 1702, there is a ballad, beginning "There was a knight, and he was young," in which, though the hero is of higher degree than the silly shepherd swain in the Scottish ballad, yet the leading incidents, and even some of the stanzas, are so similar, that the one must have been borrowed from the other. For instance,

THERE was a knight, and he was young,
A riding along the way, Sir,
And there he met a lady fair
Among the cocks of hay, Sir.

* * * * *

So he mounted her upon a milk-white steed
Himself upon another ;
And then they rid upon the road
Like sister and like brother.

And when she came to her father's house,
Which was moated round about, Sir,
She stepped straight within the gate,
And shut this young knight out, Sir.
* * * *

If you meet a lady fair
As you go by the hill, Sir,
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, Sir.

The English ballad is adapted to the old Scottish tune called " Boyne Water."

CCCCLXXVIII.

KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

THE words of this song, beginning " Robin is my only jo," are taken from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, printed in 1776. There is a much older set of verses to the same air, however, but they are not quite fit for insertion.

In the " Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence," which was written in the year 1692, it is said, that Mr James Kirkton, in October last, preaching on hymns and spiritual songs, told the people—there be four kinds of songs—profane songs, malignant, allowable, and spiritual songs ; as,

My mother sent me to the well—
She had better gane hersell ;
For what I gat I darna tell,
But kind Robin loes me.

This author of the Presbyterian Eloquence, however, was incorrect in giving these four lines as a verse of " Kind Robin loes me," for the three first lines belong to an old song called " Whistle o'er the Lave o't," which may be seen

in Herd's Collection above referred to. The old words of "Kind Robin loes me" begin thus:

*Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin loes me.*

Robin, Robin, let me be
Until I win the nourrice fee;
And I will spend it a' wi' thee,
For kind Robin loes me.
&c. &c. &c.

The following beautiful verses to the same tune, which is one of our best melodies, were published in the "Vocal Magazine," printed by Charles Stewart and Co. at Edinburgh in 1798.

1.

COME all ye souls devoid of art,
Who take in virtue's cause a part,
And give me joy of Robin's heart,
For kind Robin lo'es me.
O happy, happy was the hour
And blest the dear delightful bow'r,
Where first I felt love's gentle pow'r,
And knew that Robin lo'ed me.

2.

O witness ev'ry bank and brae!
Witness, ye streams, that thro' them play!
And ev'ry field and meadow gay,
That kind Robin lo'es me!
Tell it, ye birds, from ev'ry tree!
Breathe it, ye winds, o'er ilka lea!
Ye waves, proclaim from sea to sea,
That kind Robin lo'es me!

3.

The winter's cot, the summer's shield,
The freezing snaw, the flow'ry field,
Alike to me true pleasures yield,
Since kind Robin lo'es me.
For world's gear I'll never pine,
Nor seek in gay attire to shine;
A kingdom's mine if Robin's mine,
The lad that truly lo'es me.

CCCCLXXIX.

WE'LL PUT THE SHEEP HEAD IN THE PAT.

THIS is merely a fragment of an old silly ballad, which was printed in the sixth volume of "Wit and Mirth," London 1712. It consists of six stanzas, beginning "Poor Sandy had marry'd a wife;" but they are not worth the transcribing.

CCCCLXXX.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

THIS short song, of two stanzas, beginning "Although my back be at the wa'," was written by Burns. The words are adapted to a tune, called "The Job of Journey Work," in Aird's Collection, vol. iii. The song has a jocular allusion to the situation of Mrs Burns previous to her marriage with the bard. *See Currie's Life of Burns, vol. i.*

CCCCLXXXI.

THE MAID GAED TO THE MILL.

THIS foolish song was copied from Herd's Collection, and adapted to the old air of "John Anderson, my Jo." Many similar double-meaning ditties occur in Playford's Wit and Mirth, and Herd's version seems to have been compiled from one of them.

CCCCLXXXII.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THIS fine old ballad, beginning "The King sits in Dumfermline town," has been a favourite in Scotland for many generations. Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," vol. i. printed in 1765, published a copy of it under the title of "Sir Patrick Spence, a Scottish ballad, from two M.S. copies transmitted from Scotland." "In what age (continues this learned editor) the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened, that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to

discover ; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my observation." *Percy's Reliques*, vol. i. p. 71.

Though history is silent respecting some incidents of the ballad, uniform tradition is not. Alexander III. of Scotland, (whose favourite residence was at Dunfermline,) having the misfortune, before his decease, to lose his queen and all his children, assembled a parliament at Scoone in 1284, when it was settled, that, in the event of his death, the crown of Scotland should descend to his grand-daughter Margaret, styled by historians, "*The Maid of Norway*," who was the only child of Eric, King of Norway, by his Queen Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. Anxious to see his grand-daughter and successor, he despatched one of his ablest sea-captains, Sir Patrick Spens, to Norway, accompanied by several Scottish nobles, to fetch the young princess to Scotland. King Eric, however, after various procrastinations, refused to allow his daughter to embark, and Sir Patrick Spens, on returning, at a late season of the year, from this fruitless expedition, was shipwrecked in a hurricane off the coast of Scotland, and all on board perished.

In the mean time, Edward I. of England conceived the idea of marrying his eldest son, Edward Prince of Wales, to the heiress of Scotland, a measure equally agreeable to Alexander and the Scots nobles ; for by this marriage the two kingdoms would have been united, and those bloody and destructive wars, which afterwards desolated both kingdoms for three centuries, would, in all probability, never have taken place ; but Providence had otherwise decreed it. Alexander III. being accidentally killed by a fall from his horse near Pettycur, the Scottish parliament despatched Sir David Wemyss and Sir Michael Scott on a second expedition, to receive their young queen, but the death of the Maid of Norway totally ruined a scheme concerted between England and Scotland, which

might have been productive of the most beneficial consequences to both kingdoms.

“ It is somewhat remarkable (says Arnot, in his History of Edinburgh) that there are but three celebrated captains mentioned in Scottish story, Sir Patrick Spens, Sir Andrew Wood, and Andrew Barton, of whom the two first perished in storms, the last in a naval engagement with the English.” Scotland, indeed, appears to have been almost destitute of a navy at this period ; nor did the habits of the people, in these times, dispose them to follow maritime affairs. Hence the insufficiency of their ships, their ignorance of naval tactics, and the liability to shipwreck in rough seas. Even so late as the reign of James III. it was enacted, “ That there be nae schip fraughted out of the realm, with ony staple gudes, frae the feast of Simon’s and Jude’s day, unto the feast of the purification of our lady, called Candlemas,” (that is to say, from the 28th of October to the 2d of February thereafter,) under the penalty of £5. And this penalty was raised to £20 in the reign of his grand-son James V. What a miserably picture of the state of the naval tactics and commerce of Scotland in these days !

Bishop Percy informs us, that “ in some modern copies, instead of Sir Patrick Spens, hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral, who flourished in the time of Edward IV. but whose story has nothing in common with this ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.”—*Percy’s Reliques*.

The copy of the ballad in the Museum is exactly the same as that inserted in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, which has been elegantly translated into the German language by Professor Herden, in a work entitled the “ *Volk Leider*.” It has since been printed, with additions, in Sir Walter Scott’s *Minstrelsy of the Border*, vol. i.

CCCCLXXXIII.

THE WREN, OR LENNOX'S LOVE TO BLANTYRE.

THIS old *Nursery Song*, beginning "The wren scho lies in care's bed," was taken from Herd's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*. The words are adapted to the beautiful air called "Lennox's Love to Blantyre," which is frequently played as a dancing-tune. This tune is modelled from the air called "O dear Mother what shall I do."

CCCCLXXXIV.

GUDE WALLACE.

THIS old ballad, commemorating some real or supposed achievements of "the hero of Scotland," was recovered by Burns, and transmitted, alongst with the melody (taken down from oral communication) to the publisher of the Museum. The bards MSS. of the music and the words are in the possession of the editor.

That the heroic Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie, near Paisley, was the subject of many songs and ballads, though now, perhaps, irrecoverably lost, cannot be doubted; for some of them are expressly referred to as evidence of this historical fact in Fordon's *Scotichronicon*, vol. ii. page 176. That in the Museum, beginning "O for my ain king, quo' gude Wallace," is the only ballad relating to the actions of this hero that the Editor has either met with or heard sung. It is, however, evidently imperfect, and has no doubt suffered greatly, in passing, by oral recitation, from one generation to another. The leading incidents of the ballad are nevertheless corroborated by a similar account in *Blind Henry the Minstrel's Metrical Life of the Acts and Deeds of Wallace*, book v.

Many of the adventures and exploits related by this ancient minstrel, however, have been reckoned apocryphal, and even apparently supernatural. The destruction of the early historical records of Scotland unfortunately leaves the truth or

falsehood of these traditional relations in a great measure undecided. But we have sufficient evidence to convince us, that Wallace possessed uncommon strength and activity of body ; a constitution capable of enduring the most severe privations and fatigue ; a mind at once firm, bold, and energetic ; he not only delivered his country from the oppression and tyranny of Edward I., but likewise made severe retaliations on the dominions of that monarch. He became the scourge and terror of the English, who watched every opportunity to destroy him. Notwithstanding his eminent and glorious services in behalf of Scotland, he was, at length, treacherously betrayed by his countryman, Sir John Menteith, and delivered into the hands of the relentless and cruel Edward, who basely murdered the gallant hero, in the year 1303.—All these facts are on record, and it is not quite fair to disregard traditional relations, in so far, at least, as they do not appear inconsistent with probability. Indeed, many other equally miraculous exploits of the Scottish hero have been handed down by tradition, and are still current among the peasantry in England, with whom Wallace could scarcely be thought to be a favourite.

CCCCLXXXV.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

THE words and air of this comic old song were composed by Patrick Birnie of Kinghorn, a celebrated musician and rhymer of his day. It is probably as old as 1660. Ramsay, in one of his poems printed in 1721, entitled “Elegy on Patie Birnie,” says,

YOUR honour's father, dead and gane,
 For him he first wad make his mane,
 But soon his face cou'd make ye fain,
 When he did sough ;
O wiltu, wiltu, do't again ?
 And gran'd and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke, "*The auld man's mare's dead—
 The peats and turfs and a's to lead ;*"
 O fy upon her!
 A bonny *auld thing* this indeed,
 An't like your honour.

CCCCLXXXVI.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. It begins "But lately seen in gladsome green." He likewise communicated the plaintive air to which his verses are adapted. It is apparently borrowed from the English tune of Chevy-Chace, in Dale's Collection.

CCCCLXXXVII.

GOOD MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS.

THE words of this song were taken from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs in 1776. The original air, which is really beautiful, was communicated to Mr Clarke by a gentleman who sung the song with much pathos and feeling.—Mr Ritson copied the words into his Collection, and left blank lines for the music, as he was unable to discover the genuine air. The words and music first appeared together in the Museum, but the song is known to be pretty ancient.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

THIS popular Scottish ballad, beginning "As I came in by Auchindown," was long hacked about among the stalls before it found its way into any regular collection. Ritson published it with the musical notes in his Scottish Songs, in 1794, and he subjoins the following paragraph with regard to it: "No notice is taken of this battle in the history of Montrose's wars, nor does any mention of it elsewhere occur. The only action known to have happened at Cromdale, a village in Inverness-shire, was long after Montrose's time."

This explanation, however, is neither accurate nor satisfactory. Cromdale is an extensive parish, nearly equally situ-

ated in the counties of Inverness and Moray. Its length is fully twenty, and its breadth, in some places, nearly twelve miles. Though the appearance of the country is somewhat bleak, and the soil in general thin and arid, yet the haughs, or low grounds, on the banks of the river Spey are very fertile. In this parish, the covenant forces at first obtained a slight advantage over the Highlanders, but were soon thereafter routed with great slaughter.

With respect to the ballad, it seems either to have been written at a later period than the events which it is intended to record took place, or else, it has been imperfectly transmitted by oral communication. The old name of the tune, as appears from a manuscript of it in the Editor's possession, was "Wat ye how the Play began?" and this is likewise the title of it in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion. Besides, the troops which were raised by the Lords of the Covenant to oppose Montrose were not styled Cromwell's men, as they are denominated in the last stanza of the ballad, although that appellation not long thereafter came to be bestowed on the parliament armies which combated the royal forces.

But to return to the ballad. After taking Dundee by assault, the Marquis of Montrose delivered up that ill-fated town and neighbourhood to be pillaged by his ferocious and blood-thirsty troops. The approach of the "Army of the Covenant," however, under the command of Generals Baillie and Urrey, put a stop to these ravages, and compelled Montrose to retreat upwards of sixty miles, and to take shelter amongst the mountains of Perthshire. Baillie and Urrey having afterwards imprudently divided their forces, the latter pushed forward his division to Cromdale, where he surprised and routed some Highlanders under the command of Alexander M'Donald, a firm royalist, and staunch adherent of Montrose, from his earliest career. As soon as Montrose obtained intelligence of this event, and of the separation of the Covenant forces, he commenced a most rapid and dexterous march

from Loch Katrine to the heart of Inverness-shire, and on the 4th May 1645, having come up with the troops under the command of Urrey at the village of Aulder, he defeated them with prodigious slaughter, although his forces scarcely amounted to the half of those of his opponent. Baillie, who was a veteran and skilful officer, now advanced to Strathbogie to revenge Urrey's defeat; but he experienced a similar disaster, the greater part of his men being left dead on the field in the vicinity of Alford. Encouraged by these brilliant successes, Montrose now descended into the low country, and fought another bloody and decisive battle near Kilsyth, where 6000 covenanters fell under the Highland claymores. These splendid victories at length opened the whole of Scotland to Montrose, and Charles I., as a reward for his services, appointed him Captain-general and Deputy-governor of that kingdom, upon which he summoned a Parliament to meet at Glasgow, on the 29th October 1645. But neither Charles nor Montrose were destined long to enjoy the fruits of these victories, for the former had the misfortune to be brought to the scaffold by his rebellious subjects, on 30th January 1649, and Montrose, after having been defeated by General Leslie at Philliphau, in the county of Selkirk, and afterwards by Colonel Strachan in the county of Ross, shared a similar fate at Edinburgh, on the 21st May 1650.

In excuse for the Scots, it must be remembered, that the bloody battle of Kilsyth, where 6000 brave but inexperienced soldiers fell a sacrifice while fighting for their religion, the freedom of conscience, and the liberties of their country, combined with the cruelties which Montrose had committed on the inhabitants of Dundee and in various other parts of Scotland, *were still fresh in the minds of his antagonists*. Nor was Montrose himself free from the guilt of murder and apostacy. For, at first he joined the covenanters, and in his zeal forced the inhabitants of Aberdeen to take the covenant; he even crossed the Tweed in 1640,

and routed the vanguard of the King's cavalry. Yet, in 1643, he abandoned the religious tenets he had sworn to adhere to, espoused the royal cause, and delivered up the town of Aberdeen to destruction and pillage, in order to expiate the very principles which he himself had formerly imposed upon them. Montrose was undoubtedly one of the most able and brave generals that ever existed, but his memory will ever be tarnished by the horrid acts of cruelty and oppression which he exercised on his unfortunate countrymen.

CCCCCLXXXIX.

NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THIS humorous ballad, beginning "I chanc'd to meet an airy blade," was copied from Yair's Charmer, vol. ii. p. 347, printed at Edinburgh in 1751. It also appears in Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs. Ritson likewise inserted it in his Collection in 1784, and left blank lines for the music, as he could not discover the tune. But the late James Balfour, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh, who was a charming singer of Scottish songs, obligingly communicated the original melody, which enabled the publisher of the Museum to present both the words and music to the public for the first time in that work.

The Editor is credibly informed, that this ballad was written by the late Rev. Mr Nathaniel Mackay, minister of Cross-Michael, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

CCCCXC.

THE TAILOR.

THIS jocose effusion of Burns, beginning "For weel he kend the way, O," was written on purpose for the Museum. The words are adapted to an old reel tune in Bremner's Collection, 1764, entitled "The Drummer." This tune was selected by Mr O'Keefe, for one of his songs in the comic

opera of “The Poor Soldier,” which was first acted in Covent Garden in 1783. It begins, “Dear Kathleen, you no doubt.”

CCCCXCI.

THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

THIS exquisitely comic and humorous Scottish ballad, beginning “There was a wee bit wifeikie, and she gaed to the fair,” was written by Dr Alexander Geddes, a catholic clergyman, author of *Lewie Gordon*, and several other poetical pieces of merit.

The words of the song are adapted to a Highland strathspey composed by the same author, but it is evidently modelled from the tune called “The Boatie rows.” Dr Geddes likewise altered the old air of “Tarrie Woo,” to suit the words of his “Lewie Gordon.”

CCCCXCII.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER-BUSH IN OUR KAIL YARD.

THIS song, with the exception of a few lines, which are old, was written by Burns for the Museum. It is accordingly marked with the letter Z, to denote its being an old song with additions. Burns likewise communicated the air to which the words are adapted. It is apparently the progenitor of the improved tune, called “For the lake of gold she’s left me,” to which Dr Austin’s words are adapted, and which the reader will find inserted in the second volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 163.*

CCCCXCIII.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAINS.

THIS song was also written by Burns for the Museum. He took the tune from Oswald’s *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book vii. page 17th, where it is inserted under the title of “At setting Day.”

But it is not a genuine Scottish melody; for the air was composed by the late Samuel Howard, Mus. Doctor, to the

verses which Allan Ramsay wrote as a song for Peggy in his pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd," beginning

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return;
With all that can improve thee.
 &c. &c. &c.

Ramsay directed his verses to be sung to the fine tune of *The Bush aboon Traquair*, which is unquestionably far superior to Dr Howard's air, although the latter, with Ramsay's words, became a very popular song in England, and was frequently sung by Mr Lowe, at Vauxhall, with great applause. This Anglo-Scottish song was printed in Robart's "Caliope, or English Harmony," vol. ii. London 1739, and again in another work, entitled "The Muse's Delight," printed at Liverpool in 1754.

The anonymous editor of the work entitled "Musical Biography," printed at London in 2 vols 8vo, 1814, informs us, that Dr Howard, "who was educated at the Chapel Royal, was not more esteemed for his musical talents than he was beloved for his private virtues, being ever ready to relieve distress, to anticipate the demands of friendship, and to prevent the necessities of his acquaintance. He was organist of the churches of St Clement Danes and St Bride. His *ballads* were long the delight of natural and inexperienced lovers of music, and had at least the merit of neatness and facility to recommend them. He preferred so much the style of music of his own country to that of any other, that nothing could persuade him out of a belief that it had not then been excelled. He died at his house in Norfolk-street, in the Strand (London) on the 13th of July 1782, and was succeeded in his situation of organist of St Clement's by Mr Thomas Smart, and that of St Bride's by Mr Thomas Potter, the son of the flute-maker of that name."—*Mus. Biog.* vol. ii. p. 200.

CCCCXCIV.

O DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

THE Editor has not yet been able to discover the author of the words, or the composer of this air. Johnson copied the song from a single sheet, published by Messrs Stewart & Co. music-sellers, South Bridge, Edinburgh, which is entitled "The favourite duet of *O dear, what can the matter be?*" It appears to be an Anglo-Scottish production, not many years anterior to the publication of the Museum, and is still a favourite.

CCCCXCV.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

THIS song was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a beautiful strathspey tune, called "Laggan Burn," which Burns communicated along with another air to the same words, that Mr Clarke might have the option of adopting either of the two he pleased.

The Editor, on looking into the manuscript of the music, observes the following note to Johnson, in the hand-writing of Mr Clarke: "This song must have a verse more or a verse less. The music intended for it was so miserably bad, that I rejected it; but luckily there was a tune called 'Laggan Burn' on the opposite side, which will answer very well, by adding a verse or curtailng one. I know that Burns will rather do the former than the latter.

"P. S. When I wrote the above, I did not observe that there was *another verse* on the opposite page."

There is a striking resemblance between this tune of "Laggan Burn" and "Lady Shaftsbury's Strathspey," composed by Mr Nathaniel Gow, and published in his Third Collection, page 15.

CCCCXCVI.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

THE old words of this song, beginning "And a' that e'er my Jenny had," were copied from Herd's Ancient and Modern Songs, Edinburgh 1776, and are adapted to their ori-

ginal air, which has long been a favourite dancing tune. The following humorous verses, to the same air, do credit to the pen of their ingenious author, Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Esq. M. P.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I speer'd at neebour Bauldy Strang,
 Wha's they I see?
Quo' he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel
Thought he was cunning as the diel,
And here they cam awa to steal
 Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lin'd, but back weel clad,
March'd round the barn and by the shed,
 And pap'd on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;"
But deil a beauty he had seen
 But Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer niest, wi' blethrin gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab,
 And a' for a fee:
Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
And tradesmens' tongues nae mair cou'd drown,
And now he thought to clout his gown
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird niest trotted up,
Wi' bawsend naig and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,
 Or tie't till a tree:
What's gowd to me, I've walth o' lan',
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
He thought to pay what he was *awn*
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,
A THING cam niest (but life has rubs,)
Foul were the roads and fou the dubs,
 And jaupit a' was he.
He danc'd up, squintin through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
 The soger no to strut sae big,
 The lawyer no to be a prig;
 The fool cried, " Tehee !
 I kent that I could never fail !"
 But she prin'd the dishclout to his tail,
 And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

CCCCXCVII.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

THIS is another production of Burns, in allusion to " the royal family of Stuart," and the unfortunate fate of many of its adherents. The beautiful air to which his verses are adapted, consisting of one strain, was also communicated by the bard. Mr Hogg had been informed by some person, who thought this an old song, that it was written by a Captain Ogilvie, who was with King James at the battle of the Boyne, and was afterwards killed on the banks of the Rhine in 1695.

CCCCXCVIII.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

THIS pathetic ballad, of eight stanzas, beginning " Oh ! I am come to the low countrie," was *wholly* composed by Burns for the Museum, unless we except the exclamation *Ochon, ochon, ochrie !* which appears in the old song composed on the massacre of Glencoe, inserted in the first volume of the Museum.—*Vide Song No 89.*

Burns likewise communicated the plaintive *Gaelic* air, which he obtained from a lady in the north of Scotland, and of which he was remarkably fond. The bard's own manuscripts, both of the words and of the music, are in the present Editor's possession. Burns, it is observed, had misplaced some of the bars in the melody, which Mr Clarke has rectified in the Museum. The words and music first appeared in print in the fifth volume of that work.

Burns never could reflect on the unnecessary and indiscriminate severities which the Duke of Cumberland exerci-

sed on the unfortunate inhabitants of the Highlands after the battle of Culloden (fought on the 16th April 1746), but his heart thrilled with sensations of the deepest detestation and horror. In the month of May following, the Duke advanced as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped, and sent off detachments to ravage the whole country. "The castles of Lovat, Glengary, and Lochiel, were destroyed; the cottages were burnt to the ground; the cattle driven away; and the wives and children of the hapless rebels, if spared from conflagration and the sword, were driven out to wander, houseless and without food, over the desolate heath. So alert were these ministers of vengeance in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen within the compass of *fifty miles*; all was ruin, silence, and desolation."—*Simpson's Hist. of Scotland*. The keen sensibility which these barbarities excited in the feeling and susceptible mind of Burns, gave rise to several exquisite ballads from his versatile pen, in allusion to these horrid times of butchery and havoc. "The Lovely Lass of Inverness;" "It was a' for our rightfu' King;" "The Highland Widow's Lament;" and several other of his songs, in the Museum, are proofs of this fact.

The present ballad, however, like many others of our great bard, has had the misfortune to be disfigured since its first publication, by three additional verses of a modern poet-aster, who has neither paid regard to the *measure* of the original stanzas, nor to the *melody* to which they were adapted. Cromek, as usual, first set the example, in his "Nithsdale and Galloway Song," and he has since been copied by later publishers of Scottish songs. The interpolated verses are annexed, to enable the reader to distinguish the old lines from the spurious.

" I HAE nocht left me ava,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
T'o seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher band,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 My winsome Donald's durk and bran',
 Into their hands to gie.

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld ee,
 To see my bairns gie bludie crowns
 To them gar't Donald die !!!

These fabricated stanzas are no more to be compared with the fine verses of Burns, than the daubings of a sign-painter with the pictures of Raphael.

CCCCXCIX.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

THIS charming and pathetic song, beginning "Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December," was written by Burns for the Museum. The words are adapted to a plaintive, slow air, which was also communicated by the bard. This song was originally intended for the air, "Here awa, there awa', bide awa', Willie," which would have answered it far better; but, as that tune had been printed in a former part of the Museum, Johnson wished another for the sake of variety.

D.

EVAN BANKS.

THIS fine song, beginning "Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires," was likewise written by Burns for the same work. The words are adapted to a slow air, taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book i. page 18, entitled, "Green grows the Rashes," but it is evidently the same tune as "Gude Night and Joy be wi' you," slightly varied.

Evan is a small river in Dumfries-shire, in the parish of Moffat, which takes its rise at Clydesnan, very near the source of the Clyde.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART V.

CCCCI.

THE LASS OF INVERNESS.

THIS subject has been finely treated by Mr Allan Cunningham, in a pathetic song called "The Lovely Lass of Inverness," which first appeared in Cromek's Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.

CCCCIX.

O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

"THE concluding stanza of this Song is,

Then round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
An round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
An round, &c.

Saying—' Haud awa' your blue breeks frae me, gudeman.'"
(C. K. S.)

CCCCXI.

TAM LIN.

"THE name of Walter de Lynne is to be found in Ragman's Roll. This Walter," says Nisbet, "is without doubt the ancestor of the Lynnes of that ilk, a little ancient family in Cunningham, but lately extinct."—The Christian name of Thomlyne occurs also in several old Romances.

"On the subject of such poetical names, it may be mentioned here, that Tristram was the ancient appellation of the Earl of Howth's family, till it was changed, owing to a signal victory gained by one of the chiefs on St Laurence's day." (*Vide* Pedigree of the Earls of Howth, in the Irish Peerage.)

“ It is remarkable that none of our Scottish ballads contains the names, or is founded on any incident to be met with in the collections of Ossianic poetry, as far as I have ever observed; this cannot easily be accounted for; as many picturesque stories are set forth in these poems, which probably, if the whole be not a dream, must have been familiar to the Scottish Lowlanders.”—(C. K. S.)

The account given of Wood’s MS. 1566, at pages 369, 407, &c., is not quite accurate. The volume quoted as “ Mr Blackwood’s MSS.” is now in my possession, and is unquestionably an interesting relique of its kind, although of less antiquity than Mr S. has assigned to it. The Medley which he quotes, was not written by Wood in 1566, but has been inserted, along with various miscellaneous airs, by a different hand, probably between 1600 and 1620. The Medley itself is contained along with the “ Pleugh Song,” in the second edition of the “ Cantus, &c,” printed at Aberdeen, 1666. See the Introduction to the present work.

CCCCXIII.

AULD LANGSYNE.

IN Watson’s Collection of Scots Poems, Part III. Edinb. 1711. 8vo, there is a poem entitled “ Old Longsyne,” written about the middle of the 17th century. It contains ten stanzas, divided into two parts, of which the first and sixth stanzas may serve as a specimen. It is probably an English ballad, and founded upon one of an earlier date.

Should old Acquaintance be forgot
And never thought upon,
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone ?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On Old-long-syne ?

If e'er I have a house, my Dear,
 That truly is call'd mine,
 And can afford but country cheer,
 Or ought that's good therein ;
 Tho' thou wert Rebel to the King,
 And beat with wind and rain,
 Assure thyself of welcome Love,
 For Old-long-syne.

CCCCXXV.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

BURNS has attributed this Song to a person whose death was thus announced in the Obituaries of the time.

“ Oct. 21, 1821—Died at Aberdeen, in the 80th year of his age, JOHN EWEN, Esq., who was a most useful member of society, and one of the most respectable public characters of that place for more than half a century. His exertions in favour of charitable institutions, and for every individual case of distress that came under his notice, were zealous and unremitting; his conduct, as connected with public affairs, was strictly disinterested; while his great information on subjects of general interest, merited, upon all occasions, the respectful attention of the community. Strangers visiting Aberdeen, who very frequently had introductions to Mr Ewen, will long recollect his assiduous and polite attentions. Though not a native of Aberdeen, he had long been regarded as one of her most eminent citizens. With the exception of various sums left to the public charities of Aberdeen, he has bequeathed the bulk of his property (perhaps L.15,000 or L.16,000) to the Magistrates and Clergy of Montrose, for the purpose of founding an Hospital, similar to Gordon's Hospital of Aberdeen, for the maintenance and education of boys.”—(*Scots Magazine*, 1821, p. 620.)

This bequest gave rise to a protracted litigation, in the course of which, the conduct of “ this respectable public character,” in his family settlements, appeared in a very

singular point of view. He was not, however, a person of so much note as to make it worth while to state all the particulars; but the following notice has been kindly communicated by James Maidment, Esq., Advocate, who was one of the counsel employed.

“ JOHN EWEN was born in Montrose—he was of humble origin, and his parents had not the means of giving him almost any education. His frugality and industry having early in life enabled him to scrape together a few pounds, he went to Aberdeen in 1760, and set up a small hardware shop for the sale of goods.

“ From 1760 to 1766, Mr Ewen was not particularly prosperous, but in the last-mentioned year, he bettered his circumstances by marrying Janet Middleton, one of the two daughters of John Middleton, yarn and stocking-maker, Aberdeen, and of Elizabeth Mac-Kombie, his wife. In right of this lady, whose father was then dead, Mr Ewen became possessor of one-half of the property (chiefly heritable) of his deceased father-in-law. On the 27th Dec. 1766, a postnuptial contract of marriage was entered into between the husband and wife, by which she conveys to her husband her place of the heritage, which consisted of certain tenements in Aberdeen, a bond for L.100, and certain furniture valued at L.43, 7s. He, in return, conveyed to her, in case of her surviving him, all his moveable effects; but declaring, that if a child or children be alive at the dissolution of the marriage by Ewen's death, that, in that case, her right should be restricted to one-half of the furniture, and an annuity of L.10 per annum. In case of his survivance, and there being issue, he became bound to give them all his property, heritable or moveable, which he might die possessed of.

“ Mrs Ewen did not long survive after giving birth to a daughter. This young lady married in 1787. As Mr Ewen's parsimony effectually prevented him making any suitable provision on this occasion, and as his son-in-law had

only the fortune of a younger brother, the newly-married pair resolved to leave Scotland, and try their fortune in a foreign clime. This circumstance, perhaps, originally induced the father to think of devoting his accumulations to the endowment of an hospital; however, as the conditions of the marriage-contract with Miss Middleton necessarily fettered him, he resolved to endeavour to procure a discharge of the provisions in the deed, upon payment of small sum of money. This he was enabled to effect, and he thereupon became absolute and unlimited master of property, real and personal, of considerable value.

“Ewen died in Oct. 1821, never having taken a second wife, and leaving behind him a very ample fortune, which on deathbed he devised to trustees for the purpose of endowing an hospital at Montrose, upon a similar footing with that of Gordon’s at Aberdeen. This settlement was challenged by his daughter; and after various conflicting decisions, was, to the satisfaction of every one, finally set aside by the House of Peers, on the 17th Nov. 1810, on the clear legal ground, which had been very superficially considered in the Court below, that the deed was void, in consequence of its *uncertainty* and want of precision both as to the sum to be accumulated by the trustees before they were to commence building the hospital, and as to the number of boys to be educated in it when built.”

A full report of this lawsuit is contained in Wilson and Shaw’s “Cases decided in the House of Lords on Appeal from the Courts of Scotland,” vol. iv. p. 346–361.

In the Museum, three different sets of this popular air are given. The following verses, written by JOANNA BAILLIE, for Mr Thomson’s Collection, are here copied from that work, which is enriched with several others by the same lady. She has imbibed so much of the true character and feeling of our older lyric poetry, that it is matter of regret she had not directed herself more to this branch of composition.

O swiftly glides the bonny boat,
 Just parted from the shore ;
 And to the Fisher's chorus note,
 Soft moves the dipping oar.
 His toils are borne with happy cheer,
 And ever may they speed,
 That feeble age and helpmate dear,
 And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
 Our nets are floating wide,
 Our bonny boat with yielding sway,
 Rocks lightly on the tide :
 And happy prove our daily lot,
 Upon the summer sea ;
 And blest on land our kindly cot
 Where all our treasures be.

The Mermaid on her rock may sing,
 The Witch may weave her charm,
 Nor Water-sprite nor eldrich thing
 The bonny boat can harm.
 It safely bears its scaly store
 Thro' many a stormy gale,
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
 Its homeward prow to hail.
 We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

CCCCXXIX.

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

THIS song, as stated at page 381, appeared in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. The following passage, in a letter of Malloch's, dated Dreghorn, 10th Sept. 1722, seems to refer to that collection, which is usually considered to have been first published in 1724. "I saw Captain Hamilton (of Gilbertfield) some time ago in Edinburgh. He has made public his Life of Wallace ; and, at the same time, so far sunk his character with people of taste, that he is thought to have treated his hero as unmercifully as did Edward of old. 'Tis the fate of Wallace to be always murdered. Mr Ramsay, again, aspires no higher than humble Sonnets at present. He has published several collections of Scotch

Songs, and wonderfully obliged the young creatures of both sexes; the men, by giving them an opportunity of letting the world see they are amongst the number of those *Quos æquus amavit Apollo*; and the women, by making public those pretty love-songs, where their sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and snowy breasts, are so tenderly described. *His Miscellany Songs are wrote by various hands.* These are the present entertainments in town."

The above is an extract from one of a series of original letters by Malloch, addressed to Professor Ker of Aberdeen, between the years 1720 and 1727. It is to be regretted that he has not described more particularly the various hands "that wrote these Miscellany Songs." See page *383.—Malloch's letters, which are printed in "The Edinburgh Magazine or Literary Miscellany" for 1793, contain a number of curious literary notices, including some particulars of his own life.

Mr Stenhouse has, not only in this place, erroneously ascribed, "As Sylvia in a forest lay," to Malloch, or Mallet, but in a former note, at page 58, he has very superfluously inserted the whole of the song verbatim, (also calling it one of Mallet's earliest compositions,) overlooking, I presume, the circumstance that it occurred in this volume of the Museum. The author of the song was JOSEPH MITCHELL, a countryman of Mallet's, who, like him, had proceeded to London to better his fortune. He was the author of one or two dramatic pieces, as well as poems, and has been noticed by Mr S. at pages 54 and 59. See also an account of his life in Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, vol. xxii. p. 204.

That Mitchell was the author of this song is indubitable, as it is contained with some variations, under the title of "Sylvia's Moan," in vol. ii. p. 236, of the collection of his "Poems on Several Occasions," Lond. 1729, 2 vols. large 8vo.

Another song by Mitchell, well known as "the Duke of

Argyle's Levee," has been usually attributed to Lord Binning. The following letter on the subject, was written, I believe, by Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, and is copied from the Edinburgh Magazine for April 1786.

" The ballad known under the name of ' Argyle's Levee' has been often printed, and Lord Binning has been held out to the public as its author.

" It is fit that the public should at length be undeceived. That Lord Binning was the author of that satirical ballad, is reported on no better authority than a vague popular rumour.

" To this I oppose, first, the mild character of that young nobleman, who was a wit indeed, but without malice. Secondly, the assertion of his brother, who told me, that Lord Binning, before he went to Naples, where he died, solemnly declared, that it was not he, but one Mitchell, the author of a book of poems, who wrote that ballad.

" Should any person wish to know who it is who gives you this information, he shall be satisfied on leaving his address with you. I do not choose to let my name be seen in a magazine; but I am ready to satisfy the curiosity of any person who wishes to be satisfied, at the expense of giving up a popular opinion.

" Give me leave to add, that the notes subjoined to the ballad, are incorrect and unsatisfactory. It would be easy for me to explain the obscure passages in it; but it would be a task equally disagreeable and useless, to point out the meaning of obsolete scandal."

CHARLES HAMILTON, LORD BINNING, the eldest son of Thomas sixth Earl of Haddington, was born in the year 1696. He served as a volunteer, along with his father, at the battle of Sherriffmuir, 13th of November 1715. A song in praise of Æmilius, supposed to be written by him while a youth, in his own commendation, contains a jocular allusion to his father's terror during that conflict with the

rebels. Lord Binning is allowed to have had a fine genius for lyric poetry, and was much beloved for his amiable disposition. He married Rachel, daughter of George Baillie of Jerviswood, by his wife Lady Grissel Baillie.

It is singular that his much admired pastoral Song, "Ungrateful Nanny," should not have found a place in the Musical Museum. It is no doubt full of conceits somewhat unsuited to such a composition; but there are not many pastorals of that age superior to it for elegance of expression and easy flow of verse; and if ladies and gentlemen will assume the character of shepherdesses and shepherds, they will not incur any disgrace should they indite such strains as the following song.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
Was ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done:
I always thought on her, but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two:
Did not her lambs in safety sleep,
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free,
But Nanny still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
 The ripest fruit was kept for Nan ;
 Oh, how those hands that drown'd her bees
 Were stung ! I'll ne'er forget the pain.
 Sweet were the combs as sweet could be
 But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me,

If Nanny to the well did come,
 'Twas I that did her pitcher fill ;
 Full as they were I brought them home,
 Her corn I carried to the mill :
 My back did bear her sacks, but she
 Would never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
 I'm sure they always had the best ;
 Within this week her pigeons have
 Eat up a peck of peas at least :
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she
 Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo ?
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?
 Alas, poor wretch ! what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon ?
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron string.

Lord Binning died at Naples, the 27th of December 1732, O.S., in his 36th year, whither he had gone, with some of his relations, for the sake of his health.

An epitaph on Lord Binning, by Hamilton of Bangour, occurs in his Poems, p. 82, edit. 1760, 12mo.

CCCCXXXIX.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

ALEXANDER ROSS was born on the 13th of April 1699, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neill, Aberdeenshire ; and passed through a regular course of study at Marischal College, where he took his degree of A.M. in the year 1718. In 1726 he was appointed schoolmaster of Lochlee, in the

county of Angus; and in this secluded and romantic spot he continued in the humble discharge of that office during the long period of fifty-six years. He died on the 20th of May 1784, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His principal work, "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," a pastoral tale, was first published at Aberdeen, 1768, 8vo, and has passed through several editions. To the latest edition, printed at Dundee, 1812, small 8vo, there is prefixed a minute and interesting account of the author's life, by his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, minister of Lentrathen. It is to be regretted, however, that Ross's miscellaneous poems had not been added to the volume.

CCCCXL.

TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

MR R. CHAMBERS, in his collection of "Scottish Songs," has the following note on this song: "Said to have been written by the Rev. Dr Strachan, late minister of Carnwath, although certainly grounded upon a song of older standing, the name of which is mentioned in the Tea-Table Miscellany. The two first verses of the song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1776. There is a tradition at Leith, that Tibbie Fowler was a real person, and married, sometime during the seventeenth century, to the representative of the attainted family of Logan of Restalrig, whose town house, dated 1636, is still pointed out at the head of a street in Leith, called the Sheriff-Brae. The marriage contract between Logan and Isabella Fowler is still extant, in the possession of a gentleman resident at Leith.—See Campbell's History of Leith, note, p. 314." (vol. ii. p. 378.)

Unfortunately, we cannot rely on the above appropriation of this song, for the simple reason, that there was no Dr Strachan, minister of Carnwath, during at least the last three hundred years.

CCCCXLVI.

WALY, WALY.

IN his previous note on this pathetic song, at page 147, Mr Stenhouse has quoted some lines from Wood's MS.; but that portion of the MS. was written long subsequent to 1566. See Note ccccx1. at page * 439.

" In the West country (says Burns), I have heard a different edition of the second stanza. Instead of the four lines beginning, ' When Cockle-shells,' &c., the other way ran thus :

' O wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin' my fause love has me forsook,
And says, he'll never luvè me mair !''

Reliques, p. 245.

CCCCLI.

HALLOW FAIR.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, the eminent but unfortunate precursor of Burns, was born at Edinburgh on the 17th of October 1750. He received part of his elementary education at Dundee, and, with the view of coming out for the Church, he was sent to pursue his studies at St Andrew's. Circumstances having occurred to make him change his views, he came to Edinburgh, and was chiefly employed in copying law-papers in the office of the Commissary-clerk. At the same time, he became a stated contributor of verses to Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, while his convivial talents led him to indulge too much in idle society. He died on the 16th of October 1774, aged twenty-four, at the time of life when it might have been expected that the brilliant promises of his youthful genius would have been realized. It is a beautiful and an affecting incident in Burns's life, that one of his first acts, after he himself had acquired any degree of public fame, was to raise a humble monument to Fergusson's memory, by erecting at his own expense a

headstone over his grave, in the Canongate churchyard. It is certainly not creditable to the literature of Scotland, that no decently printed edition of his Poems has ever appeared.

It may be noticed, in proof of Fergusson's early celebrity, that some of his songs were sung at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh, while he himself subsisted as a drudge by copying deeds, at about twopence a page. The following is the title and the names of the actors in the English Opera of Artaxerxes, as performed at Edinburgh, in 1769.

"Artaxerxes, an English Opera, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh. The Music composed by Tho. Aug. Arne, Mus. Doc. with the addition of Three favourite Scots airs. The words by Mr R. Fergusson. Edin. printed by Martin and Wotherspoon, 1769." 12mo.—The performers were:—Artaxerxes, Mr Ross—Artabanes, Mr Phillips—Arbaces, Mr Tenducci—Rimenes, Mrs Woodman—Mandane, by ****—Semira, Miss Brown.—The actress whose name is left blank, was Madame Tenducci.

CCCCLVI.

MY BONNIE LIZZIE BAILLIE.

"THE heroine of this song was a daughter of Baillie of Castle Carey, and sister, as it is said, to the wife of Macfarlane of Gartartan. A MS. copy of the verses, of some antiquity, commences thus :"—(C. K. S.)

It was in and about the Martinmass,
When the leaves were fresh and green,
Lizzie Baillie's to Gartartan gane,
To see her sister Jean.

She was nae in Gartartan
But a little while,
When luck and fortune happen'd her,
And she gaed to the Isle.

When she gaed to the bonny Isle,
She met wi' Duncan Grahame ;

Sae bravely as he courted her,
 And he convoy'd her hame.
 My bonnie Lizzie Baillie, &c.

CCCC LXI.

THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNY,

"Is now printed complete in Mr Motherwell's collection of Scottish ballads, p. 90."—(C. K. S.)

THE following verses to this air, are by CAPTAIN SKIRVING, to whom I have been indebted for other communications.

TO THE TUNE OF "*I'll never gae down the Broom.*"

He courted her kindly, consent was avow'd,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 Her interest procured him a kirk well endow'd,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

He found one more wealthy, although somewhat old,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The kirk was secure ; lo ! he grasp'd at the gold,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

Her friends, much incensed, have recourse to the law,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The wise say 'tis safer to haud than to draw,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

The last now is first, but she's caught by a knave,
 The hawk soars high, but the lure's in his e'e ;
 The first may at last come in peace to her grave,
 But it's hard to divine what we're destined to dree.

CCCC LXIII.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOUN.

MR ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, Engraver, who rang the music-bells of this city for many years, and was the writer of this song, died at Edinburgh, 22d of September 1819. The following notices of him are derived from the Council Registers. On the 14th of December 1785, Alexander

Robertson, residenter in Edinburgh, was appointed joint ringer of the music-bells. From an act, 15th of March 1809, it would seem that the whole office had then devolved on him, for it is ordered that he draw the whole salary. On the 13th of October 1819 (three weeks after his decease), sundry petitions for the vacant office were laid before the Council; and, on the 17th of November following, the Council ordered a quarter's salary to be paid to John Menzies, engraver, "to enable him to defray the expense of the funeral of Alexander Robertson, late performer on the music-bells." His original coadjutor, as ringer, was a Mr John Hay, the son of a Scots merchant, settled at Dantzic.—(See Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits*, vol. ii. p. 129.) It is well known that there is a very complete set of music-bells in St Giles's church, and the old custom of playing on them daily between the hours of one and two o'clock, is still kept up, although that hour of dinner, and the practice of merchants and tradesmen in the town then shutting up their shops, are completely changed. As stated at page 405, Robertson continued for many years (at least from 1783 to 1799) to engrave the views of gentlemen's seats which adorn the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazines*, in a style that quite suited the literary department of these periodicals.

CCCCLXVI.

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

THE verses in the Museum, are merely the first four stanzas of "The Cherrie and the Slae," the well-known poem, by Captain Alexander Montgomery; whereas, Mr S., in his note at p. 406, describes them as a "very singular ballad," evidently imagining them to be something quite different. Neither are these verses contained in Bannatyne's MS., which has only a few of the minor compositions by Montgomery, and which undoubtedly were inserted in the

MS. at a later period than 1568, when the greater part of the volume was written. In fact, there is no evidence of this elegant and accomplished poet having written any thing prior to 1584; and as "The Banks of Helicon," which is preserved in Sir R. Maitland's MSS. is anonymous, it has been attributed to him only by conjecture. A collected edition of Montgomery's Poems, most of which, with the exception of "The Cherrie and the Slae," and "The Flyting," had remained unpublished, appeared in one vol. at Edinburgh, 1821, small 8vo.

"There is an admirable portrait of Lady Margaret Montgomerie, Countess of Winton, the supposed heroine of 'The Cherrie and the Slae,' in the possession of Mr Hay of Drummelzier."—(C. K. S.)

The MS. containing the air "The Banks of Helicon," which Mr S. (at p. 407) mentions as having belonged to the Rev. Mr Cranstoun and to Dr Leyden, was presented by the latter to Mr Heber; and, since the dispersion of his princely collection, it has found a place of repository in the Advocates' Library.

Mr S. further says that this song, "The Banks of Helicon," "was probably composed on the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots;" but there is no evidence for such a supposition. It was, indeed, composed during her life, which is more than can be asserted of the once popular song, "Ye meaner beauties of the Night," inserted by Allan Ramsay, in his Tea-table Miscellany, as a song, "said to be made in honour of our Sovereign Lady Mary, Queen of Scots." Mr R. Chambers, in his "Scottish Songs," (vol. ii., p. 562), improving upon this title, adds, "said to have been *written by Lord Darnley*, in praise of the beauty of Queen Mary, before their marriage." It was in fact written by Sir Henry Wotton, "on his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia," probably thirty years after that Queen's grandmother, the unfortunate Mary, had been beheaded. (*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 381, Lond. 1685, 8vo.)

CCCCLXVII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AMONG Burns's communications for the Musical Museum, he sent the following verses of a well-known Jacobite Song, but of which Johnson did not avail himself. The Song itself is printed in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. i. p. 146, under the title, "What murrain now has ta'en the Whigs," although a better set might have been found. In Burns's MS., the verses are entitled—

THE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

What merriment has ta'en the Whigs,
I think they ha'e gaen mad, sir,
Wi' playing up their Whiggish jigs,
Their dancin' may be sad, sir.

CHORUS.

Sing, heedle liltie, teedle liltie
Andum, tandum, tandie ;
Sing fal de dâl, de dal, lal, lal,
Sing howdle liltie dandie.

The Revolution principles
Has put their heads in bees, sir.
They're a' fa'en out amang themsels,
Deil tak the first that grees, sir.
Sing heedle, &c.

CCCCLXIX.

CHRONICLE OF THE HEART.

DR THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the author of this Song, had been a frequent contributor to the Museum, but he was dead some years before this volume appeared. His life has been so often written, that it may suffice to mention that he was born at Annan in the year 1721, and lost his sight by the smallpox in infancy ; that he studied for the Scottish church, and was licensed to preach in 1759 ; but his blindness proved the means of preventing his settlement as a parochial minister : and that after this time he continued to reside in Edinburgh, devoting the remainder of his life to

literary pursuits, and was much respected. In 1766, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Marischal College, Aberdeen. He died at Edinburgh in July 1791, in the seventieth year of his age.

CCCCLXXXIII.

AULD KING COWL.

It is a mistake to attribute the Interlude of the Droich's (or Dwarf's) part of the Play, quoted at p. 418, to Sir David Lyndsay.—See Dunbar's Poems, vol. ii. p. 410.

CCCCLXXV.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MILL.

IN this note, and in a variety of other places, Mr Stenhouse has referred to the volume published by Robert H. Cromek, under the title of "Reliques of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," London, 1810, 8vo, and has usually coupled such references with remarks not altogether called for. Mr S. might have known, that the volume which is so often the subject of his abuse, consisted, in fact, almost wholly of verses written by Mr Allan Cunningham, who, in a very harmless way, had imposed on Mr Cromek's credulity. The success that attended his "Reliques of Burns," had induced Cromek to glean what he considered the neglected minstrelsy of that district; and various circumstances at the time, led his friend to rather an extensive manufacture of traditional Songs and Ballads; but few persons were deceived as to the genuineness of such pretended originals. See an article in Blackwood's Magazine, vol. vi. p. 314. Mr Cromek himself was much esteemed for his enthusiastic attachment to the Fine Arts. Mr Cunningham, in a letter of a late date, says, "I loved the man much: he had a good taste, both in Poetry and Painting, and his heart was warm and kind: I have missed him much." He died at London, 14th of March 1812, aged about forty-five. He was the publisher, by subscrip-

tion, of the large and splendid edition of Blair's Grave, with original designs by Blake, in 1808. This edition was again published, or re-issued, by Ackermann of the Strand, London, with a short memoir of Mr Cromeck prefixed, but I have not been able to see a copy of that new edition in Edinburgh.

CCCCLXXXII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

THIS ballad has usually been regarded as one of the oldest in the series of Scottish Historical Ballads. In referring to it in a former note (see p. * 320), I forgot that it was included in this work; but I shall now take the liberty of adding a few more words respecting it. That the ballad was intended to embody some remote event in Scottish history, is quite evident; and it would have been difficult to fix on a more poetical incident than it presents, although not strictly adhering to historical facts. Had the ballad really possessed any claims to such high antiquity as would fix its composition near to the epoch of Margaret, the "Maiden of Norway," on whom her grandfather, Alexander the Third, had devolved the Crown of Scotland before the close of the thirteenth century, it is hardly conceivable that it should never have been heard of till it was sent to Bishop Percy, in 1765, by some of his correspondents in Scotland, along with other traditional ballads of still more questionable antiquity. Since his time, it has been printed in a hundred different shapes, generally with some additional verses or improvements "fortunately recovered," &c., but most of which improvements are palpable interpolations.

On referring to Finlay's "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," vol. i. p. 46, Edinb. 1808, I find the following remark: "The present editor, however, cannot think that the ballad, as it is, has a claim to such high antiquity. Indeed, the mention of *hats* and *cork-heeled shoon*, would lead us to infer that some stanzas are inter-

polated, or that its composition is of a comparatively modern date." Bishop Percy also remarks (vol. i. p. 81, note), that "an ingenious friend thinks the author of Hardyknute has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing and other old Scottish songs in this collection." It was this resemblance, with the localities Dunfermline and Aberdour, in the neighbourhood of Sir Henry Wardlaw's seat, that led me to throw out the conjecture, whether this much admired ballad might not have been written by Lady Wardlaw herself, to whom the ballad of "Hardyknute" is now universally attributed.

The ballad, accompanied with two different sets of the air, will also be found in the second volume of Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

Coleridge, at the commencement of one of his Odes, thus alludes to "Sir Patrick Spence," after quoting as a motto, the lines "*Late, late, yestreen.*"

Well! if the Bard was weather-wise, who made
 THE GRAND OLD BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE;
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds, &c.

CCCCLXXXIV.

GUDE WALLACE.

THIS is another ballad of an alleged antiquity, the correctness of which may reasonably be doubted. I am persuaded it is merely an altered or abridged copy of one that appeared in a common *chap form*, along with some Jacobite ballads, printed about the year 1750. The following is a copy of the ballad in question, which seems, in fact, to be only a passage in Blind Harry the Minstrel's poem modernized, (Book V.)

ON AN HONOURABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF SIR WILLIAM
 WALLACE, NEAR FALKIRK.

"Had we a king," said Wallace then,
 "That our kind Scots might live by their own,

But betwixt me and the English blood
 I think there is an ill seed sown."
 Wallace him over a river lap,
 He look'd low down to a linn ;
 He was not war of a gay lady,
 Was even at the well washing.
 " Well mot ye fare, fair Madam," he said,
 " And ay well mot ye fare ; and see !
 Have ye any tidings me to tell,
 I pray you'll show them unto me ?"
 I have no tidings you to tell,
 Nor yet no tidings you to ken ;
 But into that hostler's house
 There's fifteen of your Englishmen :
 And they are seeking Wallace, then,
 For they've ordained him to be slain ;
 O, God forbid ! said Wallace then,
 For he's o'er good a kind Scotsman.
 But had I money me upon,
 And ev'n this day, as I have none,
 Then would I to that hostler's house,
 And ev'n as fast as I could gang.
 She put her hand in her pocket,
 She told him twenty shillings o'er her knee :
 Then he took off both hat and hood,
 And thank'd the lady most reverently.
 If e'er I come this way again,
 Well paid money it shall be ;
 Then he took off both hat and hood,
 And he thank'd the lady most reverently.
 He lean'd him two-fold o'er a staff,
 So did he three-fold o'er a tree ;
 And he's away to the hostler's house,
 Even as fast as he might dree.
 When he came to the hostler's house,
 He said, Good-ben, quoth he, be here.
 An English captain being deep load,
 He asked him right canker'dly,
 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,
 And in what place and what country ?
 'Tis I was born in fair Scotland,
 A crooked carle although I be.
 The English captain swore by th' Rood,
 We are Scotsmen as well as thee,
 And we are seeking Wallace, then
 To have him, merry we should be.

The man, said Wallace, ye're looking for,
 I seed him within these days three,
 And he has slain an English captain,
 And ay the fear'der the rest may be.
 I'd give twenty shillings, said the captain,
 To such a crooked carle as thee,
 If you would take me to the place
 Where that I might proud Wallace see.
 Hold out your hand, said Wallace then,
 And show your money and be free,
 For tho' you'd bid an hundred pound,
 I never bade a better bode.
 He struck the captain o'er the chafts,
 Till that he never chewed more.
 He stick'd the rest about the board,
 And left them all a sprawling there.
 Rise up, goodwife, said Wallace then,
 And give me something for to eat,
 For it's near two days to an end
 Since I tasted one bit of meat.
 His board was scarcely well covered,
 Nor yet his dine well scanty dight,
 Till other fifteen Englishmen
 Down all about the door did light.
 Come out, come out, said they, Wallace then,
 For the day is come that ye must die;
 And they thought so little of his might,
 But ay the fear'der they might be.
 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,
 It put them all into a fever;
 Then five he sticked where they stood,
 And five he trampled in the gutter.
 And five he chased to yon green wood,
 He hanged them all out o'er a grain;
 And 'gainst the morn at twelve o'clock
 He dined with his kind Scottish men.

Bower, the continuator of Fordun, thus mentions the circumstance of Wallace's exploits being frequently celebrated in verse:—"Post enim conflictum de Roslyn, (A.D. 1298.) Wallace, ascensa navi, Franciam petiit; ubi quanta probitate refulsit, tam super mare a piratis quam in Francia ab Anglis perpressus est discrimina, et viriliter se habuit, nonnulla carmina, tam in ipsa Francia quam Scotia, attestantur." (vol. ii. p. 176.)

CCCCLXXXV.

THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

THERE is an admirable portrait of Patie Birnie, the famous fiddler of Kinghorn—a face full of comic humour and indicative of genius—at Leslie House. It is supposed to have been painted by Aikman, who died in 1731; and the old head of Patie, with Ramsay's lines, is also said to have been etched by Aikman from his own drawing in red chalk, which was sold at a sale in Edinburgh a few years ago.

CCCCLXXXVII.

GOOD-MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS.

“THIS fragment seems to be part of an English ballad, called ‘The Duchess of Newcastle's Lament,’—it begins,

There is not a taylor in all London town
Can shape Newcastle's fair lady a gown,
Her belly's turn'd big and her face pale and wan;
She's fallen with child to her own servant man.

* * * * *
Thou worst of all women, thou emblem of strife,
I took thee a servant and made thee my wife, &c.

(C. K. S.)

CCCCLXXXIX.

NO DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE.

THIS song has been variously attributed. The following extract respecting it, is copied from Buchan's “Gleanings of Scarce Old Ballads,” Peterhead, 1825, 12mo:—

“The author of this excellent song,” says Mr B., “was the Rev. JOHN FORBES, Minister at Deer, Aberdeenshire. This eccentric character was born at Pitnacalder, a small estate near Frazerburgh, of which his father was proprietor. From the name of his paternal spot, he was commonly designated Pitney, and better known by that appellation than that of his office. In his younger years, and before

he was appointed incumbent at Deer, he wrote the well-known song of 'Nae Dominies for me, Laddie,' which seems to be a picture of himself drawn from real life, and which he took the greatest delight in singing, and hearing sung.

"He was a rigid Presbyterian, and said by some to possess the gift of prophecy. Many curious anecdotes are told of him. He died in 1769, and was buried in the churchyard of Old Deer, where a plain stone is placed to his memory, bearing the following appropriate inscription: 'Dedicated by Mrs Margaret Hay, widow, to the memory of John Forbes of Pitnacalder, M.A., Minister of Deer, who died anno 1769, in the 81st year of his age, and the 52d of his ministry. With a manly figure he possessed the literature of the scholar, the elocution of the preacher, and the accomplishment of the gentleman. As a pastor, his character was distinguished by piety, virtue, and entire devotion to the cause of Christ. Beloved by his relatives, respected by his acquaintances, venerated by the body of his people; his life was useful, and his end was peace.'"

The ballad has been preserved in the form of a broadside, printed apparently about the year 1740. Mr Stenhouse, in his note at page 431, states, that he was credibly informed it "was written by the late Rev. Mr Nathaniel M'Kay (M'Kie), Minister of Crossmichael, in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright." The above account seems, however, the most probable; but it may be added, that the Rev. NATHANIEL M'KIE, Minister of Crossmichael, was a writer of verses. About the middle of the last century, John Gordon of Kenmure, Esq., commonly called Lord Kenmure, addressed a letter in verse to the Rev. Nathaniel M'Kie, challenging him to a game at curling. This rhyming epistle, with the answer by Mr M'Kie, also in verse, and Lord Kenmure's rejoinder, are preserved in a volume entitled, "*Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia*," p. 95. Dumfries, 1830, 8vo.

Mr M'Kie died at his manse of Crossmichael, 26th of

January 1781, in the 66th year of his age, and 42d of his ministry. (Scots Mag. 1781, p. 55.)

CCCCXCI.

THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

ALEXANDER GEDDES, LL.D., the author of this song and of "Lewis Gordon," No. LXXXVI., is mentioned by Mr S. in his note on the latter song, at p. 90. Of this singular person, a detailed biography was published under the title of "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Reverend Alexander Geddes, LL.D. By John Mason Good." London, 1803, 8vo. Geddes was born in the county of Banff, in the year 1737. Being destined for the Roman Catholic Church, after a preliminary education at Scaln, a seminary in the Highlands, he spent six years in the Scots College at Paris, and returned to Scotland, where he officiated as a priest in different parts of the country. The University of Aberdeen, in 1780, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and at this time he removed to London, where he remained till his death, which took place on the 26th of February 1802, in the 65th year of his age.

Dr Mason Good has given a very graphic description of his person and manners, on being first introduced to this learned but eccentric character. It may be here quoted:—"It was about this period, the year 1793, I first became acquainted with Dr Geddes. I met him accidentally at the house of Miss Hamilton, who has lately acquired a just reputation for her excellent Letters on Education: and I freely confess that, at the first interview, I was by no means pleased with him. I beheld a man of about five feet five inches high, in a black dress, put on with uncommon negligence, and apparently never fitted to his form: His figure was lank, his face meagre, his hair black, long, and loose, without having been sufficiently submitted to the operations of the toilet—and his eyes, though quick and vivid, spark-

ling at that time rather with irritability than benevolence. He was disputing with one of the Company when I entered, and the rapidity with which, at this moment, he left his chair, and rushed, with an elevated tone of voice and uncourtly dogmatism of manner, towards his opponent, instantaneously persuaded me that the subject upon which the debate turned was of the utmost moment. I listened with all the attention I could command; and in a few minutes learned, to my astonishment, that it related to nothing more than the distance of his own house in the New Road, Paddington, from the place of our meeting, which was in Guildford Street. The debate being at length concluded, or rather worn out, the doctor took possession of the next chair to that in which I was seated, and united with myself and a friend who sat on my other side, in discoursing upon the politics of the day. On this topic we proceeded smoothly and accordantly for some time; till at length, disagreeing with us upon some point as trivial as the former, he again rose abruptly from his seat, traversed the room in every direction, with as indeterminate a parallax as that of a comet, loudly, and with increase of voice, maintaining his position at every step he took. Not wishing to prolong the dispute, we yielded to him without further interruption, and, in the course of a few minutes after he had closed his harangue, he again approached us, retook possession of his chair, and was all playfulness, good humour, and genuine wit." (p. 302.)

CCCCXCII.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

"MR ROBERT CHAMBERS has written an excellent song to this air, only to be found in a volume of his poetry not printed for sale—by his permission it is here inserted."—(C. K. S.)

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa',
 Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa';
 'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and thretty-twa,
 That Randal, the Laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
 To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
 That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
 And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
 His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
 And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the Castle wa',
 And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back," sae kindly did she spier,
 "Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my dear?"
 "Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
 To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed awa',
 Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red, when he gaed awa',
 And in his bonnie ee, a spark glintit high,
 Like the merrie, merrie look, in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man whan he came hame,
 A sair altert man was he, whan he came hame;
 Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name,
 And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
 And down came a ladye to see him come in,
 And after the ladye came bairns feifteen—
 "Can this muckle wife be my true love, Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carl is this," quo' the dame;
 "Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
 "Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
 "In troth," quo' the ladye, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turned him about, wi' a waeftul ee,
 And a heart as sair as sair could be;
 He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildy flee,
 And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
 And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
 And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be—
 For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

The mention of Dr Austin's name in this note, furnishes an opportunity of adding to the notice at page 214, that Adam Austin received his degree of M.D. at Glasgow, 15th of May 1749; that he was licensed to practise, by the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh, 7th of August 1753; and that he was admitted a Fellow of the College, 3d of August 1762.

CCCCXCIX.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

THESE pathetic verses were addressed by Burns to Clarinda, otherwise Mrs M'Lehose.—See Mr Cunningham's edit. of Burns, vol. iv. p. 330.

CCCCXCVII.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

“THESE verses were not entirely, if indeed at all, the composition of Burns; one stanza at least belongs to a ballad, very common formerly among the Scottish hawkers, called bonny Mally Stuart. I give it entire from my stall copy.

1.

The cold winter is past and gone,
 And now comes on the spring,
 And I am one of the King's life-guards,
 And I must go fight for him, my dear,
 And I must go fight for my king.

2.

Now since to the wars you must go,
 One thing, I pray, grant me,
 It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
 And I will travel along with thee, my dear,
 And I will travel along with thee.

3.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
That my love endanger'd were,*
The rattling drums and shining swords
Will cause you great sorrow and woe, my dear,
Will cause you great sorrow and woe.

4.

I will do the thing for my true love
That she will not do for me;
It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red clothes,
And mourn till the day I die, my dear,
And mourn till the day I die.

5.

I will do more for my true love
Than she will do for me;
I will cut my hair, and roll me bare,
And mourn till the day I die, my dear,
And mourn till the day I die.

6.

So farewell my father and mother dear,
I'll bid adieu and farewell;†
Farewell my bonny Mally Stuart,
You're the cause of all my woe, my dear,
You're the cause of all my woe.

7.

When we came in to Stirling town,
As we all lay in camp:‡
By the King's orders we were drawn,
And to Germany we were sent, my dear,
And to Germany we were sent.

8.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
And the maids therein also,
And farewell bonny Mally Stuart,
You're the cause of all my woe, my dear,
You're the cause of all my woe.

* Probably this should be, "That my love were endangered so."

† Probably, "I'll bid farewell and adieu!"

‡ "Tent," perhaps.

9.

She took the slippers off her feet,
 And the cockups off her hair,
 And she has taken a long journey,
 For seven long years and mair, my dear,
 For seven long years and mair.

10.

Sometimes she rode, sometimes she gaed,
 Sometimes sat down to mourn ;
 And aye the o'er word of her tale,
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come ? my dear,*
 Shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come ?

11.

The trooper turn'd himself about,
 All on the Irish shore ;
 He has given the bridle reins a shake,
 Saying, adieu for evermore, my dear,
 Saying, adieu for evermore !

“ The ballad, as it appears in the Museum, was much admired by Sir Walter Scott ; he was delighted to hear it sung by his daughter, Mrs Lockhart.”—(C. K. S.)

D.

EVAN BANKS.

JOHNSON committed a mistake in affixing the name of Burns to this song, and various editors of his works, by trusting to this, have fallen into a similar mistake. Currie, aware of this error, withdrew it in his second edition. But Cromek in the “ Reliques,” having given the song anew in Burns's name, Sir Walter Scott, in an article in the Quarterly Review on that volume, says, “ Mr Cromek ought to have known that this beautiful song was published by Dr Currie in his first edition of Burns's works, and omitted in all those which followed, because it was ascertained to be the composition of Helen Maria Williams, who wrote it at

* “ Shall I e'er see my bonny lad return ?”

the request of Dr Wood. Its being found in the hand-writing of Burns occasioned the first mistake, but the correction of that mistake leaves no apology for a second." (vol. i. p. 34.)

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS was born in the North of England in 1762. In the earlier part of her life she published various poems which attracted notice at the time when such writers as Hooke, Hayley, Seward, and Pye, flourished, and were in vogue. She resided at Paris during the time of the French Revolution, devoting herself to literary pursuits, and was best known by her "Letters written from France, &c." She was also the translator of Humboldt's Personal Narrative. She died at Paris in December 1827.

